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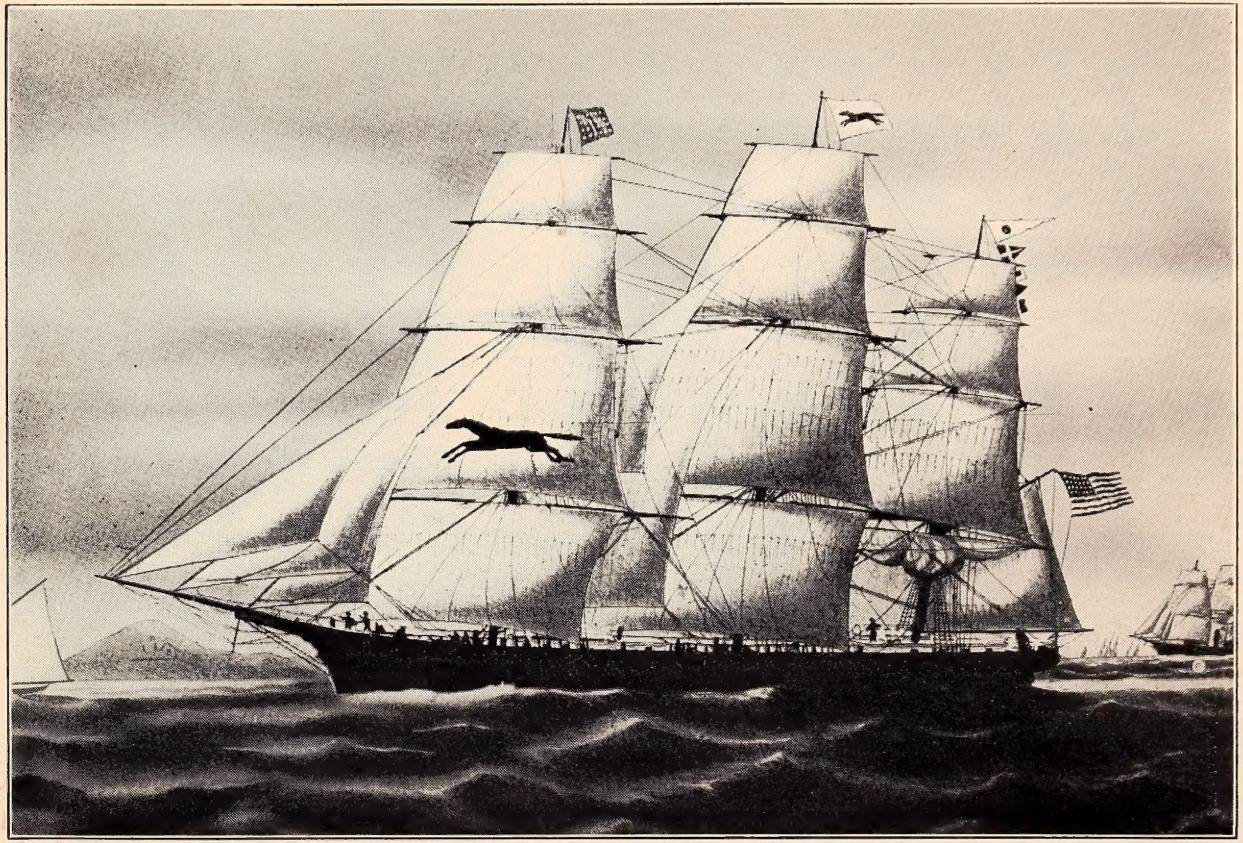

UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG

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UNDER
THE BLACK HORSE FLAG

Annals of the Weld Family
and
Some of its Branches

BY
ISABEL ANDERSON, LITT. D.
(*Mrs. Larz Anderson*)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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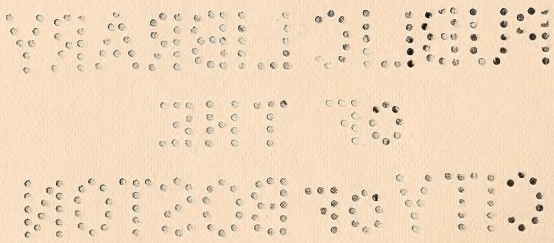

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Preface

THIS book is written for the family, and also, perhaps, for those who love the sea, for my grandfather's firm, the William Fletcher Weld Company, outlasted most of the merchant ship-owning houses in Boston, and after the Civil War it had the largest sailing fleet in America. The Black Horse Flag, which flew above his clippers, was a familiar sight to sailors, and many of his vessels were famous for their speed and general seaworthiness. The largest and swiftest of them all was the *Great Admiral.*

At first I planned simply to collect and bind the logs of these clippers, but, finding that the greater portion of them would be of interest only to mariners, I decided merely to use extracts. I have drawn as well upon family papers, which include both Weld and Anderson documents and my father's naval journals during the Civil War. These papers and logs opened up vistas of the Orient, the Barbary Coast, the Spanish Main, and pirates of the seven seas. When clippers no longer made white the ocean, the Black Horse Flag did not disappear, but flies to-day from the masthead of the yachts owned by different members of the Weld family.

Of the earlier matter in the book, much of it gives hitherto unpublished historical material, and some of it, I hope, may be of value because of its details of contemporary life. Regarding the inclusion of family affairs, I am reminded of Sir Francis Bacon's

words, 'It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold a family which has stood against the waves and weathers of time.'

Most of the people herein spoken of are now gone, and it seems due to their public spirit and their place in the community that these records should be preserved on paper for their own family, or for those who care to read about them.

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Under the Black Horse Flag

UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY WELDS

THE first member of the family of Weld to stand out clearly against the shadowy background of time is William Weld, who was High Sheriff of London in 1352, in the reign of Edward the Third. Although his descendants seem mainly to have settled in Eaton, in the County of Chester, one of them, Sir Humphrey Weld, Knight, had returned to London by the end of the sixteenth century and had become, like his ancestor, also Sheriff, and later, in the year 1602, the Lord Mayor of London. As such he must have seen Elizabeth hold court, have witnessed the sailings of Sir Walter Raleigh, he must have exulted in the defeat of the Armada, and perchance sat with the gentry upon the stage at the first performance of 'Hamlet.'

His grandson, Humphrey Weld, Esquire, purchased Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire about 1641. It had been built by the Earl of Suffolk, a mansion of three stories with a circular tower at each of its four corners. Terraces and cloistered walks surround it; Ionic pillars flank the front door, and above them are placed two statues of ancient Romans in their togas. On either side of the pillars are niches

in which stand allegorical figures of Music and Painting. Above the arms of Weld with a wivern and the motto, 'Nothing without Providence,' are properly blazoned.

It is an interesting and historic place. Some excellent family portraits remain, among them paintings by Sir Peter Lely. King James was entertained there in 1615. In 1665, when London was devastated by the Great Plague, King Charles the Second, accompanied by the Duke of York and the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, made a short stay under its roof. George the Third paid it more than one visit, coming twice with the Queen and three Princesses and again with five of the Princesses and the Prince of Wales. Sir Robert Peel, one of the Secretaries of State, occupied the Castle for a time, King Edward VII visited it, and in recent years it has been rented by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester.

The Welds of Lulworth were Catholics. One of them conferred upon the Jesuits a tract of land at Stoneyhurst, where they established the Roman Catholic College, so well known under that name. Another Weld became a priest after his wife's death and later was made a Cardinal. Monks and nuns are frequent in the genealogical records. My uncle William Gordon Weld once visited Lulworth and told us that the owner was a peculiar old gentleman and not very sociable. He retired to a monastery and died a few years ago. The castle is now occupied by one of the family, Weld Blundell.

Apparently, however, a branch of this family were Puritans, one of whom, the Reverend Thomas Weld,

LULWORTH CASTLE IN DORSET, THE HOME OF THE WELDS IN ENGLAND

had been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and settled as Vicar of Terling, Withem, Essex, where four sons were born to him. In the latter part of 1629, Laud, afterwards Archbishop, the great enemy of the Puritans, began his persecution. Thomas Weld was excommunicated and charged to depart, evidently to his deep indignation, for his friend, the Reverend Thomas Sheppard, writes: 'Mr. Weld and other ministers consulted together whether it were best to let such a swine root up God's plants in Essex.'

But the wisest thing for the Reverend Thomas Weld to do under the circumstances was to get into Scotland and from there escape to New England, 'it being impossible to leave direct without being arrested, if discovered.' The two clergymen, Sheppard and Weld, had already resolved upon this course, when, being in the neighborhood of the church where Laud was preaching, they drew near, probably out of curiosity, to listen. Laud, coming out of the church suddenly, found Thomas Weld standing upon churchly territory, a thing which he had no right to do because he had been excommunicated. The Archbishop challenged the Puritan and, in an interchange of angry words, accused him of intending to go to New England, and Weld instantly admitted it. 'Hereupon he was committed to the Puirsuivant and bound over to answer it at the High Commission on a bond of 100 marks.'

He managed to escape, probably by forfeiting his bond, and with him sailed not only his brother, Captain Joseph Weld, but Joseph's wife, one son and three daughters, and John Winthrop, later Governor

of the Plymouth Colony. Suffolk, England, was the early home of all of them (the earliest date to which the ancestry of the American line can be traced with certainty is that of John Weld of Long Melford County, Suffolk who died in 1551) and no doubt the long friendship of Governor Winthrop and Thomas Weld had begun in their English youth.

There were some sixty-five men who sailed on the ship *William and Frances* from London, March 9, 1632, although the clearance list at the Custom-House only gives the names of about twenty. Ministers and men of position and prominence were not allowed to leave England, and could only make their way out of the country secretly. They landed in Boston early in June, and within a month Thomas Weld was installed as the first pastor at the First Church in Roxbury. Later he became one of the first Board of Overseers of Harvard College.

The theologic peace of the community was upset about four years later by Anne Hutchinson, who attacked the teachings of the clergy, and who headed a group known as Antinomians. Out of the involved and subtle discussions which followed one or two things stand forth clearly — that the authority of the ministers was called in question and that the threat of the Antinomian party to appeal to the King seemed nothing short of treasonable.

The Reverend Thomas Weld took a prominent part in the trial. Undoubtedly he was a fighter and entirely without fear of the consequences; his defiance of Laud showed that. There also seems to have been some jealousy manifested, since Anne Hutch-

inson had declared that the Reverend Mr. Cotton was the only preacher who had been 'sealed with the Seal of the Spirit and therefore [was] preaching a Covenant of Grace.' Besides, she had enlisted not only the Royal Governor, Sir Harry Vane, in her support, but also a large proportion of the more influential people of the community.

As the trial continued, however, her supporters nearly all deserted her. She had no counsel, she was in very delicate health — the proceeding was really an inquisitorial one. But the faith that Thomas Weld had sacrificed so much for was very dear to him, and he fought bitterly for what he believed. The trial lasted months, and when the woman was finally ordered into banishment, it was winter, and so she was committed to Joseph Weld's watch and ward until spring. 'Here,' says Charles Francis Adams, 'she was literally beset by the clergy and by Mr. Thomas Weld in particular.' Nevertheless, Anne Hutchinson is known to have said that, except for the fact that she was obliged to have some one accompany her when she walked out, she would have thought she was an honored guest. Meanwhile, her husband and her brother, the only two protectors left to her, were away seeking out a new home for the days of their future exile. She was by this time broken in spirit and read her recantation from a paper in a low voice and with a bowed head. But that did not satisfy, and finally she was commanded 'to withdraw out of the church as a Leper.'

The matter went deep into the heart of Thomas Weld, and possibly with the intention of justifying himself for his attitude, he wrote out a 'Short Story

of the Rise, Reign, and Ruin of the Antinomians.

Two years later, in company with another Boston clergyman, he was sent to London to beg relief from Parliament for New England, and succeeded to such an extent that one thousand pounds' worth of goods and commodities were forwarded to the Colony. He never returned to America, but remained in the mother country as agent and advocate of the needs of the settlement. Various theological polemics were written and published by him, and he ended his days as Vicar of the Parish of Saint Mary at Durham, England.

Captain Joseph Weld, the Reverend Thomas Weld's brother, and the real founder of the American family of Weld, had arrived on the same ship, as the reader will remember, bringing his wife, one of his sons, and his three daughters. Another son followed him six years later. Being well trained in military affairs, Captain Joseph Weld was a valuable aid to Governor Winthrop and served in numerous fights with the Indians, as well as being one of the Commissioners to make a treaty of peace with the Pequots.

In company with other prominent men in the Colony, he was given a grant of three thousand acres at Braintree for the 'encouragement of Iron Works to be set up there.' For his personal estate the Colony gave him several hundred acres in Roxbury. All the district, from what is now Dudley Street to the outlying sections of West Roxbury, was then included in the one name Roxbury.

His son John settled on this Roxbury grant, while

his father remained at his earlier dwelling on Roxbury Street in what is now Jamaica Plain. He made many journeys to England on business and prospered. He was one of the first donors to Harvard College, and Savage states that at the time of his death he was the richest man in the Colony. Not only John Weld fought against the Pequot Indians in 1676 in King Philip's War but both his sons and his grandsons also were officers in the service of the Colony. Governor Winthrop mentioned his death as a great loss to the settlement. The Apostle Eliot, his particular friend, says in his journal that the Captain died of cancer of the throat and jaws. Before leaving on his last journey to England, while in the town of Ipswich, Joseph Weld made his will; though contrary to his own expectations, he did live to get back to America.

The will begins as follows: 'Being visited by the hand of the Lord, and not knowing what the purposes of God may be; my spirit being restless and out of quiet because my house is not set in order . . . I do therefore make this my last will and testament.' After giving directions for a sum to 'the college at Cambridge' and allotting the house, the barns, the arable lands, and the marshes among his children, he proceeds to smaller details. Each of the children by his first wife was to have a pair of sheets; each might choose a book from his library; his son John was to have his best stuff suit and his cloth cloak, Thomas his frieze suit. But his friend, John Eliot, was willed the pride of his wardrobe, his black tamey cloak. His second wife was to get the down bed and bolster, and all the things belonging to the best

chamber, including 'the yellow rugg and the largest green rugg.' The will ends with many codicils showing how carefully the good man desired to do full justice to all his children and to show appreciation to the executors, whom he remembered at the last with ten pounds each, a very good sum in those days.

John and his brother Thomas, sons of Joseph, left numerous descendants, who took an active part in the affairs of the Colony. Thomas Weld's grandson, Thomas Weld also, followed his ancestor's footsteps by becoming a clergyman, and he ended the ancient feud by marrying Anne Hutchinson's great-granddaughter. He settled over a parish in Dunstable, a quaint and quiet little town in Massachusetts close to the New Hampshire line, so well conducted that a local rhymester wrote of it:

'God bless old Dunstable
Who needs no constable
To keep her straight.'

The village suffered from Indian raids and the garrison was called Weld's garrison, so it must have been on the clergyman's estate. He was greatly beloved by his people and 'esteemed a man of great piety and an exemplary Christian.' Tradition says that he was killed by the Indians who beset his stronghold in 1702.

Heredity is again in evidence when Eleazer Weld, Captain Joseph Weld's great-great-grandson, followed his ancestor in warlike affairs. John Weld, as we have said, occupied the Roxbury grant, and his

THE OLD HOMESTEAD ON WELD HILL

Weld had presided, Eleazer was appointed by the Legislature to set off this new parish. He also saw to it that the church was built and remained its treasurer to the day of his death. He held the office of Trustee of the School Fund left by the Apostle Eliot, a post which had descended to him from his father, thus keeping it in the family and preserving the same love and respect which his great-grandfather had shown in leaving the Apostle his 'black tamey cloak.' Part of this fund was devoted to the upkeep of the Eliot School in Jamaica Plain, which is now known as the Jamaica Plain High School. Part of it was assigned in later years to another Eliot School which is used at present for the teaching of handicraft work.

Eleazer Weld had been a boy of more than ordinary talents, had distinguished himself at Harvard, and in his middle and later years he not only managed his farm and served as County Justice, but fitted young men for college. One of his intimate friends was the Reverend William Gordon, who wrote the history of the American Revolution, and when Colonel Weld's fifth son was born in 1775 in Dedham, whither the Colonel had sent his wife and children for safety, the clergyman, having come to baptize the baby, asked what name was to be given. 'Give him your own, Doctor,' was the reply, and that was how William Gordon Weld happened to be so christened.

Eleazer died peacefully in his chair in 1800, with William Gordon Weld's infant son, William Fletcher Weld, my grandfather, sleeping in the cradle by his side. A few years afterwards most of the land was sold to Benjamin Bussey to settle the estate.

There are still extant documents of the period — the official complaint to Governor Hutchinson regarding the British troops' 'Horrid and barbarous action . . . by firing . . . in the most wanton, cruel, and cowardly manner upon a number of unarmed inhabitants,' which Colonel Weld, in company with six others, presented in person. There are requests tendered him as Justice; there are indentures, deeds, and receipts. One of the most amusing is the document which bound out an apprentice, Eliza Patten, to him and his wife. Eliza was a child of eight years, but nevertheless she had to swear not to play cards or throw dice, not to commit matrimony, not to frequent taverns, ale houses, or places of gaming, nor to absent herself from the service of her master or mistress by day or night. At the age of eighteen, she was to be set free 'with two good sutes of Wairing Apparell suitable to her degree.'

In 1791 the lads whom Eleazer Weld had under his tuition had done so well that their Master had sent some 'Peices' by them to the Selectmen, and they were pleased to direct that 'those specimens of genious should be posted up in the [Roxbury] Town Clerk's Office to be viewed by those of our Fellow Citizens who may be desirous to be informed of the progress of Literature in the Town.' And the chairman of the Selectmen after many other happy compliments closed by desiring the favor of Colonel Weld's 'agreeable company to dine.'

CHAPTER II

PIRATE DAYS

ELEAZER'S son, my great-grandfather, William Gordon Weld, had some of his father's fearlessness, though his education was earlier interrupted. At sixteen he was dismissed with a box on the ear from Mr. Quincy's law office in Roxbury, where he had refused to lend a hand in some household service, saying, 'I was sent here to study law and not housekeeping.'

Soon afterwards he shipped as a cabin boy on a vessel belonging to his uncle, Crowell Hatch, and at the early age of nineteen he became commander of the London Packet sailing between the ports of Boston and London. In 1798 he married Hannah Minot, daughter of Jonas Clark Minot, and a year later he built the white house now standing on a part of the old grant of land which remained in the Weld family after the Bussey Farm portion had been sold. The house is now occupied by Mayor Peters, whose wife is descended from the Minots. It was near the old Boston and Providence Post Road and a pleasant haven for William Gordon Weld during the intervals between his sea voyages.

William Gordon Weld's wife's mother was a Speakman, a family also numbered among the earliest settlers. Captain Thomas Speakman, his wife's grandfather, was killed at Ticonderoga, fighting against the French and Indians. Her uncle was the historian and jurist, George Richards Minot. The

Minot family was an old one. Thomas Minot, of Saffron Walden, Essex, was born about 1300. His descendant, George Minot, the son of William, came to America with his wife in 1630 to settle in Dorchester and become an elder. Their gravestone reads:

'Here lie the bodies of Unite Humphrey and Shining Minot,
Such names as these they never die not.'

In the autumn of 1802, William Gordon Weld sailed in the ship *Jason* from Boston, bound for the Mediterranean. Algerian pirates infested those waters and were a terror to the commerce of the world. Apparently the Yankee captains were the only ones to show fight. Just the year before, Commodore Dale, commanding the ship *Enterprise*, was attacked off Tripoli. He engaged the enemy in battle and defeated them. The American Consul at Tunis wrote in 1802 about the reckless adventurers who sailed the Mediterranean on unarmed ships.

But they were not all unarmed. Though still in his twenties, my great-grandfather protected his ships well and was wholly able to take care of himself. No sooner had the ship *Jason* left Gibraltar well behind than pirates appeared on the horizon. The young captain distinguished himself by his bravery, and not only put the pirates to flight, but recaptured from them two American vessels which they had previously taken.

There are several letters from him to his brothers which mention his sailings, to Rotterdam, to Leghorn, to Holland, to Gibraltar. They are full of combined kindness and good sense. Apparently his

WILLIAM GORDON WELD AND HANNAH MINOT WELD

brothers only had to ask to be given an opening to have their older brother do everything in his power. One letter characteristically reads: 'With respect to your wish of going to sea, I think you will be able to accumulate a handsome property in a few years, if you like the business . . . then when you are of age, I will procure some situation with myself or my friends, that will be lucrative, first as Supercargo, and I think in two or three voyages you will be able to take command of a ship.'

Another shows a different aspect. This brother, a still younger one, it would appear, wanted to throw up the business he had already undertaken to follow the sea instead. The older one writes him: 'I understood . . . that you had commenced business with your brother Jabez in Plymouth, and if that is the case I beseech you to continue and fulfill your engagements and not let your first act of manhood be whim and caprice. . . . I beg you, my dear brother, not to construe this as a wish not to serve you or assist you, but the feelings of an affectionate brother who wishes you to succeed in life.'

These letters date variously from 1804 to 1807. From then on he continued as Captain of his own ship and doubtless as owner or part owner in others. During the perils of the War of 1812, he set out with his cargoes exactly as before. In July, 1812, William Gordon Weld returned from Spain in his ship *Mary* with a valuable cargo of wine and Spanish coin. He was captured near Boston Harbor by the British frigate *Spartan*. His vessel, crew, and cargo were sent to Halifax. The commander's name was Brenton, an old friend, and he allowed Weld to escape,

and although of course he confiscated the ship and its contents, he allowed the American captain to be put ashore in a small boat. His ship, which he himself owned, unfortunately was not insured against war risks, and was a total loss.

So William Gordon Weld, having been absent from his wife and children for many months, and naturally very anxious about their welfare during these years of warfare, beached his boat somewhere off the Dorchester shore and made his way on foot through the wooded wilderness which then lay between the sea and Forest Hills. Tired, hungry, and footsore, he struck the turnpike road and, crossing it, hurried up the hill to his dwelling. It was deserted. The doors were locked and the grass was growing in the lanes. One can imagine what his fears were. Perhaps his family had been taken prisoners and carried off to England. He thought of his growing boys, and dreaded lest they had been impounded by some British press gang and even now were being flogged and treated with the cruelties which as a seafaring man he knew existed on board certain ships.

He started towards Boston and after a long search found some one who could tell him what had happened. His wife, in terror lest the redcoats should descend upon them, had taken the children and gone inland to the town of Lancaster. There William Gordon Weld finally found them. Tradition says that all his life he was very devoted to my great-grandmother, and she to him, and old Lancaster neighbors have spoken of their going to parties, and sitting hand in hand, while she sang ballads. One of

her favorite remarks was: 'The young may die; the old must,' and William Gordon Weld lived in Lancaster until her dictum came true.

After his death his wife returned to Jamaica Plain and settled with her daughter Margaret near the old Unitarian church. The house still stands where she died. One of her seven sons, Stephen, lived near by.

Since William Gordon Weld and his son, William Fletcher Weld, both had interests in shipping and were closely connected with the sea, it seems fitting in this place to give some account of the pirates, who, next to typhoons and hurricanes, constituted the greatest peril to their lives and fortunes. Some of the following information is compiled from a book by my cousin, Dr. Allen, called 'Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs.'

In the earliest times the occupation of a pirate was regarded as quite honorable. In the Elizabethan age some of the members of the best English families went out to capture Spanish treasure ships. There were Cretan pirates, Turks, Cilicians, Vikings, and Gauls. There was the Turkish Barbarossa, quite another person from the German Barbarossa who is said to be sleeping in some secret cave with all his knights about him, waiting until his red beard grows thrice around the table, when he will awake and come to the rescue of Germany. This pirate had only the red beard in common with the sleeping hero. The most interesting thing about the Turk is that he made a captive of an obdurate widow, and it took seven years of captivity before he induced her to succumb. He and his brothers

laid waste the Barbary Coast in the first part of the sixteenth century.

In the Mediterranean, during the sixteenth century, corsairs not only scoured the sea, but, going farther north, landed and often advanced to a considerable distance from the coast inland, robbing houses and whole villages and carrying off their inhabitants into slavery. These pirates bore their English captives to France, drove them in chains overland down to Marseilles, and shipped them to North Africa. The slaves sometimes attempted to get away, but generally without success. Many remarkable escapes, however, have been recorded. Saint Vincent de Paul and the French astronomer, Arago, succeeded in getting away. Cervantes was once made captive, and, though caught in the act of eluding his guards, finally was ransomed.

The town of Algiers, the lair of the corsairs, which we visited lately, rises like a white pyramid on the side of a steep green hill. The Kasbah, or citadel, was once the palace of the Dey, and crowns the top with heavy walls. The native position of the town is very old with exceedingly narrow, crooked streets paved with cobblestones, and there are holes in the wall, dark shops, mysterious alleys, low doorways. However, the sun pours into the courts and upon the house-tops, houses in the old days filled with pirate loot.

The first American vessel on record as being captured by corsairs in the Mediterranean had sailed from Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1625. In 1678, a Harvard graduate, Dr. Daniel Mason, sailed from Charlestown and was taken prisoner off Algiers and

STEPHEN MINOT

never returned. The corsairs insulted and killed the French Consul in 1683 and as an act of punishment Admiral Duquesne was sent from France to bombard the city of Algiers, but in spite of this the plundering continued for many years to come.

Adams and Jefferson held radically different views on the question of coping with these unceasing depredations. The former favored a policy of peace with payment to the Barbary States; the latter felt that the only method was to make war on them. Little or nothing was done for some years. In the spring of 1799 eighty American ships entered the Mediterranean, and upon this increasing and unprotected commerce Tunis, Algiers, and Salle turned greedy eyes. Ransoms of six thousand dollars were asked for American captains, four thousand for mates, and fourteen hundred for seamen.

Nor were the Americans the only ones to be plundered. As late as 1798 an expedition from Tunis landed on an island off the coast of Sardinia and kidnapped nearly a thousand people, mostly women and children.

Finally the *Washington* was sent out in 1800 under Captain Bainbridge with tribute for Algiers. The Dey remarked to him, 'You pay me tribute by which you become my slaves. I therefore have a right to order you about as I think proper.' He wished the American commander to carry an ambassador and his suite to Constantinople. The Consul felt that, in order to save war on our commerce, it was the only thing to be done, unpleasant as the situation was. Bainbridge transported not only the diplomat, but also one hundred negro women, and

horses, sheep, cattle, lions, tigers, and other animals. When he arrived at Constantinople, he found that the Turks had never heard of America, but he explained it was the new world discovered by Columbus, and they felt satisfied.

In 1804 occurred Decatur's bold dash into the port of Tripoli, and his exploit of destroying the captured frigate *Philadelphia*. Although not long after this the United States practically settled the question for itself, yet in the year 1817 Tunisian pirates, cruising in the English Channel and the North Sea, captured ships from Hamburg. In 1825, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal were still paying tribute to these countries, and about the same time a Danish and a French Consul were thrown into prison and made to labor with slaves because their countries had delayed in making their payments. Napoleon, before this, had found cause to distrust the Dey and had laid secret plans to attack his stronghold, which, however, he never managed to put into effect.

As William Gordon Weld's ship was captured in the War of 1812, I am going to tell a little about that, and about the pirates along the coast of the Atlantic and on the Spanish Main, for whom every commander of that time kept watch. We all know the earlier history of the buccaneers who plundered the crafts of these waters.

Sometimes the pirates of the nineteenth century preyed on slave ships which were brought to Cuba, where no restrictions existed. First the smugglers bought the slaves for money, but, soon perceiving that the slave ships were poorly armed, the smug-

glers turned buccaneers and took the vessels by capture, thus making great wealth out of what they termed 'black ivory.' Barataria Bay on the Island of Grand Terre was chosen for their headquarters, and by other obscure inland passageways, and by marching them overland from some lonely spot upon the coast to a secret place of embarkation, the blacks were taken to New Orleans.

For chains the pirates patronized two iron-smiths, the brothers Lafitte, one of whom, Jean, was a very able man. He was said to have been a most picturesque figure, wearing a full-skirted bottle-green coat and skin-tight leather breeches. He managed his money affairs well, and soon became the chief of the band of buccaneers. Moving to Grand Terre he built a fort there, and did so much business that at times four hundred slaves a day were sold. So powerful and formidable did he become that a proclamation offered a reward for him, dead or alive.

With the ending of the war between France and England and the exiling of Napoleon to Elba, the War of 1812 became more vigorous. Since at first the British had not been successful in the north, a great fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane was sent to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Lafitte's fame was so great that the British tried to seduce him and his band to help them. Jean not only refused, but went instead to offer his services to the United States. At first he was looked upon with scorn and suspicion. But the need for help was imperative and his services were finally accepted. The great guns of the pirate patriots did fine work and won the praise of Andrew Jackson. Our small navy

did well also. The British were finally beaten and the war ended.

It was Jean Lafitte's sword that fell into our hands by chance when we were once in New Orleans on a visit.

When my grandfather William Fletcher Weld's first clipper ship, the *Senator*, was built in 1833, the worst of the pirate days in these waters were over, though there were periodical revivals that threatened to approach even the days of Captain Flint or Captain Kidd. Although not all the details of the many attacks upon the Weld ships have come to light, they were in danger numberless times. One record of a thrilling pursuit exists, but in no case was any Weld clipper captured, though a log tells of Chinese pirates boarding one of them right in a Chinese port.

In Bradlee's 'Piracy in the West Indies' there are many tales of less happy ships along the coast about this period. He speaks of the schooner, *Perry Hoodless*, sailing from Newburyport to Baraçoa, robbed of part of her cargo by a piratical schooner; of the brig *Orbit Woodbury*, bound for New York, having come from the west coast of Africa, which was sighted and found to be already in the hands of pirates. They had boarded her, murdered the captain and the mates, and were heading for St. Thomas, there to dispose of their booty. A derelict, the barque *Henry*, was boarded by some sailors from the brig *Wade*. They found her name almost wholly obliterated from her stern, the English Jack torn down, the cabin upset as though violent hands had been searching for money, the furniture thrown about,

The American Ship JASON, *Capt.* WILLIAM G. WELD.

SHIP JASON, COMMANDED BY WILLIAM GORDON WELD

the forecastle empty, and the rug in the cabin ominously bloodstained. Off the coast of the United States the brig *Pilgrim* was pursued, the brig *Emily* chased in the Gulf of Mexico. The *Crown Prince William*, bound from Rotterdam to Curaçoa, was never heard from again, and it was assumed that she had been captured.

Another story which throws, however, a pleasant aspect upon piracy is the history of a simple New Hampshire woman in a little country village. All her life she has been called Ocean Mary. It seems that her father was a sea captain and on one of his longer voyages, he took his wife with him. Pirates sighted his ship, gave chase and overhauled it, swarming on board in great numbers, armed to the teeth, and terrifying to behold. The captain, helpless in the face of such an invasion, begged the pirate, but in vain, not to go down into his cabin. When the invader plunged headlong in, his followers crowding after him, he found out the reason for the captain's request. There lay his wife with a newborn baby on her arm.

The pirate was both touched and greatly interested. He and his men tiptoed back and held a conference. Then he approached the captain with a proposition. If this newborn baby could be christened Mary, after his mother, he would leave the ship and its contents unharmed. Naturally the captain and his wife lost no time in consenting, and the baby was so christened then and there. The pirates, smiling broadly, withdrew, but their ship did not lift anchor immediately. Instead, pretty soon, a small rowboat put forth and once more

approached the captain's ship, with only the pirate chief and one companion in it. Again they came alongside and clambered up, but instead of dirk and cutlass, this time the buccaneer bore a dress pattern of red silk. It was a present for the baby, and the donor asked that it be saved until the baby grew to be a woman and was married. Then it was to be her wedding dress. They promised; and again, all smiles, the pirates departed and were never heard from after. The baby grew up, became a bride, and was actually married in the red silk dress!

In the summer of 1853, the *Madagascar* from Australia disappeared. Years afterward the following story leaked out. 'A woman in New Zealand, being on her death bed, sent for a clergyman and said she had been a nurse on the ill-fated *Madagascar*. According to her, the crew and several passengers mutinied when the ship was in the South Atlantic. The Captain and the officers were killed. The rest of the passengers, with the exception of some of the young women, were locked up below.' Then the boats were lowered, the gold and the young women, among whom was the nurse, put into them. The mutineers set fire to the ship, clambered into the boats and pushed off, leaving their prisoners to burn. But nearly all of the mutineers paid for their crimes with their own lives, for only one of the boats, containing six men and five women, succeeded in reaching the coast of Brazil. Even this boat capsized in the surf and its cargo of gold dust was lost overboard. At last the survivors reached a small settlement, which only proved to be a second death trap, for yellow fever was raging. At the close of the epi-

demic, but two of the mutineers and one woman, the narrator, remained alive. One of the men disappeared, the other was hanged for murder in San Francisco a few years later.

Bradlee speaks of the last really well-authenticated case of piracy that happened in the Spanish Main as being quite picturesque. Certainly it was up-to-date, for the piratical vessel was a steamer. 'In February, 1860, General Miramon, who was then the principal representative of the Mexican Clerical and Conservative Party, with a company of followers, chartered at Havana the steamer *Marquis de la Habana*, which was the property of a Spanish Havana firm and had made one or more voyages as a slaver.' The General's plan was to be landed at Vera Cruz where they expected to bring about a revolution. He refused, however, to fly a flag of any kind aboard. The United States fleet was there to prevent Walker and his band of filibusters from landing and they refused to allow the passengers from the *Marquis de la Habana* to disembark. The General then hit upon this plan, for they needed money badly, which was to rob a ship from California which they knew was laden with gold. By some way the plan was discovered and the U.S.S. *Saratoga* gave chase. After a fight, the General's ship was captured and taken to New Orleans and turned over to the United States Marshal as a pirate of the high seas. Miramon later was executed with Maximilian in 1887.

Events on the Isthmus which attracted the attention of the whole country in 1856 were particularly connected with the filibuster General William

Walker. It was a time when Maximilian, the 'grey-eyed man of destiny' was attempting to establish a Napoleonic empire in Central America, the beginning of which he planted in Nicaragua. A revolution was going on, and he organized an armed force and joined the losing side. Recruits, styled emigrants, were sent him from the States. For a time he was successful, but soon the surrounding countries declared war on his navy, and his followers fell ill and left him. My father, as we shall see later, on the ship *Cyane*, was sent to Greytown on the Atlantic Coast to bring back some of the filibusters, after they had accepted the offer to be taken home to the United States.

As late as 1870 the pirates in the Orient were still active, and this was the period when the Weld clippers in largest numbers were dotting the seven seas. It was a most thriving time for the Jolly Roger. The pirates were at their worst just before the Suez Canal was opened. Madagascar, Malabar, and the Persian Gulf swarmed with them. The most daring crew belonged to the tribe of Joassamees who often gave chase to ships belonging to the East India Company, which lost a cruiser, of sixty tons, mounting sixty-eight guns. Off Hong Kong a whole fleet of Chinese junks would attack a foreign merchantman and quite as readily board a craft of their own nation.

In our time piracy has returned. Fifteen river pirates boarded the steamer *Bridgetown* at the foot of Main Street in Brooklyn in 1924. They tied up eleven members of the crew and a United States Customs officer to boot. Then with acetylene

torches they leisurely burned off the hinges of the vessel's safe and stole three boxes said to contain platinum worth more than eleven thousand dollars. Even with this they were disappointed, for they had come for a cargo of bar gold that the vessel had brought in from South America, but this fortunately had been removed earlier.

The robbers boarded the ship from a motor boat, overpowered the men on watch in the early morning and thrust them into the cabin of the first officer. With revolvers in their hands they then rounded up the rest of the crew and took them to the same cabin, after fastening them with ropes. They proceeded to secure their plunder and departed as they came. For over an hour they were on board ship, all about lay other craft, but so noiseless were they that not a sound was heard on any other ship. One of the crew of the *Bridgetown* worked himself loose and freed the others and notified the police, but it was too late.

Only the other day we read of a rum runner that was boarded off Gloucester. Not alone was her rum taken, but also a large sum of money, while men were left wounded and dying upon her decks. Masefield's ballad with its chorus is not yet out of date —

'Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench,
But I'm for ripe Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.'

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDER OF THE FLEET

WILLIAM FLETCHER WELD, my grandfather, was born April 18, 1800, in the old homestead on Weld Hill. He was the eldest of the large family of William Gordon Weld, there being seven sons and two daughters. William grew up in stirring times, and his boyish imagination must have been kindled by the war and by the adventures in which his father had taken part.

A story goes that when he was a very small child, his mother had taken him to the seashore, and sat down with him upon the beach, holding him in her lap. He jumped right out of her arms into the water, thus perhaps showing his love for the sea which was to play so prominent a part in his later life.

When his father died at Lancaster, he left very little money, and my grandfather had to go to work while still quite young. His mother, who apparently did not sew very well, made his clothes for him, for in those days there were no tailors in a small town. When he came to Boston to work at the age of fourteen, some boy in the office laughed at his attire, but William licked him, and the boy did not laugh after that.

A ship-building boom began in 1831 and that was when Grandfather entered upon his career as an independent merchant. Prior to that, he went into the counting-room of the well-known merchants,

Wm. F. Weld

T. K. Jones and Company, the head of the house living in the old English style at 'Grove Hall,' Dorchester, where William Fletcher Weld, as a young man, frequently enjoyed his hospitality. He rose to be head clerk, and at the age of twenty-two left the firm to go into the shipping business in partnership with Richard Baker, Jr. The two soon failed, but my grandfather made a legal settlement with his creditors, and before long he regained his credit, and they recommenced business.

In my grandfather's young manhood, 'the pride of the city was its water front, stretching from north to south, built with hundreds of wharves and a forest of masts and white sails, such as no other city in this country could boast. There was no quarter of the civilized or uncivilized globe in which the enterprise, energy, pluck of a Boston merchant and a Boston shipmaster did not find entrance, or from which a wealth of commerce did not return.'

Since the merchants ruled both society and politics in Massachusetts almost from the beginning, it is well to know what the term means. 'A merchant,' says Morison in his 'Maritime History of Massachusetts,' 'was no mere shopkeeper or commission dealer. He bought and sold at home and abroad on his own account and handled private ventures on the side. He owned and chartered the vessels that carried his goods. The provincial merchants owned not only merchant vessels but fishing craft, whalers, and coasters, sent their ships to other continents, England, the Mediterranean, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main for all sorts of commodities, and sold their return ladings at wholesale.'

After the War of 1812, the aspect of the city commenced to change. The open pastures and the wide gardens of Beacon Hill were covered with blocks of houses in smooth-faced brick. Many of them are still standing on Mount Vernon Street and in Louisburg Square, specimens of Boston architecture in the early thirties. By 1855 the Back Bay began to be filled in and Boylston Street, which was once known as Frog Lane, stretched out across the fens. On Beacon Hill and at the base of its western slope these marine merchants lived well with spacious brick mansions in town and a country seat besides.

While William Fletcher Weld's father sailed his own ships, I can find no record of my grandfather's doing so, though he directed all the marine affairs from his office. For a while his business took him to New York, and there at the age of thirty-six he met with a second business failure, over which he triumphed in a few years. As soon as he regained financial standing, he invited to dinner all the men who had been his creditors when the firm went under. Although he had been legally absolved from further payment, beneath each man's plate was the sum which he had originally owed him, together with accrued interest.

He lived in Boston during the winter for a number of years at 65 Bowdoin Street, and later at 1 Arlington Street. The latter part of his life he had a home on Walnut Street in Philadelphia. His summers he spent first at Rye Beach, then at Nahant and Brookline and later at Newport.

In Boston every Saturday his brothers came and dined with him; dinner in those days was at two in

the afternoon. For a time his sister Margaret lived with him. He was a strong abolitionist and among the first to start a home for colored people, which is still in existence.

He himself was unable to go to college, but he put his six brothers through Harvard. In certain ways he was very generous to his five children. He sent them travelling in their own country and abroad.

My cousin, Isabella Dana, who lived with my grandmother for years after my grandfather's death, writes:

'You ask for details of your Grandfather's and Grandmother's life. As for your Grandfather! Among my earliest recollections, that spacious, hospitable home on the crest of Beacon Hill stands out as a mansion of happiness. Every one of the girls had her share of his wit as well as his kindliness.'

Often poor people who came to the door of Grandfather's house were fed in the kitchen. In fact, one woman who was apparently deaf and dumb came for her breakfast every morning for three years. One morning the white sugar had given out and the cook gave her brown sugar instead. The woman was so angry about it, she forgot her pose of several years and *spoke!*

'The crowning glory of the year was the Christmas Tree! If your Grandfather wasn't the very first householder in Boston to have a tree, he was one of the first. And what a sight it was, sparkling with candles, and full of delightful dolls and other gifts.

'The first Christmas I recall distinctly; your

Grandfather and your Aunt Fanny stood nearest the tree, looking with perfect delight into the happy little faces of the crowd of children. Little Cora Clarke was there. She was the daughter of the distinguished Unitarian minister, James Freeman Clarke, who was a close friend of the family of many years' standing, for the Welds were all Unitarians. She looked up at her mother and said, "Now I know what Merry Christmas means!"

'One of the last drives your Grandmother took, after she had moved to 115 Commonwealth Avenue, was over Beacon Hill, and we drove completely round the site of the hospitable old mansion and its charming garden with its flowers, its fruit trees, and its abundant grapevines from which so many people profited beside the family. After we got home, your Grandmother seemed happy all day, for she said it satisfied her to see that the place of her old home had been taken into the State House grounds instead of belonging to another family.

'But the charm of the Bowdoin Street house was probably less than that of the place at Brookline. Your Grandfather was eager to share everything. If any one, whether akin to him or not, was ailing, he would say: "They must come right out to us at Windy Top and then they will get well."

'On Fourth of July the clan would gather in his house in Brookline to see the fireworks. But except for his household festivities he took little part or felt little interest in going out in society.'

I have heard that he was very sweet with children, but rather strict with his own, especially with his sons as they grew older.

I myself remember him as an old but vigorous man who was nice to his little granddaughter. My last recollection of him — when I was six years old — was going out driving with him in a brougham on Thames Street in Newport, to do the marketing according to his wont. His old stone house on Narragansett Avenue was sold only recently.

He had a way of teasing and repeating his remarks. One day at luncheon he constantly referred to my being stung by a wasp, emphasizing the fact that it wouldn't have happened if I had minded my mother. Apparently after a time I could bear it no longer and burst out, 'If Grandfather wouldn't talk so much about it, we might be friends!' He was much amused.

He often had rice on his table, and then would speak of the millions of people in the Orient that lived on it. In the early days he had a clerk whom he trusted implicitly and loved like a son. But he proved dishonest, and I think my grandfather never had the same faith in human nature after that. Although the boy went off with quite a sum of money, he could not bring himself to prosecute him.

Together with his very human qualities of warm-heartedness and Yankee humor, his business associates, who were co-directors of the Webster Bank with him, said, 'He had great business capacity and excellent judgment, his personal relations with his associates were cordial and friendly, and his intercourse with them of the most agreeable character.'

No detail was too trivial for him to attend to. He even engaged the cooks who sailed on his boats, calling them into his office on Commercial Wharf

and asking them, 'Can you make soup out of rope yarn?' If they answered 'Yes, sir,' they were engaged on the spot, but they never were put to the proof.

The story of the William Fletcher Weld shipping trade is so full of incident and anecdote that it can best be prefaced by a summary of his larger accomplishments. Very early in his young manhood he bought wharf property and began ship-building. In 1833 his firm built the largest ship of the day, the *Senator*, and from that time forward ship after ship was added to the list until his vessels became a fleet, and William F. Weld and Company were believed to be the largest firm of ship-owners in America. At one time he controlled the markets for Manila and for Russian hemp. His own counting-rooms were on 42 Central Wharf. Eventually he took into the firm with him his two sons, William Gordon Weld and George Walker Weld. Richard Baker, Jr., was, I think, always his partner, and although they had disasters, William F. Weld continued the partnership, for he said that Baker could transact more business in a few hours than any one else could in a whole day.

Later my grandfather became engaged in the development of railroad systems over the country, and grew to be a large stockholder and director in many Western railroads besides those in New England. When the clipper ship industry had almost dropped away, this interest took its place. It was largely through his influence that the Boston and Maine was brought into Boston in 1844. He himself imported the rails for this road and transacted the business so

much to the satisfaction of Messrs. Thompson and Forman, the leading iron-masters of England, that they sent for him to visit them. This visit resulted in his becoming their sole agent for the distribution of all their rails throughout America.

By negotiating these sales to Western railroads, he joined with others in opening up the vast and rich areas which lay beyond the Mississippi. It was really a patriotic service which added greatly to the national wealth, and brought him into contact with all the principal men of the Great West.

His investments as time went on became very diversified — mill stocks, coal stocks, railroad stocks and bonds. Most of his railroad investments were in the territory of Illinois, Kansas, and Iowa, following close upon the opening-up of these great prairie lands and farming communities. The coming of means of transportation into these States made agriculture suddenly profitable and homesteaders thronged out there in great numbers. A story runs to the effect that an engineer on one of the first trains leaned out of his window and called to the fireman, 'Say, what town is this we're coming to? I never saw it before.'

The fireman replied, 'Must have sprung up since we ran through here yesterday.'

'Guess it did,' said the engineer. 'Look out behind and see if any more have sprung up since we passed to-day.'

My grandfather had also some real estate holdings. One was a building first used as a Masonic Temple and then by the United States Court until 1885 when it was sold by auction. At that time it was bought by his firm and remodeled for the R. H.

Stearns Company. This second building was completely torn down in 1908 and the present modern building erected. It was from the Masonic Temple that Temple Place, originally Turnagain Alley, derived its name.

It is a piece of property we are especially interested in because of the long lease of R. H. Stearns and because of the fair and friendly relations between the families. Mr. Stearns's father was a deacon of the Old South Church and an old friend of Samuel Johnson, also a pillar of that church — Uncle Sam I always called him — who was one of the best friends and advisers the family ever had.

William Fletcher Weld and all his family also valued highly Forbes Freeman who came from Canada. He entered the Weld office in 1865 and remained there until his death many years later. My father was very devoted to him. For many years Mr. Freeman and his wife, who was a Miss Bond of Boston and very attractive, lived with my cousin Charles Weld in Brookline at 'Saint's Rest' until Charles married Miss Train. Freeman was a very faithful, loyal friend, as was Jonathan Harlow, another fine and faithful character to whom all the family were devoted. He entered the office in 1887.

As for my grandfather, no panic affected him. He made his investments wisely and then retained them, rarely selling, but preserving a belief in their ultimate value, so that he contributed a stabilizing influence among other merchants and bankers.

In later years he believed that real estate in large growing cities was the only safe investment of property in this country for a long series of years to come.

He even directed in his will that this policy should be carried out by his trustees. Other financiers have said that he had a sagacity rarely equalled in the business life of any other American merchant.

CHAPTER IV

KINSMEN AND KINSWOMEN

GRANDFATHER'S first wife, my grandmother, was Mary P. Bryant, very charming and much liked by the family. Tradition says that, when he went to ask for her hand, her father said, 'Take her if you want her, but she's not much good,' meaning that she was not very strong. One of many children, she was very pretty and proved a good wife and mother, but unfortunately she died at the age of thirty-two.

Her father was named Perez Bryant; though his given name was Spanish, so far as is known there is no Spanish blood in the family. Probably it was one of those not uncommon exotic names with which our stern and repressed forbears indulged themselves, and which any New England graveyard will show.

Perez Bryant had married Fanny Clark and they had ten children. Frank, the youngest, was drowned in Jamaica Pond, which, alas! has been well-named Jamaica Graveyard.

Perez had a brother, John, whose wife was a Miss Hyde. He went to India for his health, but finding that it was not improving, he turned towards home, only to die coming up Boston Harbor. We still have his portrait in the family. Their Boston home was on Temple Place, a large house with a stable, both set far back from the street. His daughter Frances was an invalid and solaced herself in the dreary hours of her confinement by making a large picture of George Washington in worsted work, which we now have.

My grandmother was very talented, a cousin of William Cullen Bryant, and sharing in a minor degree his taste for poesy. There is in existence a book of quotations and poems composed or copied by her in a fine, old-fashioned handwriting. They were written just a hundred years ago when she was twenty-three. She died a short time after my mother was born, and it seems as if she must have had a premonition that she would not live long, for the poems are melancholy. Though, of course, an elegant and refined melancholy was thought becoming a young woman in those days.

The first quotation in the book begins: 'Loss of friends is the greatest trouble except the loss of spirits which is worse.' The next starts: 'Among the tombs where I frequently wander to find wisdom . . .'

This reminds one of Judge Sewall's diary of an earlier period, which says: 'I visited the family vault, a pleasing but awful treat. Having said, "The Lord knows who will come hither next," I went away.' The third quotation in Grandmother's book is called 'The Mourners,' and the fourth 'The Withered Tree,' and a following one, 'Solitude.' A poem by William Cullen Bryant is found in this collection.

THE GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene
Where wanders the stream with its waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waters they drink.

Several of the poems seem to have been written to her and some are by her. A number are signed G. W. Bryant, or Alfred Bryant, or Anne Bryant. Some are marked original.

Mary Bryant Weld was gifted in other directions, too. In my mother's bedroom hang several oil paintings of hers, one of two boys, another of a mother rocking her child in a cradle. After she died, her husband told some one that if he could have her back, he would be willing to be a peddler with a pushcart in the streets of Boston.

She bore her husband seven children, two of whom died when babies. One of her daughters, Mary, was very beautiful, but she and her sister Fanny died when young girls. Sarah married George Langdon Pratt, the son of George and Abigail Pratt, and Anna, my mother, married George Hamilton Perkins. Of them I shall speak later on in the book. The oldest brother, William Gordon Weld, my uncle, was much like my grandfather.

As I remember Uncle William, he wore a gray frock coat and a tall beaver hat of gray. He was very good to me, and often as a child I sat upon his knee and braided his long gray beard as he told me stories. My mother said that, although he had two sons, Charles and William, he always wanted a daughter. He had a favorite story about Poppet, who was a figment of his imagination and supposed to be his own daughter. He would tell me long stories about her and pretend to steal my dolls to take to Poppet. When I would say, 'Why have I not seen Poppet?' he would answer, 'She is a very naughty child and I have locked her in a closet.' I loved to hear about naughty Poppet.

WILLIAM GORDON WELD, 2D
Son of William Fletcher Weld

He was a great tease and loved to chaff my mother, and she being also a fluent talker with a fine memory, their conversation was very witty. I was very fond of him, though he was a despot in the family and told us all just what we ought to do. He was a keen business man and made much money.

Uncle William married Miss Caroline Goddard. Nathaniel Goddard, her great-uncle, was also one of the prominent merchants of old Boston and anecdotes of his life are so characteristic of that period that I will tell a little about him. He, too, was one of a large family with little money. At the age of thirteen he began to work for himself. His first venture was to buy tamarinds with all his savings, eight dollars, from a vessel hailing from the West Indies, and sell them at a profit, making fifty dollars. Then for a time he loaded steamers for Captain Amasa Davis, all the while being impatient to do better. His mother would encourage him by saying, 'Something will turn up,' but he would answer, 'Not until I turn it up myself.'

He went to Maine with a tiny bit of capital and started a trader's store in a lonely district, dealing with Indians, farmers, trappers, refugees, disbanded soldiers, and escaped gallows men. After seven years he returned to Boston with the capital he had acquired. Here he built a house and married Lucretia Dana. He entertained a good deal and lived in some state, but to the very last he rode in a two-wheeled chaise and did his own marketing. When some one asked him why he still kept up these two economies, he replied, 'So that my daughter may ride in a barouche.' He was said to have been

the very last man in Boston to wear knee breeches and silk stockings.

Goddard's was one of the old Boston firms and another was Thomas Handasyd Perkins and Company, one of the oldest merchant companies. As early as 1792 the trade route from Boston to Canton was fairly established and Perkins and Company were the famous house of the period. The *Boston Herald* in January, 1789, announced that Thomas Handasyd Perkins was going on board the *Astrea* as supercargo, and 'that all persons wishing to adventure aboard the *Astrea* might be assured of Mr. Perkins's assertions for their interest.' Those who accepted were not disappointed, and the pedigrees of many Boston fortunes can be traced to that China voyage and its consequences.

But to go back. My grandfather's second wife was a very wonderful woman, for all her stepchildren were devoted to her and I was named after her. She was Isabella Walker Weld, the daughter of George Lovell Walker, a lawyer in Templeton, Massachusetts, and a member of the State Legislature.

Miss Dana writes of her as follows:

'A girl of strong character to whom wealth was no temptation, and who from conscientious scruples refused over and over to accept the great responsibility of taking a mother's place to children not her own. Finally she gave in, and then turned all her strength to what had become her duty.

'Her kindness to sad and forlorn people was very beautiful. She was especially devoted to her husband's relatives.'

William Fletcher Weld's youngest son, born to

CAROLINE GODDARD WELD
Wife of William Gordon Weld

him by his second wife, was a handsome boy named George Walker Weld. While hunting in England, he unfortunately had a severe fall and became an invalid for many years, though later in his life he recovered to a certain degree.

Miss Dana writes:

'In view of George's strong and sturdy health in early years, when it was a trifling matter for him to row up from Nahant to Boston in his wherry every morning, and after a day's work in his office to row back to Nahant in the afternoon; and of the sad contrast of his pitiably crippled condition in his later years, it was a wonderful thing to see his intense and sympathetic interest in every decent form of sport and in the boys who were contesting.'

He was especially interested in rowing and gave the Weld Boat House to Harvard, and with others, organized the system which later developed into the Weld Boat Club, with its crews, its graduate and professional coaches, all of which contributed to Harvard's athletic prowess in no small degree. He attended every boat race and football match, and was very fond of driving his own horses. He took great pleasure in yachting, of which I shall speak in a later chapter.

Perhaps something might be said about my grandfather's brother, Stephen Minot Weld. He was born in Boston in 1806, and was fitted for Harvard by the distinguished schoolmaster, George B. Emerson. He entered college when he was sixteen, 'with a mirth-provoking power,' says one of his biographers, 'that made him a favorite with the least industrious of his class, while his ingenuousness, his moral purity, and

his keen sense of honor won the esteem and affection of those of the opposite type.'

As soon as he was graduated, he became an assistant teacher at Mr. Greene's well-known boarding-school in Jamaica Plain, and then a year later, with his mother's coöperation, he opened a school of his own, where a number of the younger children in the family were still to be educated as well as the boarding students. As the school prospered, Stephen was able to share in adding to his mother's comfort. His academy grew rapidly in numbers and in reputation, for pupils came to it from every part of the world and even from the Philippines.

There followed a life full of public services of various kinds both in peace and war. For nine years and at the time of his death he was one of the Overseers of Harvard College, and one of the projects nearest to his heart, that of erecting a dormitory, was fulfilled after his death in the form of a memorial. That was Weld Hall, William Fletcher Weld's tribute to his brother's memory. It was said that Stephen M. Weld never lost an opportunity of doing good, and that in Jamaica Plain there could not be found an individual who had not in some way been indebted to him for good offices, and none who needed pecuniary help by loan or gift ever failed to receive it from him. His name is perpetuated in the Stephen M. Weld School in Roslindale, a Boston suburb which was once part of the early Roxbury grant to the Weld family.

In my mother's generation one member stands out especially, General Stephen Weld, the son of Stephen Minot Weld, and the nephew of William

Fletcher Weld. He had a splendid Civil War record. He and my father belonged to a luncheon club in Boston composed of Civil War comrades, where with Colonel Livermore, Parkinson, and others, they talked over the old days. General Weld wrote an account of his life which was privately published and regarding which Henry Huidekoper says: 'A thrilling story, told by the writer with characteristic modesty of the military life of one of Harvard's best soldiers, who commanded with marked ability and fought with unsurpassed courage, to the credit of the college at which he graduated and to the satisfaction of Harvard men.' He fought in a number of battles, and spent some time in Libby Prison. Like his uncle, William Fletcher Weld, he was a good business man. Interested in the cotton business, he made money and lost it and made it again. His first wife was Miss Eloise Rodman, and they had many children. Some years after her death he married Miss Edith Waterbury. He was a much respected citizen, 'a soldier, a man of affairs, and a lover of flowers.' My recollection of him is walking about with him in his garden at Dedham while he talked to me about my father, and the war, and telling me about his flowers in which he took great interest.

Now we have come to the four grandchildren of William Fletcher Weld. His son William had two boys, as I have said, the oldest, another William, who was good-looking and amiable and much liked, married Miss Ellen Winchester. He inherited his grandfather's place in Brookline, but pulled down the old house and built another, and a large stable.

He made on his estate the first polo field in this part of the country, as well as the first private golf links. He spent much of his time on his yacht *Gitana*, and entertained a great deal but he died young, leaving no children. We are now living in his house, but we have added to it and laid out the gardens around it and called it 'Weld,' in memory of my grandfather.

William's brother Charles, who studied at Harvard, to be a doctor, was quite unlike him in disposition, in that he did not care for many people, but was very devoted to his special friends. He did endless kindnesses to people, and aided charities, took a great interest and gave liberally to the Massachusetts General Hospital, none of which things did he want known. He married Miss Hannah Putnam Train. Charles left one daughter, Mary Weld.

A story is told that when Charles was ordering a stained-glass window in London in memory of his brother William, a friend asked him, 'What subject did you choose?'

He answered, 'The miraculous draft of fishes by Christ.'

'Why that?' inquired the friend.

'Well, I chose that because William always did love the sea.'

And so it has been for generations, the family always have loved the sea.

One granddaughter of William F. Weld is Mary Bryant Pratt, who married, first, Congressman Charles Franklin Sprague, grandson of Judge Peleg Sprague, a member of the United States Senate. By this marriage there were two children, Eleanor, who married Wilfred Sefton, and Marion, who

married John Edward Boit. Left a widow, Mary Sprague married for her second husband, Edward Deshon Brandegee, of Utica, New York. They have two children, Martina Louise Brandegee and John Langdon Brandegee.

The last granddaughter of William Fletcher Weld is myself, and the less said about me the better, except that I have gotten this material together for the family.

CHAPTER V

THE SEA MADE WHITE

BARKS, brigs, and clippers, belonging to my grandfather, William Fletcher Weld — nearly fifty of them altogether — flew the Black Horse flag, to say nothing of the fleet of steamships which came later. The craft were celebrated for their swiftness and their seaworthiness. They were well-built, well-managed, and well-captained.

To be a sea captain in those days, one had to have either a dash of the pirate or the explorer, or else a *flair* for adventure. Nor was that all. Landlubbers have never realized the responsibility that belongs to the master of a clipper, and this same responsibility was even greater a generation or more ago.

A ship was a little kingdom of its own, and the captain was its navigator, its banker, its judge, its doctor, and its minister, all in one. He handled thousands of dollars. The loading of the merchandise in the hold of the ship had to be carefully managed, so that every inch was utilized. The cases had to be overseen so that none was broken or stolen or dropped overboard. Then there was the care of the crew, who might become ill, or get drunk, or fall overboard, or desert, or fight among themselves. The captain was responsible when typhoons drove down upon the boat, or when another craft collided with it in the dark, or when the vessel ran ashore in a dense fog. Until within recent years

many of the smaller islands in far-away places were not even on the charts.

Then there was the necessity of equipping the ship with enough fresh water and the right kind of foods, lest scurvy, that disease dreaded of sailors, should break out. Only within a decade or less has the need of vitamines been understood. So for years a sailor's staple diet consisted principally of coffee, tea, bread, bacon, dried apples, smoked beef, prunes, jams, salt fish, various pickles, nuts, and tinned goods. When they started from port, there were eggs, vegetables, and fresh meat, but these did not last long, and the staples became the rule. Even then the sailor who shipped on a vessel with all of these thought himself lucky.

The cruises were long. The principal Atlantic seaboard ports which the Weld clippers visited were Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, sometimes touching at Halifax, Charleston, New Orleans, or Rio. Then they skirted the coast of South America and rounded Cape Horn. On the west coast of the United States they frequently put in at San Francisco, New Tacoma, and Vancouver. The Far East ports were usually Hong Kong, Manila, Iloilo, Cebu, Melbourne, and Sydney, although some touched at Yokohama and Shanghai, and cruised south to Singapore or Borneo, where the extraordinary Englishman, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, held state. From there they sailed to Ceylon and Bombay, back to Calcutta and Rangoon, and then home again.

Either on the outward bound or homeward routes the clippers might touch in the early days at ports in

the West Indies or the Canary Islands, or stop at Angier Roads, Java, or Madagascar. They often returned by Cape Horn, crossing to Europe, dropping anchor at the mouth of the Thames, or at Dublin, or Liverpool, or off the coast of Wales. From here the ships sometimes went south again to Havre, Marseilles, Leghorn, or Genoa, possibly putting in to Cadiz on the way.

The cargoes were determined by the port for which the vessels were bound, or from which they returned. From Vancouver they would sail with the hold packed with lumber; from the States, flour and hay and oats; from Rio with coffee; from Melbourne with hides; hemp and spices from the Philippines, and silk, china, tea, and firecrackers from Hong Kong.

In the logs of the clippers, ice is often mentioned. Frederick Tudor was the first to propose shipping ice to southern ports. It was thought a mad scheme at the time and his first efforts proved a failure, but he wrote in his journal: 'He who gives back at the first repulse, and without striking a second blow despairs of success, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero in love, war, or business.' Nevertheless, between 1836 and 1850 the Boston ice trade was extended to every large port in South America and the Far East.

Countless of the ships' logs are still in the Weld office, yellowed with age, the ink faded upon the pages, but all the items still legible. They are brief, sparse, concise accounts, but the reader dimly perceives the love the captain had for the ship, his pride in her speed and bearing. There is the tang of salt

somewhere in the pages, the breath of sea winds, the spices of the East Indian isles, and the glimmer of strange stars overhead.

Howells speaks of the East India trade in his novel, 'A Woman's Reason,' as follows:

'The place [Boston Harbor] was sacred to the grandest shipping of the grandest commerce in the world. There they lay, those beautiful ships, clean as silver, every one of them, and manned by honest Yankee crews. . . . Not ruffians from every quarter of the globe. There were gentlemen's sons before the mast, with their share in the venture, going out for the excitement of the thing; boys from Harvard, fellows of education and spirit. . . .

'"The owners planned their ventures like generals planning a campaign. They were not going to see us again for a year; they were not going to hear of us till we signalled outside on our return. When we sailed it was an event, a ceremony, a solemnity; and we celebrated it with song from all the tarry throats on board." . . . and the talk wandered back to the great days of the old trade, and to the merchants, the supercargoes, the captains, the mates of their youth. They talked of the historic names before their date, of Cleaveland and his voyages, of Handasyd Perkins, of Bromfield, of the great chiefs of a commerce which founded the city's prosperity. The Dutch colonies and coffee; the China trade and tea; the North-west coast and furs; the Cape and its wines and oil; the pirates that used to harass the early adventurers; famous shipwrecks; great gains and magnificent losses; the splendour of the English nabobs and American residents at Calcutta; muti-

nies aboard ship; the idiosyncrasies of certain sailors; the professional merits of certain black cooks.'

These verses [1] give a somewhat similar picture though not so idealized:

'Rolling down to Singapore, rolling up to Maine,
Rolling round to Puget Sound, and then 'ome again —
A long roll and a short roll and a roll in between,
And the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green.

'We sailed for Philadelphia, New York, and Montreal,
Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports o' call —
I knocks about a year or so 'tween Callao and Nome
And then to Portland, Oregon, to load wi' deals for 'ome!'

The romance is to be found only between the lines of the actual logs. It was in retrospect that the sailor felt the glamour of his calling. For the day's work, whether it brought a calm or a typhoon, whether on shipboard all was peaceful, or the cook died at three hours' notice of delirium tremens and was sewed up in his hammock and buried at sea an hour after that, the log-book merely states it briefly.

Often the fate of the ship is tragic. The ship *Humboldt*, one of the very first to be owned by the William F. Weld Company, after a long period of service, was condemned, dismasted and sold off the coast of Batavia. The *William Sturgis* was lost at the entrance of Iloilo. The brig *Laurillia* disappeared in 1862; she may have been captured as a prize of war, but nobody knows. The ship *Meridian* was abandoned at sea only two weeks out from New York and left afloat, possibly to sink in the hurricane that had destroyed her, or else to wander, a derelict to sweep out of a fog and sink another ship. The

[1] By C. Fox-Smith.

SHIP HUMBOLDT

Reporter was lost off Cape Horn amid the icebergs. The *George Peabody* was condemned at St. Thomas and sunk beneath the Spanish Main. The ship *Peruvian* was wrecked, as many a good ship has been, off Peaked Hill Bar on Cape Cod and all souls lost within sight of land. The *Susan Howland* was blown up at sea off the coast of Pernambuco, and the *Sarah Minot* burned on her first voyage. The *Rainbow*, named with such fair hopes, was lost in the China Sea, and the *Sacramento* drove heavily before a storm onto a reef in the Java Sea and was pounded to pieces by the waves. The *Lightning* was run down and sunk in the English Channel, the *Elvira* lost on a trip from Chinchas to Liverpool, and the ship *Java* sailed for Japan one January morning and was never heard from again. No wonder that sailors are a superstitious lot, that legends abound of haunted wrecks and ghostly ships and a thousand versions of the Flying Dutchman story.

In war-time Captain Jackson of the *Belvedere* was chased by a Confederate ship, the *Alabama*, commanded by Captain Symmes. The Southern vessel then lay in wait for him at the outlet of the Straits of Sunda, but Jackson slipped out to sea in the dark and got away.

Of course the logs are largely made of items as to reckonings, latitude and longitude, other ships that pass, and taking on and discharging cargoes, but there are human touches, even in the most laconic of records, such as the one which follows:

'San Francisco towards Manila. . . . At daylight sighted the island of Molokai. A heavy sea from southwest hove the ship to. The typhoon has ap-

parently gone over toward the Philippines. From the boatswain's symptoms this morning, the Captain thinks he has measles. Spots are coming out all over his face. Had a berth fitted up for him in the engine room to keep him from the other sailors.'

The next morning eruptions were coming out all over the boatswain's body and the captain realized he had a severe case of smallpox on board, and vaccinated all hands. Mr. Minot, the second mate, who had had the disease, was detailed to wait on the boatswain. The forecastle and boatswain's room were fumigated. The man was very sick; he became delirious. A week later he improved. In another week he was out on deck, after putting on new clothes and throwing all his old clothes and his bedding overboard.

This tragedy averted, the log returns to more normal entries. 'Cloudy. No observations to-day. Saw a number of water spouts. Working up Manila Bay all night. Anchored at 3.30, forty-six days from San Francisco. . . . Got under way and proceeded to sea with a cargo of hemp. . . . Was obliged to turn northward owing to violent wind and sea . . . Mr. Ross, the chief mate fell overboard while trying to harpoon a porpoise . . . hove the ship aback, lowered a boat and picked him up. . . . Filled away again in twenty minutes from the time that he fell overboard.'

And so it goes on until we come to the final entries: 'Made Cape Elizabeth lights. Got pilot and tug boat at 8 A.M. Made fast at 10 to Constitution Wharf, Boston. Passage 130 days. Discharged all hands.' So that is the last we hear about the smallpox patient and the reckless chief mate.

Another record reads: 'Took in cargo at Hong Kong, soy, crackers [meaning firecrackers, a favorite investment], matting, ginger, wool, rattan, fans, joss sticks, goat skin rugs, anise seed oil, gall nuts, hides, and cassia. . . . Lying in port during the afternoon the carpenter became intoxicated, noisy, and very abusive in his language. Talking to him had no effect and he became so violent that we had to put him in irons. He continued yelling and swearing the greater part of the night. The next day the carpenter was taken out of irons and sent to his room. . . .'

Apparently, although the carpenter had subsided, there was no peace in store for this captain, for down the page comes another entry: 'All the Chinamen in sampans have struck, and the merchants cannot get lighters for the cargo. . . . The coolies had a fight in which two were injured, and taken to the hospital. . . . We were visited by harbor thieves at 2 A.M. They succeeded in getting the canvas side port out, but as the grating was secured, they did no damage. Fired several shots at them with a revolver and rifle. Discharged flour and beans.' It is amusing and significant, the way that the log, after chronicling these exciting items of imminent death, drops dryly and instantly to 'flour and beans.' It takes a poet like Burgess Johnson to put in all the details that actually were there:

'We lay in the Bay of Yucatan
  While the lighters took our freights,
We landed some fifty tons or more
And the consignee came out from the shore
To worry each Indian stevedore
  Who handled his precious crates.

He stood on our deck in his gay attire,
And yelled as a Greaser does,
Strange Spanish oaths of a lurid hue,
But he said, "B'gosh!" when he'd gotten through,
And I knew him for what he was, —
A Yank from Maine or from Lake Champlain,
Or maybe from Salem, Mass.'

And the storms! How calmly the following log reads and how much is left to the imagination! 'A very hard gale with a tremendous sea. Running the ship with the wind a little abaff the beam and towing oil bags, which, however, did no good. The sea stove in the door of the carpenter's shop. Saw a ship right ahead; was obliged to set foresail to keep the ship clear of her, a very dangerous position. Passed close under her lee.'

Another ship's log has for its last entry: 'Wind increases to a gale. Reefed the fore and mizzen topsails. Heavy beam sea running, ship rolling and laboring heavily, and continually flooded with water.' There the log ends, but there must have been survivors, for the document was found in the office.

In no log is there any sign of fear, or repining or discouragement. They weathered the storm and were at it again. Even seven water spouts at one time daunted them not.

Then again one will find a perfect record with no accidents or sickness such as that of the clipper *Agnes*, taking out coal and ice to Hong Kong and Manila and returning on an even keel with coffee and pepper and sugar and nutmegs. Batavia, Samarang, and Singapore knew her. Now and then she went to Rio Janeiro, but mostly she ran from Boston

to the Indian Ocean. After five years of flawless service she was sold, and the date indicates that her owners parted with her only because the doom of the clippers was being sounded.

One of the most disastrous voyages was that made by the ship *Enoch Train* from New York to Hong Kong, in 1872. But before this, the ship seems to have been marked for trouble. Entry after entry speaks of storms and damage. Once she started her whole port bow. Another time she had thirty-three inches of water in her pumps and was so disabled that she could only make a mile an hour. She put into Norfolk and the crew immediately all deserted, like rats leaving a sinking ship. Only the two mates, the carpenter, and the captain stayed. But for all that, she was recoppered, repaired, shipped another crew and started on. Incomparable dauntlessness.

She brought disaster to others, also. While she was in dock once there was a heavy gale. Her hawser broke and she swept seaward sternwise, somehow or other managing to take the mast out of a brig and a lighter and to knock the bumpkin off the ship *Montgomery*, and to break her own rail and bumpkin. She carried rails from England to America, thus contributing to the tremendous growth of the railway system across the country. Other trips to Rio Janeiro brought the customary ill-luck and she had to put back in distress and have her port and starboard sides caulked. Here her deficit for disability was over five thousand dollars in gold. But being again tossed about on a heavy sea and having to put back for repairs, she was abandoned by her underwriters. Then a little later the underwriters

seem to have taken her on again. Nevertheless the next year we find that she had run aground once more and was leaking badly and repaired at the cost of some eighteen thousand dollars in gold. When they had her keel out of water the damage was found to be appalling, the metal almost dropping off, some thirty sheets of it gone from bow and stern. But she was made once more seaworthy and off again, her hold packed with another cargo.

Small wonder, then, that with such a record behind her, the captain who sailed her to Hong Kong in 1872 should think the ship accurst. The log reads, as she was nearing the China coast, 'Hard squalls, weather looking wild and dirty. Corposants [St. Elmo's fire] at all mast-heads and top-gallant yard-arms. Heavy north-west gales, and a bad sea running.' The day ends with 'continual rain and heavy squalls.'

Soon the barometer fell and the captain thought he was on the edge of a typhoon. At midnight the barometer was still falling, the squalls increasing and blowing with hurricane violence, torrents of rain and very sharp lightning. A very bad sea on, but 'the ship laying well.' At eleven the following morning the main-topmast broke off in the cap and fell to starboard, carrying away the mizzen top-gallant mast, the wreck of the topmast lying across the lower main-topsail and the main-yards. About noon they shipped a tremendous sea which stove in their best boat and the bulwarks and the monkey rail from the poop to the forecastle. It washed overboard the water casks and everything movable on the decks. Meanwhile the topmast was smashing

SHIP ENOCH TRAIN

In a typhoon in the China Sea

and crashing alongside, threatening every moment to go through the ship's side, the ship rolling fearfully. Even the cabin was flooded. This was the first of October.

The entry continues: 'This day commences with the same fearful typhoon, rather moderating between squalls and the barometer starting up. All hands employed trying to cut the wreck clear. Set the pumps to work. Find cargo has shifted, going from side to side. Two thirds of the coal shifted to the starboard wing. All hands employed pumping the ship and securing the cargo up to two A.M.'

Apparently nothing was left whole on the ship, except her hull. So it went for days, a rough sea and a ship rolling heavily. Finally the captain had put things sufficiently to rights to set the crew to ascertaining the damage to the cargo. They found 'beef, pork, bread and tins of meat all stove together, and a stinking, miserable mess, the sight of which,' writes the captain, 'makes me heartsick.'

Even another week was consumed before the cargo was properly redistributed and the coal put back into its bunkers. Thereupon came a strong monsoon and another bad sea, and the ship rolled and lurched and water continually washed the deck. A North-German steamer passed and the *Enoch Train* sent up a distress signal. But the German passed by, only a half a mile away, paying no attention, but merely setting his ensign.

So the time went, the crippled vessel crawling feebly along until, the captain writes: 'God only knows whether I shall ever get the ship anywhere.'

Vainly he tried to make shore in the nearest direc-

tion, so that at least he could get an anchor down, and three days later, he caught sight of Hawcheuen Island off China. He put his best boat overboard, only to find that the storms had so injured her that she filled and sank. But the winds set the ship to drifting, and to his delight, he found he could at last drop anchor. Another small boat did prove seaworthy, after a fashion, and with four men, the captain left the ship and pulled into the fishing village of Namoma to try to send letters to Hong Kong, asking for help.

A Chinese gunboat came within hail, and showing a far better spirit than the North-German steamer, offered to tow the *Enoch Train*, but the current was so strong that the battered ship could not be moved. The Chinese craft, however, did take the letters to Hong Kong that the fishing village failed to forward.

A new danger arose. The waters were thick with pirates, and the gunboat left the captain one dozen repeating rifles with sixty rounds of ammunition for each, and one dozen cutlasses. But fortunately they were not attacked, the word of their being fully armed having gone abroad.

Another typhoon now bore down upon the crippled craft with a terrific wind and thunder and lightning. The ship lay in the trough of the sea and rolled tremendously all night and well into the next day. The captain's entry reads: 'It is impossible to do anything on deck or aloft. I wish I had never taken command of this unlucky clipper. Yet I trust and hope for the best, and that a kind, over-ruling Providence will yet get me out of this unfortunate scrape, with credit to my owners and self.'

Three more days of repairing followed this final storm, and then early one morning, a steamer was reported as coming from the eastward and spoke them. The captain went on board and got a packet of letters and found she had been sent out from Hong Kong to tow the *Enoch Train* into port at last. The price for towing the ship was twenty-three hundred dollars. So they passed the hawser from ship to ship and started. The hawser broke and had to be made fast again. But that was the last of their troubles, and the final entry in the log says: 'Thus ends this hard tedious passage of one hundred and forty-six days, and I know that we all ought to feel thankful that we have been spared to get here at all, while no doubt many a poor fellow has gone down in the same hard gale that we have gone through with.'

The *Enoch Train*, in spite of her misadventures, was built by one of the famous ship-builders, Paul Curtis, and after nineteen years of service to the Company was sold in 1873 to an English firm, Henderson Brothers, for ten thousand pounds.

One of the famous boats owned by the Weld Company was the *Golden Fleece*. 'When Jason was in search of the famous *Golden Fleece*,' reads a newspaper clipping of the sixties, 'he would undoubtedly have cried "Eureka!" had he happened upon the clipper ship of that name. The model of the *Golden Fleece* has justly excited the admiration of all who have examined her faultless lines; and the promise of great speed given by her well-proportioned bows, clean run and heavy spars, is faithfully kept by the ship as indicated by the quick passages and famous

runs she has made on nearly every voyage. She has landed a cargo of 2750 tons dead weight in the most perfect condition, not a package stained, showing that the ship is free from leak or sweating. The whole contour of the ship, alow and aloft, has an air of gracefulness, speed, buoyancy, and seaworthiness which at once strikes even an unpractised eye.'

Captain Rowell writes in the log:

'The ship answers her helm and works like a yacht. Off Cape Horn she was among the ice for the best part of a month, and experienced uncommonly boisterous weather, even for that region of heavy gales. Icebergs sometimes two hundred feet in height and half a mile long loomed out of the snow squalls and kept all hands on the lookout. But the good ship gave them all the go-by and was soon in the South Pacific under a pyramid of canvas, bowling along before the trades.

'Besides being well-fitted in all common essentials, she is armed with two twelve-pounders, and her magazine bristles with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, and boarding pikes, not unnecessary articles of furniture when sailing in Asiatic seas where pirates are sometimes encountered. Her company, all told, amounts to forty men.

'A part of her next cargo is to be six locomotives, weighing from ten to fourteen tons each, and soon to be making themselves heard from along the Central Pacific Railroad.'

Passengers occasionally were allowed but the ship's records never mention more than two or three on a single voyage. The Reverend N. Adams and two daughters were taken from San Francisco to Hong Kong, to become missionaries.

Twice, as far as the records go, did trouble befall her. Once was when a fire broke out in her hold. She was four days out from Bombay and it raged three days and nights before the captain and crew got control of it. It burned several great beams and destroyed one third of the cargo in the lower hold. But finally it was put out and when the ship reached the port of Boston, she was hauled up for repairs and recoppered. She came off the dock seventeen days later to stow away a record-breaking cargo, and off again for Bombay.

The second occasion was a mutiny. One day lately while dining with John George, one of my Perkins relatives in Concord, New Hampshire, I noticed a painting of a clipper ship on the wall and asked about it. He answered, 'That is the *Golden Fleece*, and, by the way, she was owned by your Grandfather Weld.'

'But how do you happen to have it?' I inquired.

'Why, years ago, before your father married into the Weld family, my father, John George, who was a lawyer, took a case for the captain of the *Golden Fleece*. There had been a mutiny aboard and several were killed and the captain was up for murder.

'My father won the case for him, because it was a matter of self-defence, so when the captain was set free, he gave us the picture of the ship. The crew were sent to the New Hampshire state prison for three years, and one of them died there.'

So far this is all I have been able to find out about the mutiny, but it must have been a very serious affair.

The East India trade was departing, and reluc-

tantly her owners sold the ship to the firm of Thayer and Lincoln. Perhaps like the ship in Tennyson's ballad 'The Revenge,' this ship also 'longed for her own.' At any rate, after she was sold, a great storm came up off the coast of California and the *Golden Fleece* went down at the Golden Gate and 'was lost evermore in the main.'

The proudest of all the Weld clippers, and also the most famous was the *Great Admiral*, named for Admiral Farragut, built in 1869 at Boston by R. E. Jackson. It was said of her that she sailed as far as from the earth to the moon and halfway back again and lost her underwriters nothing. Captain Isaac N. Jackson sailed her first, then Captain Benjamin Thompson. A pencilled notebook kept by her last master, J. E. Rowell, tells in technical detail every item of her construction: 'Built of superior white oak, moulded large and very square, nineteen inches at the keel and seven inches at the gunwale. . . . On the outside not one iron bolt, spike, or nail. All copper from keel to monkey rail. . . . Every part of the ship salted, using for this purpose 253 hogsheads while on the stocks. . . . Everything pertaining to the ship of the very best quality not omitting the mechanical and workmanlike manner of her construction, the beauty of lines and general grandeur of her appearance. . . .'

In April, 1869, she was loaded with her first cargo and sailed for San Francisco under the command of Captain Jackson, to commence a career which for twenty-eight years was to be almost unsurpassed in its immunity from serious accident in the ship's high average passages (this refers to their swiftness)

THE GREAT ADMIRAL

and the almost perfect order in which she delivered her cargoes. She became famous among shippers and insurance men for her beauty and rarely perfect service. The encomiums which she received in the shipping news of the press would fill a volume. One reads: 'A Yankee ship has made its appearance in our harbor, and to tell the truth, has made quite a sensation among the shell-backs on our piers. Even our own shipbuilders here say that the *Great Admiral* is a fine craft and therein show a trait of generous appreciativeness which sometimes crops out here among our mechanics and artisans, which, if imitated more extensively, would lead to much less bitterness of feeling among different sections of our country. A great many of our merchants and citizens have visited her, are high in their praises of this latest specimen of Boston marine architecture and predict some very fast sailing when she makes her projected voyage to California. A crew is said to have been engaged of New Englanders so that we may once more sing of "A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew."' She had seven years of service under two other firms before she was sold to the Weld Company in 1876.

The prediction then made was amply fulfilled, for though the ship was not built on the extreme clipper lines of a few years before, but intended to carry a reasonable amount of cargo, her first voyage round the Horn was made in one hundred and twenty-one days, making an average rate of one hundred and thirty-one and one half miles per day, including the doldrums and calms of the Equator and the fearful adverse winter gales of Cape Horn. The average

passage of other ships for the same distance was one hundred and forty-nine days. So it will be seen that the *Great Admiral* beat them by nearly a month. When the expense of feeding and paying a crew is considered, she saved her owners proportionately.

From time to time she beat her own record. Once she averaged one hundred and ninety-two miles a day, even though once she had to head out of her course for thirty-six hours to escape a cyclone. She made a voyage around the world averaging one hundred and forty-four miles a day. There is a chart of her trips. The pace she set she always maintained and her record passages from New York to Frisco were the talk of the waterside.

During that period and for several years afterwards, it was customary to carry larger crews than it was ten years later. The *Great Admiral* started with thirty-six men on board, including captain, three mates, boatswain, cook, steward, carpenter, and the remainder of the seamen. With the dropping in freights year after year, caused principally by the great increase in steam vessels, it became necessary to reduce the crews in order to make both ends meet. In 1897 this same ship was handled by only twenty-three men all told, including the captain. A larger crew, however, made for speed, as more sail could be carried and handled.

At one time the *Great Admiral* took from Frisco to the Philippines over one hundred and seventy thousand dollars in specie. 'A commentary on this,' writes Captain Rowell gravely, 'would be the necessity for employing only men of high character and strict integrity to command, and it is confidently be-

lieved, that considering the large interests confided to their care, that shipmasters as a class compare favorably with any body of men in the world.'

It is pleasant to learn that Captain Benjamin Thompson, who brought the *Enoch Train* through so gallantly, was rewarded by being given charge of the *Great Admiral* for a while. She kept up her speed, taking, as her historian says, 'the bit in her teeth.' A certain passage, Captain Thompson said, 'was the only one on which he ever loafed.' As the typhoon season was about expiring, he did not wish to get in their track too soon, 'his caution being induced,' says Rowell, 'from his experience a few voyages before in the ship *Enoch Train* when he had been totally dismasted by one of those scourges.'

For fourteen years the ship was kept in perfect order and constant use, with painting and gilding whenever in port long enough. Then, her chronicler, Captain J. F. Rowell, took her and, finding her in need of repair, notified the owners and the ship was thoroughly overhauled, and then left Hong Kong for Frisco. Captain Rowell kept command of her until she was sold in 1897, some seventeen years of service on one ship. Small wonder that he loved her enough to become her biographer.

Once she made a record run to Melbourne and a claim was made by 'the jolly American consul, an ex-officer of the United States and Confederate navies, that he should not recognize the ship's master officially, as the ship was not due for a fortnight.'

While sailing between the Solomon Islands and New Ireland, 'a considerable number of natives came alongside, all entirely naked and of the Papuan

race, their hair colored with some substance to a reddish brown.' Evidently a henna shampoo. They clambered up onto the ship's deck but a sudden squall arising and capsizing their canoe, they all went overboard 'with apparently great unconcern and righted her.'

Sometimes the clipper's cargo was composed of 'gunnies, tea, matting, pickled cabbage,' and other Chinese foods. This was called a 'chow-chow cargo.' Once she passed through three terrific typhoons in rapid succession, and only sprang her rudder-head on the last one. She stopped at Hakodate, Japan, to have it repaired, and only found one English-speaking person in the entire place, who fortunately turned out to be a shipwright — another example of her luck. Incidentally at this time the captain was able to purchase a half a ton of potatoes for thirty-five dollars! On the way back she raced with an English steel bark, whose captain had great confidence that he would beat her, and who arrived at San Francisco after the *Great Admiral* had discharged all her cargo. 'He was probably not aware,' writes Rowell, 'that the old ship had a decided disinclination to be beaten, and hauling in astern of her on his arrival, seemed quite crestfallen.' The Chinese at Hong Kong called her 'The joss ship' on account of the regularity of her arrivals and the perfect condition of her cargoes.

Another record voyage carried from China to New York forty-four thousand packages of firecrackers, the ship arriving in harbor June 28th. Could the firecrackers be discharged in time for the Fourth of July! The market was short, and probably every

small boy in Manhattan was deeply worried. But so perfectly had they been stowed, and had been kept in such excellent condition, that they were quickly discharged and the national holiday was saved, and the papers on the morning of the fifth had the usual columns on 'Yesterday's Casualties.'

On her logs there are recorded in all sixty-six voyages, and the ports to which she sailed included nearly every large commercial harbor on the face of the globe. No accidents befell her save those of minor importance and a single collision with a ship, the *E. J. Haviland*, after which the *Great Admiral* was laid up for five days for repairs. Never did her speed falter. Her swiftest consecutive days' run averaged 273.5 miles a day and once, on her fastest day's run, she covered 305 miles.

Some items herein quoted give an idea of the manifold events, mishaps, and dangers that beset a ship at sea: 'Sea rising. Many birds in company. Captain confined to his bed; liver affected. Landed at San Francisco. Commenced to discharge. Cargo coming out first rate. Stevedores working smart.' Then two months later they arrived at Hong Kong: 'Many junks in sight. Discharged 740 lbs. flour, some hay and oats. Five of the crew on shore all day without liberty. Boy Paul sick. Second Mate sick. William McAllister drunk off duty. Chinamen stole ten sheets of copper off the ship's bow last night. . . . Curtis and Lewis came on board this morning both drunk and unfit for work. Seven of the crew still deserters. Ship ready for sea.'

Later they reached Manila, where 'some of the crew stole the captain's wine and were so drunk

that they couldn't work. Obliged to put J. Donnelly, Haley, Lewis, and Frayne in irons.'

Other items mentioned crossing the meridian of 180° longitude, and accordingly dropping the date of the 18th of March off the calendar, the sighting of two water spouts, the deserting of five men at Melbourne, the boarding of the ship off St. John's Island in the South Pacific by twenty natives, 'entirely naked and peaceable.' A glimpse of the excellent conditions on board the Weld clippers is given when the captain records, just as the *Great Admiral* cleared New York Harbor: 'At five P.M. called all hands aft and asked the men whether they would have the ship's allowance of provisions, or have them weighed out according to the scale. With one accord they exclaimed, "Give me ship's allowance."' 'Weighed out according to scale' probably means the legal amount of food required by law for all ship-owners to provide for their seamen.

On one cruise the exasperated captain had but slight opinion of the value of a number of his men, for there were a series of comments that ran: 'Robert McKee is no sailor. He does not know one rope from another. . . . Gale Williams and Philip Potsmort are of no use whatever. . . . Both are deserters from a Dutch man-of-war. . . . James Downs and John Bush not competent to do A. B. seaman duty. Both are undoubtedly runaway apprentice boys. . . . John Thomas seems to study how to annoy the officers as much as possible without being directly disobedient.' All these irate entries, by the way, came within a day or so of each other, outward bound from San Francisco.

And so the logs go. Sometimes the captain had a fight to settle as when 'At 4 A.M. Harrington stabbed Ryan in the breast in self-defence. Dressed the wound, sent him below, bleeding inwardly. Gave him sleeping potion. . . . Wound healing. Gave him Dover powders. Find he has not been well for years.'

In almost every port in these early days a number of men deserted. For instance, in the port of Havre all hands deserted except two. At Hong Kong on arriving seven left the ship without leave. Another time a seaman, William C., was brought on board by the police, having been absent from the ship ten days without leave.

Off Dublin the channel pilot towed the ship afoul of ship *Annie Smith*, striking upon her anchor with the *Great Admiral's* cat-head, driving the anchor through her bow and doing much damage to both ships.

Business for the long voyages became very dull and cargoes were being shipped by steam vessels in preference to the sailing crafts because of the time saved. The Weld Company had for a long time been disposing of their fleet, and the *Great Admiral*, dear to the heart of her captain and her owners, was finally sold. Her last voyage in their employ was from New York to Melbourne, and thence to Tasmania, there loading a cargo of eucalyptus wood for Marseilles. She was sold to Captain Sterling, and so departed the last ship of the great ship-owning firm, and, says Captain Rowell, 'the black horse was hauled down for the last time from the last survivor of that great fleet which carried it the world over for years.'

Nine more years of faithful service did the ship render to her last owners before she sank while bound from Puget Sound to San Pedro, California, with a cargo of lumber, in the month of December, 1906. December 6th began ominously. The captain writes in his diary: 'Barometer falling and weather looking threatening. Shortened sail. Wind and sea increasing.' The following day the barometer was still falling rapidly, and the ship was evidently laboring heavily and shipping much water, and the wind was blowing with hurricane force, and 'a terrific high confused sea.' The vessel lay with the starboard side under water most of the time, and the sails, torn from their gaskets, were blown to ribbons. Although at six in the evening the pumps were tried and there was no water in the hold, half an hour later it was found that she was rapidly filling with water. Immediately the captain ordered the fire to be made in the donkey boiler so that the steam pumps could be started, but the engine room was already partly under water and the boiler submerged, so that it was impossible to build a fire.

'In ten minutes,' reads the journal, 'the ship had made seventeen inches of water and was settling very rapidly, with the sea now continually going over the ship and washing away part of the forward house and deck load. Vessel rolling very heavily and dipping the yard-arms at times, and in imminent danger of rolling over on her beam ends. In order to try and save the vessel, cargo, and lives of the crew, if possible, we cut away the main and mizzen masts with all attached. The ship was now all under

water and the sea breaking furiously over her, with the top of the after house just awash, onto which all the crew, including the mate's wife, had taken refuge.'

It was now only half-past seven, just one hour from the time at which they discovered the ship to be leaking. The account continues:

'With the wreckage of the main and the mizzen hanging alongside, the ship came round on the other tack, carrying away the jib-boom with all attached, causing the foremast to fall over on the side. The ship was now a complete wreck, with the top works and the deck load washing away. Then the vessel was struck by a tremendous sea, washing away the top of the after house, upon which the crew were still clinging, to the leeward and clear of the wreck. The wind and the sea were at this time something terrific, picking up the floating lumber and wreckage, and dashing it against the top of the after house, causing it to break in two parts. Upon a part of each the crew still hung.

'We passed the night in this manner, with terrific hail squalls and the sea continually washing over the wreckage to which the people still indomitably clung, partly benumbed by the terrible cold. At daybreak the cook and the cabin boy died from exposure. Finding the piece of wreckage scarcely able to float those who were left upon it, it being at times two feet under water, the bodies were put overboard in order to lighten the weight.

'The night was again spent under terrific exposure, it being intensely cold with passing squalls of hail and sleet. The people were scarcely able to hold

on, having no food, water, nor shelter since being washed away from the wreck.

'At daybreak a sail was seen, heading for the wreckage. After coming within a safe distance and getting the ship into position, they lowered a boat away which, after great exertion on the part of its crew, reached the wreckage, and after many attempts rescued all of the crew still alive and transferred them to the British ship, *Barcoe*, bound from Vancouver to Adelaide, South Australia. Its Captain, J. C. MacKenzie, with his wife, received us with the greatest kindness and solicitude, administered to our many wants in our now very much exhausted condition, liberally supplying us with dry clothing and everything required for our comfort.' [1]

The account of the rescue by the British captain adds a few other interesting details. Just at dawn his ship sighted a mass of wreckage of timber and broken spars. The helm was immediately put down and the ship's way stopped, though as yet it was too dark to locate the floating mass.

As soon as it was light enough, they got their ship as close to the survivors as possible, and succeeded in reaching the wreckage and the much exhausted people.

'On getting all on board, they found the shipwrecked people in a pitiable state, some of them being on the verge of insanity, having been two nights and part of two days clinging to a portion of the top of the after house. . . .'

Some ten days later the British ship sighted an American bark, the *Andrew Welch*. So the two ships

[1] This record is in the Weld office.

came alongside, and the people from the *Great Admiral* were transferred and came safely into port, bearing the tidings of the loss of what was probably one of the finest, if not the finest clipper that ever sailed the sea.

The wreck of the ship drifted into a cove on the west coast of Queen Charlotte's Island, where it was found by Indians. All that was left was the broken hull and a part of the lumber cargo still packed away in the hold. The figurehead, representing Admiral Farragut, still clung to the ship, and was salvaged and now belongs to William Fletcher Weld's great-granddaughter, Mary Weld.

So ended the last of the fleet, and no more

> 'Out in the south when the day is done
> And the gathered winds go free
> Where golden-sanded rivers run,
> And fair isles fade in the setting sun,
> Do the great ships stagger one by one
> Up from the windy sea.'

CHAPTER VI

THE PASSING OF THE FLEET

'As I was walking down Paradise Street,
A pretty girl I chanced to meet;
The pretty girl she said to me,
"There's a full-rigged clipper just ready for sea."
A fine full-rigged clipper for Sydney was bound,
She was very well-manned and very well found.'

CAPTAIN J. F. ROWELL, for seventeen years master of the *Great Admiral*, also left his notebook in the Weld office, so I insert some comments of his on the passing of the fleet:

'Scattered about our seaport towns here and there, some of his kind filling places of trust, some chiefs of police, city clerks, selectmen of towns, wharfingers, and so forth, may be seen a sturdy veteran, his whole air suggestive of the salt sea breeze, his clothes loose fitting, his weather eye cast aloft occasionally from long force of habit to see if the weather clew of the mizzen royal is lifting. He has an independence of manner born of responsibility and a lifelong combat with the cyclones of the tropics and the stormy seas of Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope, "fearing God but no man alive," and yet with an expression of discontent upon his rugged features. He is like a piece of driftwood which has been carried to high water mark and left there by the receding tides to decay. His chosen profession has disappeared, never to return. He may frequently be seen lingering about his old accustomed haunts, the ship chandlers being a favorite resort, for there he may meet some genuine old "wind jammer" like himself.

THE SAILOR BOY

'In my younger days the shipmaster was too great a man to be termed "skipper." That might be appropriate to the fisherman, but not for such a mighty man as the master of a crack clipper, with his stovepipe hat, and broadcloth suit and air of authority marking him as a person not to be addressed with levity or without due consideration. As he walked by he was followed with admiring eyes, for what earthly greatness could be comparable to his! Ah, but those were palmy days. Every river and harbor in New England contained its shipyard where every stage of construction from the laying of the keel to the last finishing touches of paint and gilding could be followed.

'What wonder that the boy born in those days in the atmosphere of hewing and cutting, of paint and tar, should turn naturally to the sea as a duck to water. He watched with curious eyes the laying of the keel, the hoisting of the mighty ribs in place, the gradual planking up, the laying of the deck, the beautiful veneered finish of the cabins, the stepping of the masts, the fitting of the rigging, the planing and caulking of the sides, the glory of the eagle with outstretched wings or figure of an Indian or sea nymph or flying dragon in all its brave show of gilding which bedecked the bow. When the day came that she slid down the ways into the sea with colors flying and all the country-side looking on, what wonder that the boy should look on the Captain as a greater man than the President, and that he should never rest until he had made his first beginning as a boy before the mast.

'Today sailors are no longer necessary. It is the

era of the ocean liner depending on steam alone. Even the battle ship with her military masts is taking the place of the beautiful frigates, the Merrimacs and the Franklins with their tapering masts and clouds of canvas looking like some gigantic sea birds with outstretched wings. The disappearance of the sailor is coincident with the disappearance of the sailing ship, for on the modern steamer or man of war no dead eyes are to be "turned in," nor rigging rattled down. No opportunity for the display of seamanship. They have become mere laborers. It is now possible to go into the interior of Colorado or Dakota and obtain a crew for our battle ships who after the usually short experience of *mal de mer* and a sufficient training at the guns will be as good as if — oh, but I doubt it! The experience born of battles with Cape Horn cannot be acquired in a day, and I would sooner trust the honor of the flag to the horny-handed devil-may-care genuine sailor with his breast and arms tattooed in coats of arms and foul anchors and even tombstones, — who understands "Matthew Walkers" and lanyard knots and every hair of whose head is a rope yarn, every finger a marlin-spike and every drop of blood Stockholm tar!

'The Master spends many sleepless days and nights on deck, anxious for the safety of his ship and lives of his crew. He must reconcile all discordant elements, he must be the final court of appeal in all quarrels. He must follow the straight and narrow path laid down by the law or render himself liable to heavy damages or annoyances through pettifogging lawyers, always eager for prey, always on the watch for some trivial thing which they may

magnify and bring discredit on an honorable name born of years of hard service. Is he goaded into knocking down some truculent drunken scoundrel by being insulted beyond bearing? Then his name is dragged down into the dust.

'Has the cook scorched the pea soup? Carry it to the old man!

'Is a sailor afflicted with the toothache? Carry it to the old man and he will pull the tooth.

'It is the pride of this writer that he has never known a man seriously injured or one lost at sea in his forty years' experience, most of which have been spent in the service of the Weld Company. It is a matter of absolute necessity at sea that discipline be maintained. No insurance company would take a risk on ship or cargo if it was known that the ship was to be run on the "come and go as you please" principle. A sailor's personal liberty must be restrained both for his own safety and for the safety of the ship and cargo. If the watch is called to shorten sail at night, they must be made to come out, though they may prefer to remain in bed. The Master at sea is obliged to make the most of what he has — good, bad, and indifferent — and he is very likely to get a large share of the indifferent kind and he cannot change them before arriving in port.

'As for the penalty for desertion in a foreign port, this amounts to nothing. The sailor, being cosmopolitan, is easily procurable in ports frequented by shipping and I would never bother with a sailor who wished to desert. I should say, "Joy go with him." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will be one of the poorest men on board. A first class man rarely

deserts. On the whole I have found Jack to be a very human mortal, not simple, though childish; whimsical in his ways, not unresponsive to kind treatment.

'Twenty-five years ago the steamer with her comparatively crude engines and large coal consumption had not become a serious competitor, but with the great improvement in maritime engines and the comparatively small coal consumption, no voyage is too long for them. They now have the Suez Canal which shortens their voyages by thousands of miles. [The Panama Canal seemed like a lost hope in the days when this notebook was kept, apparently.] Today the sailing ship is as antiquated as the old-fashioned stage coach. Why should valuable cargoes be drifting about the calms of the Equator when a steamship will take them in half the time? The steamer leaves one port and arrives at the other with clockwork regularity. If she is a couple of hours late, paragraphs are printed about it in the shipping news. She is simply a great warehouse propelled by steam and about which it would be simply impossible to waste any sentiment.

'As I look out on the harbor I see the black dingy hulls of what were once the pride of every seaman's heart in their spick and span neatness. Now, alas, shorn of sails and masts, sad reminders of what were once our pride. Who that remembers the long line of stately ships loading for every part of the world but regrets them, for with them has gone the romance of the sea. Who that has a drop of sailor's blood but feels his pulses beat quicker when reading of the marvellous sailing and racing of the *Wild Pigeon*

or the *Flying Fish* losing sight of each other for weeks and at last coming together on the line in the Pacific and often entering San Francisco within a few hours of each other. What skill required in selecting the various latitudes and longitudes in order to get the best winds to cross the Equator, what nerve required to carry sail until it sometimes seemed as if the whole lofty fabric must go over to the side together and be swallowed up by the hissing seething sea! What a glorious feeling of exultation when, after a hard tussle with Cape Horn gales and tremendous seas, latitude 50 is crossed, the yards are "checked in," stern sails are set and the ship goes sweeping along toward the equator like an enormous sea bird, every day growing warmer and the weather finer. One who has never had that experience has missed a joy forever. The lines of Byron's "Corsair" express the feeling perfectly:

> "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
> Our hearts as boundless and our souls as free,
> Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam
> Survey our empire and behold our home."

'The sailing ship as a common carrier has practically disappeared from the ocean. Where twenty years ago hardly a day passed that a sail could not be seen, today the ocean, except in the tracks of the steamers has again become one vast waste, only tenanted by the fish of the sea and fowls of the air, with perhaps here and there an iceberg serving to emphasize more strongly the silence and desolation. No more will be heard the cheerful cries of sailors, the creaking of blocks or the flapping of sails. Cape

Horn will become a *terra cognita* instead of a terror to sailors.

'Though the writer spent his life upon the ocean, passing through every grade from boy before the mast to master of a fine ship and visiting almost every country under the sun, and although his anchor is down, his sails furled, he yet has a longing once more to stand upon the deck of one of the old time clippers, monarch of all he surveys, and watch the bellying sails, the cheerful rush of the water alongside, as the old ship goes bounding toward her destination with a following sea.

'The American ship was one which every true sailor was proud to have served and which never lacked men willing and eager to serve her. She was an example of beauty, seamanship, and good order not possessed by any other nation under the sun.'

CHAPTER VII

ANNALS OF THE WELD STEAMERS

In 1819 the first steamer crossed the ocean. Before that time Robert Fulton's boat had puffed its way up the Hudson River between banks lined with scoffers.

One of William Fletcher Weld's first ventures was a line of steamers going to Charleston, South Carolina, from New York. This investment, however, came after the Civil War. In the course of time he owned others, ten steamboats in all, and the whole number were finally sold either about the same time that the clippers were disposed of, or not long after.

Steamship logs are less eventful than those of sailing vessels. For one thing, most of these boats did not journey to such remote and strange places. They touched frequently at ports, so there were no mutinies and few epidemics; the voyages being comparatively short, there was less temptation to the crew to desert.

The steamer *General Meade* belonged to the William F. Weld Company and sailed usually from New York to New Orleans, though, sometimes she journeyed as far away as Borneo. Mishaps seemed her portion. On her first trip for the Weld Company, she ran ashore on Fort Reef, off Florida, and had to be towed to Key West. Then she was run into by the steamer *Austin* in the Gulf and her stern damaged. A few months later she had to be laid off again for repairs. Still later yellow fever

appeared on board, but the captain had affairs so well in hand that only one death resulted. All went well for a time but in the dead of winter she arrived in New York with the propeller broken and one flue gone. Only minor mishaps then occurred until in the spring the ship caught on fire. Ten days it took to repair that damage. On her next voyage she ran ashore again near Key West, injured her rudder and had to have part of her cargo lightened before she could proceed. Immediately after this she ran into the steamship *Marmion*, which had a red light at the main gaff as a telegraph signal and the *General Meade* took that for a port light. When the captain perceived the mistake, it was too late and the *Meade* went crashing about midships into the *Marmion*, cutting her from the main deck to below the water line and into the hull, causing one of the boilers to burst. Fortunately, with the exception of slightly scalding one of the firemen, no one else on either ship was maimed or killed. As soon as the two ships came together several of the passengers and crew of the *Marmion* jumped on board the *Meade*. Instantly the *Marmion's* captain ordered them back and nearly all the crew complied. During this time the *Marmion* was settling rapidly, but notwithstanding this fact her captain and the majority of her crew remained on board. As soon as the *Meade* got clear, the *Marmion*, though she had sunk to the main deck, managed to limp into Sandy Hook. The *Meade* waited around to see if any further assistance could be rendered and then steamed into port. There it was found that a hole had been knocked in her bows causing her to leak badly.

Five feet of water were in her forward compartment and since the leak was increasing, it was deemed prudent to put her on shore to prevent her from sinking. So she was run on the mud flats between Bedloe and Ellis Islands, where she stayed until sufficiently repaired to be hauled off and taken to Red Hook to discharge her cargo, for the most part composed of coffee and provisions. Then, her jinx having done his worst, she had a run of good luck and swift, prosperous and uneventful voyages. But later she struck on a rock, going through Hell Gate, and that was her last disaster.

Of the other ships a few stand out by virtue of some bit of history or glory in their careers.

The *General Grant*, a splendid three-decker, was built by the United States Government in 1863 and saw service until the close of the war. Her name at that time was *Grand Gulf* and she made a reputation for her solidity and speed. Then the Weld Company took her over and renamed her in honor of the General. From then on she plied between New York and New Orleans, stopping at Key West, and carrying cargoes and passengers. Four years of uneventful service ended when she caught fire at her New Orleans dock. The flames apparently broke out in the engine room and spread with such rapidity that there was not even the slightest hope of saving the ship, and there was also great danger to the rest of the harbor side. Since nothing else could be done, they broke in the side lights in the engine room. The water poured in and the ship sank to the bottom. The prospect for raising her seemed poor, and her owners abandoned her to the underwriters.

So what is left of her is still lying there to this day.

The *General Sherman* was another steamer which had served in the Civil War and was bought at its close. Her fortunes included a collision in which the other ship was badly damaged and the *Sherman* but slightly, and then a second collision and within a few months a third! and the following months a fourth! Her owners must have thought it a habit. But, apparently, what damage there was belonged to the craft she ran into each time. After this her cruises between New Orleans and Havana were uneventful and there is no record of what ultimately became of her.

Probably a number of the steamers owned by William Fletcher Weld are afloat to-day, but it would be difficult to trace them. Some have been rebuilt, others have had their names changed, and some have been towed out and sunk. Before long all will be gone.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FATHER'S BOYHOOD

THE last clipper ship which belonged to my grandfather was, as I have said, the *Great Admiral*, named after the famous naval hero, David Farragut. So it was especially appropriate that my father, George Hamilton Perkins, who was in the navy under Farragut during the Civil War, should have married the daughter of the man who owned the ship named for his hero. Also my father's last cruise in the Pacific was on the *Hartford*, the ship which Farragut sailed when in command of the fleet during the attack upon New Orleans and in the Battle of Mobile Bay. My father, too, took part in these engagements, first aboard the *Cayuga* on the Mississippi, and later at Mobile Bay on the *Chickasaw*. Professor Carroll Storrs Alden, Admiral Belknap, and my aunt, Susan Perkins, have written about his war experiences.

Although he was a very genial man, he seldom spoke of his wonderful record, and there were a number of things I never heard during his life. Also on looking over his private papers after his death, I found some new material, not printed in any of his biographies, which I shall include in this sketch.

His first American ancestor was the Reverend William Perkins, who came from Warwickshire in 1632 and settled in Boston. He, like my other ancestors, Thomas and Joseph Weld, was a devoted friend to John Eliot, the 'Apostle to the Indians,' and gave his son Roger the middle name of Eliot in

his honor, a name which many of the Perkins family have borne since. William Perkins was a representative at the General Court and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and his descendants lived in Roxbury, in Gloucester, in Topsfield, and in Middleton, Massachusetts. From the latter town William's great grandson, Roger Eliot Perkins, moved to Hopkinton, New Hampshire.

Building up a fairly large lumber business, he added to his possessions large tracts of land along the Contoocook River. From his picture he would seem to have been a distinguished-looking man, and I am told that when the country people saw him driving by, they would say, 'There goes Lord Roger.' Before he died, he built a tomb in Hopkinton, and not long after, his son, my grandfather, was out shooting and accidentally shot off his own thumb. This thumb was the first thing to be placed in the tomb.

In 1825, Roger Eliot Perkins died from the kick of a horse. His son, Hamilton Eliot Perkins, occupied at Contoocook the house built by his father. In this house my father was born.

Timothy Perkins, Roger's father, married Hannah Trowbridge, descended from Thomas Trowbridge, a colonist, who, coming from Devonshire in 1636, settled in Dorchester. His grandson married Increase Mather's granddaughter, Hannah Walters, so that well-known Puritan clergyman and Harvard President, the first man to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard College, is also one of my father's ancestors.

Roger Eliot Perkins's son, Hamilton Eliot Per-

kins, my grandfather, was born in 1806 and married Clara Bartlett George, of Concord, New Hampshire. The Perkinses were Federalists, but the Georges were Democrats and of Scotch extraction, and my grandmother always had in her room a coat of arms bearing three falcons, which she had inherited. Her brother, Colonel John H. George, was a lawyer who practiced in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Senator Chandler, of the latter State, spoke in an address of his 'clear thought, his power of distinct statement and apt illustration, . . . his capacity for the cross-examination of witnesses . . . his sincere and intense zeal for his side,' and conceded him 'absolute preëminence within the state as a railroad lawyer.'

This great-uncle John of mine was interestingly connected with the Weld family, for he defended a captain who commanded one of Grandfather's ships, the *Golden Fleece*. I mentioned the incident in an earlier chapter.

Colonel George's law partner, Judge William L. Foster, married my father's sister, Harriet, and became a very brilliant lawyer, presenting Franklin H. Pierce's name to the New Hampshire Convention as the choice of the State for President.

My father, George Hamilton Perkins, was born, as I have said, in 1836, in the house of his father, Judge Hamilton Eliot Perkins, at Contoocook, New Hampshire. The land on which the house stands was bought directly from the Indians by my great-grandfather, Roger Eliot Perkins, and part of the land originally purchased has always been kept in the family and is owned by us now. The house in

Hopkinton built by him is still standing also. Grandfather Perkins studied law at Harvard and for sixteen years presided over the Probate Court of Merrimac County. 'The Box' where he went hunting is over two hundred years old and stands near Lake Winnepocket and is still in the family.

The lake is named for the Indian chief who figures as Winnepocket in Whittier's 'The Bridal of Pennacook,' and who, according to the legend, married Wetamoo, daughter of Passaconaway, the great sachem of the Pennacooks. The wedding took place in what is now Concord, New Hampshire, and was celebrated with a great feast, and the newly married couple were escorted to their home by a select body of Passaconaway's braves. In the course of time Wetamoo wished to return to Pennacook to visit her father, and her husband, Winnepocket, sent her home with befitting ceremony attended by his chief warriors. When the visit was ended and the bride desired to return, her father ordered her husband to send for her such escort as became a chieftain's wife and daughter. This made the husband angry, and he ordered the father to provide suitable escort. Passaconaway, deeply insulted, said that Wetamoo must no longer consider herself the wife of Winnepocket. Pining to return to her husband, and regretting the step she had taken in leaving him for a visit to her father, poor Wetamoo embarked alone in a canoe on the Merrimac, determined to descend the river to rejoin Winnepocket, but she was drowned at Amoskeag Falls.

There are many stories about the pluck of 'Little Perk,' as they called my father, how he drove a

horse and sleigh twenty miles alone at the age of four, how he swam a colt across the Contoocook River at the age of six, and how, after he entered Annapolis, he won a prize for marksmanship, hitting a floating target three times in succession. Many are the tales of his popularity there, also.

Though at fourteen years of age he left his home for the Naval Academy, he often returned to the granite hills of his native State, for they were dear to him, and in later years he was known as 'New Hampshire's Sailor Son.'

A poem by an old family friend, Edna Dean Proctor, who has recently died at the age of ninety-four, puts it well:

'Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
With love and pride where'er we bide, the hills, the hills are Home!
On Mississippi, or by the Nile, Ohio, Volga, Rhine,
We see our cloudborn Merrimac adown its valleys shine;
And Contoocook — Singing Water — Monadnock's drifts have fed,
With lilt and rhyme and fall and chime flash o'er its pebbly bed;
And by Como's wave yet fairer still our Winnepesaukee spread.'

After graduating from the Academy in 1857, he went on his first cruise to Aspinwall on the *Cyane*. As we read over his letters written to his mother at this time, we find he speaks of home, of seasickness, of cockroaches, of the cramped steerage, of his uncomfortable hammock, and of the one tallow candle to afford him light. He says that he was in charge of the whiskey and the cannon balls, and that Aspinwall was a dreadful hole with intense heat and steady rain, and that on Washington's birthday the

sailors sang and played, but when night fell they all had 'sore heads' and a stabbing affray occurred. While off on a fishing and hunting trip with the gunner, their boat capsized in a squall, and the gunner was bitten by a shark. After the Panama massacre difficulties existed between this government and the United States. So for that reason the home squadron had been ordered to meet at Aspinwall. The natives were getting firearms and building fortifications up to Panama, and were continually talking about war. General Walker was surrounded at Rivas by about seven thousand natives. My father's ship, on reaching Greytown, near Aspinwall, in June, 1857, found about one hundred and twenty officers and soldiers in the hands of the Costa Ricans, some of them dying of yellow fever, others sick with smallpox, and all in an indescribably miserable and dirty condition.

Some months later he writes:

'*At sea. Dec. 3rd*, 1857

'We arrived at Cape Haytien four days ago and the place is really worth seeing. It was built and owned by the French, and was called 'Little Paris.' In 1842 it was shaken down by an earthquake and twenty thousand inhabitants buried beneath the ruins. It is beautifully situated on a level piece of ground, surrounded by lofty hills on all sides except where it faces the bay, the streets regularly laid and paved. It must have been once a very wealthy place, for some of the houses that remain show a great deal of splendor. The negroes who are now in possession are of all grades, Emperor, Dukes, Lords,

and so forth, and a few of them are very well-educated and very dignified.'

These slight excerpts show what some of his observations were. The following letter gives what his commanding officer thought of him while he was on shipboard:

GOSPORT NAVY YARD
June 15th, 1859

SIR,

It affords me pleasure to state that while you were under my command on board U.S. Ship *Cyane*, your character was irreproachable, your attention to duty prompt, and your obedience to orders ready and willing.

I am respectfully
Your Ob Ser^{t}
ROBERT G. ROBB, *Com^{r}*

Mid
G. H. PERKINS
ANNAPOLIS, M^{d}

He next sailed on the *Release*, commanded by William A. Parker, bound for the Mediterranean, and to Perkins was given the duty of keeping the ship's log. Much the same sort of thing happened on naval ships as happened on clippers in the early days, for one of the entries reads: 'All hands aft. Read the articles of war and also the sentences of a general court martial in the case of a lieutenant who was sentenced to be sent home in double irons, branded with the letter D on his right thigh and confined to the penitentiary for two years at hard labor.'

They returned to New York and then cruised to

Paraguay. It was here that with Lieutenant Fillebrown as his companion he rounded up cattle on his brief trips ashore, shot a tiger, killed river hogs, and enjoyed the excitement of it all. In Montevideo Perkins was transferred to the *Sabine*, coming home on her to take his examinations for promotion. The following letters from his superior officers on these ships speak significantly of his standing.

U.S. Store Bark *Release*
Montevideo, *Mar.* 19*th*, 1859

Sir:

As you are about to return to the United States for the purpose of attending your examination, permit me to offer you my warmest wishes for a successful issue thereto.

During the time you have been attached to this ship, your conduct, both private and professional, has at all times received my approbation.

With the hope that this testimony may be of service to you, and wishing you a speedy passage home and a happy meeting with your friends,

Believe me truly yours,

Thos. Scott Fillebrown
Lieut. & Ex. Offr.

Mid. Geo. H. Perkins,
Late Acting Master, U.S.S. *Release.*

U.S. Frigate *Sabine*
New York, *May* 13*th*, 1859

Midshipman George H. Perkins, who came home in this ship from Montevideo, displayed so much zeal and intelligence in the discharge of his duties during the time, that I have great pleasure in stating

I entertain the highest opinion of his ability and correct morals.

H. A. ADAMS, *Captain*

While he was at home for a few months on leave, one of his fellow students, W. E. Evans, writes him from Annapolis in May, 1859:

DEAR PUCK,

Won't you come down and study with us? . . . We have all the conveniences for studying here, all the books, etc., and you can have a nice time and prepare yourself better than you will at home . . . Johnny Green sends his love. Old Jows is the most distinguished looking man in the class. Nobody recognized him. The professors all shun us; they are afraid to make advances, and we pass them without noticing them. Miss Kate [1] is here yet, blooming and dying to see you. All your old friends are inquiring anxiously for you. . . . Really I would not importune you so, if we were not very anxious to see you. . . . There is no news except that Annapolis is full of slander as ever, and soft crabs and strawberries are in season. . . . Answer this by coming in person.

Another light-hearted boy, Jack McDougal, sent him a letter from which the following is taken:

DEAR PUCK,

I suppose you have seen how we all passed, you, 15, with Blodgett, Allen and Green below you, and

[1] Miss Kate Ray was a great belle at Annapolis, and I should judge a little older than my father, who was quite devoted to her at that time. I found some very charming letters from her to him, in which she always called him brother.

I, 12, with Porter, Moseley, and the rest below me. Won't there be some swearing? I am devilish glad we passed as we did. I leave tomorrow for Indianapolis, to which place please write as soon as you can. Excuse brevity as I have to go to church with some she-males.

On August 2, 1859, a pleasant leave of absence was interrupted by orders to report to Commodore Breese at New York for duty on the U.S.S. *Sumter*. This vessel was to be engaged in putting a stop to illicit slave trade. While on the Congo River on this same cruise, my father killed three tigers and five hippopotamuses, he visited the native chiefs and the slave barracoons. On the coast of Africa, as on the coast of South America, he was again capsized in a small boat and nearly drowned in the surf. By another misadventure he was forced to spend five days with cannibals but suffered no harm.

He writes: 'We took the barque *Sultana* and brig *Kirby* on the Congo River about fifteen miles up the river. At early daylight they were taking their slaves on board, slave decks all laid. We took both vessels and kept them three days. Bowen, the captain of the *Sultana*, lived like a prince on board and was called "The Prince of Slavers."'

The captain of the *Sumter*, for some reason, decided to let them go, both vessels filled up with negroes which were landed in Cuba. With the money Bowen made on this journey, he bought the celebrated clipper ship *Nightingale*, and came out again to the coast, but was captured one night by the *Saratoga*. Bowen afterwards escaped and while

commanding another slaver, was taken by the English. Later he was heard of as being still alive and keeping a hotel in Aspinwall.

During father's two years of service on the *Sumter*, there were several changes of captains. One died and another was sent home for drunkenness. After this my father was given a month's leave, before the Civil War broke out.

Farragut had arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi in February, 1862. My father joined him, I think, about two months later. President Buchanan had been succeeded by Lincoln, and Gideon Welles had become Secretary of the Navy and Gustave V. Fox Assistant Secretary. Both were able men, but the navy was small and unprepared and the ships were scattered.

CHAPTER IX

'DAMN THE TORPEDOES! GO AHEAD!'

Soon after the firing upon Fort Sumter, where Larz' great-uncle, Robert Anderson, was in command, my father was made First Lieutenant of the gunboat *Cayuga*, and joined the West Gulf Blockading Squadron under Farragut. When the *Cayuga* arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River, the Admiral had about eighty vessels with which to attack New Orleans.

Father writes: 'There was great excitement, for a number of our vessels, by hard luck, had gone ashore and the attack was delayed.' He goes on to relate how he was drilling his men, how he thought that it would be a warmly contested fight, that he hoped his ship would never give up, and that if he should be killed, he wanted, if possible, to be buried at home.

The bombarding of the forts began April 20, 1862, and the forts were successfully passed four days later, and the Stars and Stripes were raised over the Court-House of New Orleans.

The following letters, which passed between my father and Captain Bailey, later Admiral Bailey, some years afterwards, give the true account of the capture of the city. There were many in the Great War who clamored for glory, but in the Civil War there seem to have been even more claimants. Since this is a matter which concerns history, and regarding which misstatements have appeared in

THEODORUS BAILEY

Captain, United States Navy, 1862

print, it seems advisable to include in this chapter the letters given below, and also the quotations given in the appendix from the *Army and Navy Journal*, which make the actual details of the battle clear and explicit.

From Captain Bailey to my father:

349 Fifth Avenue
New York, *March 19th*, 1869

My dear Perkins,

Since you left, I was ordered here on Court Martial duty, leaving my family in Washington.

In a letter which you promised to write me, please state your recollection of the fact that Farragut, in his general orders issued on the 20th of April, 1862, with accompanying programme, contemplated going up the river in two columns. The *Hartford* with his blue flag heading the left or western Column of Vessels, and the *Cayuga* Lt. Harrison bearing my flag heading the right or eastern Column.

But after the chain and boom obstructions of the rebels were cut, it became manifest that if we went up in two columns as proposed, both columns would (in the night) be liable to get foul of the obstructions under the guns and fire of the forts. — Admiral Farragut therefore with his usual good sense and sagacity, on the afternoon of the 23d April *verbally* changed the programme and order of Sailing — Ordering me to anchor my division of eight vessels near the right or east shore of the river in the line and order that we were to pass up, and to lead in the *Cayuga* with my whole division past the forts, which we successfully did.

After the battles, Farragut sent home and had

published the order and programme of the 20th April by which the false impression is recorded and placed on the files of the Department, and the error has become History, that the fleet passed the forts in two Columns headed by himself instead of by me, and has made no mention of his having annulled *Verbally* said order, and *Verbally* ordering me to lead up past the forts, in the *Cayuga* in single file, line ahead: — and that my whole division so passed up — and were fighting the enemy's fleet above the forts before Farragut in the *Hartford* got under fire.

History in consequence of the suppression of the aforementioned facts in the report of the Commander in Chief has not done me or my command the justice due us, and I must look to the young officers who served with me on that glorious occasion to help me correct the untruths of history.

With kind regard

I remain truly y^r^ friend

THEODORUS BAILEY, *Rear Ad.^l^*

To Lieut Comd^r^
Geo. H. Perkins
Concord, N.H.

From my father to Admiral Bailey:

CONCORD, N.H., *March 23d*, 1869

MY DEAR ADMIRAL —

Having been absent from my country on sea service ever since the war, it was not until after my return in January of this year, that I had an opportunity of reading attentively the reports and histories of the naval battles during the rebellion. I find in most cases a great deviation from the actual facts, and in writing to you I cannot refrain from al-

luding to the errors contained in the reports of the attack on New Orleans, on which occasion I had the pleasure of serving under you on board the *Cayuga* — I notice, for instance, that the fleet is described as passing forts Jackson and St. Philip as if in two columns which would have been in accordance with the order of April 20th 1862 — But on the afternoon of April 23d that order was verbally annulled, and everything was changed. The Admiral decided that although the cable was broken, the obstructions were such that the ships were liable to get fouled under the fire of the forts, and that they should pass them in single file, yourself leading in the *Cayuga* — and the forts *were passed in this manner*. Indeed, so far ahead was the *Cayuga*, that on emerging from the smoke, I looked back, and not one of our ships was in sight. We found ourselves alone among the rebel fleet, which bore down upon us in every direction. Two of the gunboats were quickly compelled to surrender, but in the thick we encountered a formidable enemy — this was the *Gov. Moore*, the best armed of the rebel ships. As she approached we concentrated our attention upon her, and raking her with a heavy discharge of grape, she was partially disabled, her pivot gun dismounted, and several of her crew killed, and she was obliged to retreat up the river.

The *Varuna* coming up now, fired into us, mistaking us for a rebel ship, and then passed on — Just before we reached the Chalmette regiment, the *Oneida* appeared firing into a prize which had surrendered to the *Cayuga*. You hailed the *Oneida* and said, 'Don't fire into that vessel; she has surren-

dered,' and as the *Oneida* came abreast of us, you hailed her again, and told her to go to the assistance of the *Varuna* which was some distance up the river, and was being rammed by two rebel vessels.

Seeing the camp of the Chalmette regiment on shore, you anchored off it, demanding and receiving its surrender.

The next day we sustained a severe fire in passing the Chalmette batteries, but after that the way was clear to New Orleans, and the whole fleet anchored in front of that city at one o'clock April 25th. You received orders to proceed on shore, and demand its surrender, and giving me permission to accompany you, we were rowed to the wharf. The reception we met with there is beyond description. Never during the whole of that severe fight, did our lives seem in such peril, as when we stepped on shore amid that mob of infuriated rebels. Some one was found to guide us to the City Hall, where we had a disagreeable interview with the Mayor, General Lovell, and some others. We were, however, conveyed in safety back to our boat. I have often thought, Admiral, of the calmness and cheerfulness with which you confronted that mob, and sustained the unpleasant interview which followed. Indeed, every story connected with the battle and surrender of New Orleans, is vividly impressed on my memory, and I find corroborative evidence in letters written home, immediately after the exciting event. I cannot help feeling a strong desire that matters should be set right about our naval battles, where so much courage and endurance were shown, and it is only just that the facts should be truly recorded by his-

tory. Should there be anything I have omitted to mention, or any misstatements which you would like my testimony to correct consider me at your service.

Yours very respectfully
G. H. PERKINS

From Admiral Bailey to my father:

WASHINGTON, D.C. *April 10th*, 1869

MY DEAR SIR

Your letter is received, the narrative of events very cleverly and lucidly written. I have written to Admiral Farragut, requesting that the records of the fight, (so far as relates to going up to the Attack of the forts in two Columns abreast) be corrected by him, — and the Diagram which accompanied his despatch of May 5th 1862 be corrected so as to conform to the facts.

I have received a letter in reply very evasive and unsatisfactory. I shall write again, and may have to quote from your letter.

Believe me very truly yours
THEODORUS BAILEY, *R.A.*

Lt Comdr
Geo. H. Perkins
U. S. N.

(Written by Farragut to the Secretary of the Navy:)

NEW YORK, *May 24th*, 1869

SIR

My attention having been called by Rear Admiral Bailey to an incorrect sketch which accompanied my Report of May 6, 1862, upon the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, I have the honor

to forward herewith, a corrected diagram showing the position of the Vessels at the time they passed through the obstructions after the chains had been separated.

This will demonstrate, that Rear Admiral — then Capt Bailey, led the fleet, in the *Cayuga*, up to the attack on the Forts, as had been previously ordered; he taking St. Philip with his division, while I reserved Jackson for the remainder of the Squadron under my command. —

The Skeleton lines show how the Vessels moved up from the original position of two lines into the line ahead. —

This correction has not been made before, because I was not aware of the existence of the mistake — the diagram being evidently, a clerical error, and in opposition to the text in which I distinctly state, that Rear Admiral Bailey not only led, but performed his duty, with great gallantry, to which I called the attention of the Department. —

Very respectfully
Your obedient Servant
(Signed) D. G. FARRAGUT
Admiral, U.S.N.

Hon: A. E. BORIE
Secretary of the Navy
Washington

(Written by Captain Bailey to Perkins:)

264 F. STREET WASHINGTON, D.C.
June 17th, 1869

DEAR SIR:

Referring to the interesting letter from you in relation to our War experience in the *Cayuga*, I have

after a correspondence,[1] succeeded in inducing Admiral Farragut to amend the diagram, which he sent home after the battle below New Orleans, with his official report dated May 6, 1862.

After the lapse of over seven years during which he has constructively been leading the fleet, it is difficult to have the error corrected, but it is finally established and on record under his own signature that the *Cayuga* led and the *Hartford* was ninth in line in going into the battle. —

The time has passed before the truth is known and acknowledged, to do me any good, or alter my position in the Service. I am safely stowed away on the retired list, but it is some satisfaction to me that the truth is at last acknowledged and on file.

Very truly yours

THEODORUS BAILEY, *R.A.*

Lt Comdr G. H. Perkins, U.S.N.

This illuminating correspondence brings up the great event to the landing at New Orleans. Father himself treated the whole matter coolly. Writing home after passing the forts, he says: 'We received in the engagement thirty-two shots in our mast and hull. Six men were killed and one boy had to have his leg cut off. When the fleet caught up with us, we received at least ten more shots. During the night five rafts and ships loaded with cotton and burning, were all around us. At nine o'clock the city hove in sight and we called all hands and gave three cheers and a tiger!'

Another officer described the conflict in these

[1] Correspondence given in the Appendix.

words: 'The battle of New Orleans was like sailing over hell on a sheet of paper. Nothing could be seen except the flash of great guns.'

And up this inferno my father had piloted the ship, though Harrison was in command under Bailey on the *Cayuga*.

Nor is the narrative complete without further reference to the landing at Memphis Packet. My father, then about twenty-five years old, writes to his mother:

'Captain Bailey was ordered to go ashore and demand the surrender and he asked me to go with him. We took just a boat and a boat's crew with a flag of truce and started off. When we reached the wharf there were no officials to be seen; no one received us, although the whole city was watching our movements, and the levee crowded in spite of the heavy rain storm. . . . As we advanced, the mob followed us in a very excited state. They gave three cheers for Jeff Davis and Beauregard, and three groans for Lincoln. Then they began to throw things at us and shout, "Hang them! Hang them!" We reached City Hall. . . . Of course the Captain and I were perfectly at our ease all this time.

'The mob by now had become perfectly infuriated. They kicked the doors (after we had passed within) and swore they would have us out and hang us. When they found out that General Lovell was not going to surrender, they swore they would have us out anyway, but Pierre Soulé and some others went out and made speeches to them, while we went out on the other side of the building, and were driven to the wharf in a closed carriage. The Mayor

told the Flag Officer the next morning that the city was in the hands of the mob, and was at our mercy and that we might blow it up or do with it as we chose.'

A quotation from 'New Orleans, the Place and the People,' written by Grace King, a Southerner, gives an idea of the condition of the city as Perkins entered it:

'The rain was pouring . . . and the levee was lined with a despairing crowd. Some of the ships bore evidence of fighting; that was the only alleviation to the popular feeling. The sky was hidden by a canopy of smoke streaked with flames. Heaps of burning cotton, sugar, salt, meats, spirits, provisions lined the levee.

'In the river the shipping, tugboats, and gunboats floated down the current in flames. Molasses running like water flushed the gutters. All night the city glowed in the light of her own incendiarism. The little children, seeing the gleams through the closed windows and hearing the cannons from the forts, trembled in their beds in terrified wakefulness. Deserted by their parents and shrinking instinctively from their negro nurses, they asked one another in whispers, "Will the Yankees kill us all?"

'The next morning from old Christ Church belfry on Canal Street, the bell tugged the alarm. Slaves rushing out, leaving houses open, disordered behind them, shouted triumphantly to one another, "The Yankees are here!" The rabble holding riot in the streets, men, women, and children, staggering under loads of pilferings from the conflagration, cried, too, "The Yankees are here!"

'Early in the morning the officers came bearing a summons to surrender. The Mayor deferred to the military authority in command. The Confederate General, evacuating the city with his army, put his responsibility back on the Mayor. During the colloquy in the City Hall, the populace in the streets outside . . . hurled insults, imprecations, threats, through the open windows at the Union officers.'

Our navy took possession of the city, however, without any bloodshed. The mob, wearied out, dispersed, and in a few days the Northern army were in occupation.

May 1st, Farragut turned the command of the city over to General Benjamin F. Butler. The *Cayuga* went North for repairs, and Harrison remained at the Navy Department. Donald M. Fairfax succeeded to the command of the *Cayuga*, and then returned south, as did my father. Captain Bailey later went North on sick leave.

My father's letters are full of comments on the current war situation and the routine of blockading. He writes on July 15, 1862: 'I think it is wicked that McClellan should have allowed himself to have been driven back, but I do not think it is his fault. It was that miserable abolition party at Washington. We are going a long way up Red River. . . . The river is very narrow and guerillas may give us a great deal of trouble.'

From Baton Rouge: 'We expected an attack last night from the guerillas. I think rather than have us hold the place, they will destroy it. The country is full of them. I would like to have my way for about

two hours. We are too kind to the rebels and we can never conquer them till we adopt more stringent ways. These miserable guerillas murder and burn and do what they choose to Union people, without our doing the least thing to them more than to treat them politely.'

He writes July 28 regarding the action that took place the 15th: 'I am sorry Commodore Farragut's winding up here in the river has turned out so badly. The day before he received his orders to go to Pensacola, his fleet with the whole of Davis's iron-clad vessels was attacked by a rebel ram, and this ram actually went through both of the large fleets without being taken, causing about half of them to skedaddle down the river, and then got safely under the guns at Vicksburg, after causing a great deal of destruction to our squadron. It was a most brilliant affair on the rebel side and a most disgraceful one on ours.'

Eight days later, this same vessel, the ram *Arkansas*, was attacked under the command of Captain Porter of the *Essex*, accompanied by the *Sumter* and the *Cayuga*, and the rebel ship grounded and was burned. A discussion followed, for Captain Porter's report accused Captain Fairfax of the *Cayuga* of leaving the scene of battle too early. Fairfax asked for a Court of Inquiry, by which he was exonerated, for it was plainly shown that Porter himself ordered Fairfax to leave when the *Arkansas* had already grounded and had been set on fire by her own officers.

My father speaks of Farragut as a great fighter, but I should judge from his letters that the great

Admiral was hampered by instructions from headquarters, and by lack of coöperation from some of the commanders. With the more or less long inactivity of the fleet during two whole years before the Mobile fight, dissatisfaction arose, and the discipline was not what it should have been. But the army became more demoralized than the navy. Army officers were living in fine houses and enjoying themselves with plenty of colored servants, and there was a great deal of rascality and depravity about New Orleans, and the making of money by contraband methods. Like Admiral Farragut, General Butler had a great deal to contend against.

Opportunities to go on shore were not rare and characteristic incidents from my father's letters give insight into his own temperament, and into the life of the times.

'Last night I was at a delightful little dancing party at the Commodore's and it resulted in my getting half in love with a very pretty young lady from Troy. I invited her to go to the theatre with me to-morrow evening.

'It is lucky the ship is going to sail soon for I have already fallen more than half in love, which I am vain enough to believe is more than returned. But when I put my hand in my pocket in regard to money (and I believe she has not got much), my thoughts jump at once from the romance of love to stern reality and I wonder who will pay the preacher.'

He announces later from the *Pensacola*, stationed for a time at New Orleans: 'I have left the *Cayuga*, and am almost settled on board this ship. I am now

first lieutenant of one of the finest ships in the navy, but I have a great deal to do. Everything is new to me, as I have been on small ships so much, and I am very busy. I have a fine room, a clerk, boy, and fine boat all to myself, but I was almost always happy on board the *Cayuga*. Captain Fairfax was very sorry when I left, and I believe everyone else was. I have been a witness on the Court of Inquiry (in reference to the taking of the ram *Arkansas*). Captain Fairfax has come out of it with flying colors and I am glad of it, for he is a fine gentleman.'

One of my father's friends, Edward Lea, writing to him from off Galveston from the U.S.S. *Harriet Lane* a few weeks after the trial, speaks of the Inquiry in these words:

'So Fairfax has gone home, good luck to him, he was too easy on Porter, entirely so. We are cooped up here on board ship and do not dare to move on shore; three hundred soldiers came a few days since and are added to our charge, for they do not dare to leave the cover of our guns, as the Rebels are only two miles from town, in plain sight from the masthead; several thousand strong.

'The people are really in a starving state, and we can do very little to aid them, the fact is Farragut and Butler between them have neglected this point most shamefully. I am delighted at Butler's removal, are not you?'

Only two days after my father received this letter, the Rebels attacked three gunboats off Galveston, taking the *Harriet Lane*, and causing the other two to be blown up by their own officers. Poor Lea, the writer of the foregoing letter, was killed. My father

speaks of it in one of his letters home: 'I had a long letter from Lea who was killed on board the *Harriet Lane* at Galveston two days before he was shot. His father was fighting on the Southern side and was in the engagement when his son was killed and read the burial service over his son after the fight.'

In another letter he comments: 'Admiral Farragut has sent quite a fleet of gunboats to attack Galveston, but everything goes on in such a stupid way, without head or tail, that I fear there will be no attack.'

A little later, my father was detailed to go to the assistance of the other vessels, and was delighted at the orders. One detail of the engagement he chronicles in these words: 'The gunboat *Hatteras* was sunk by the rebel steamer *Alabama* off Galveston. The *Alabama* hove in sight and the *Hatteras* was sent in chase of her to find out what she was. The *Alabama* decoyed her away from the fleet and, after she was out of sight, allowed the *Hatteras* to come alongside. The captain of the *Hatteras* hailed her, asking what steamer she was. The reply was H.M.S. *Spit Fire.* Captain Blake of the *Hatteras* said, "I will come on board." His boat was manned, but no sooner had the Captain left his ship than the *Alabama* poured a broadside into the *Hatteras*, which was returned. But after a fight of fifteen minutes the *Hatteras* was sunk.'

Galveston was retaken, and Father ordered back to New Orleans, for the Southern city was in danger of being rescued by a large detachment of Confederate soldiers. Banks had been in charge of the city and his administration my father mentions as

follows: 'Only a few days ago one of the rebel quartermasters was caught with a list of the articles he wanted for the rebel army, and the money with him to pay for them, inside our lines. He had taken the oath, and intended purchasing these articles from our sutlers! Speculation of that kind is going on to an alarming extent here, and we are almost furnishing the rebel army with food and medicines. Banks has shown himself so far entirely unfitted for this business, and his best officers say that they would not wonder if the city [New Orleans] was taken at any time. . . . It is disgusting and can't help making me feel blue. Butler with all his faults is worth a dozen of General Banks.'

On the 26th of June, 1863, he writes:

'We are all excitement here. The rebels are advancing on the city, our ships are all ready, and the secessionists in the city intend rising as soon as their army arrives. Banks has done it at last, and the country did it when they took Butler from this place. I am very sorry to say that our troops are in a demoralized state, three hundred rebels yesterday captured Berwick City, destroyed two million dollars' worth of our property and captured about twenty guns and four or five hundred of our soldiers. It is disgraceful and Butler ought to be sent back. . . .

'Everything that belongs to the navy is on board ship and we are all ready for an attack. I do not care much if they do go through the city and capture and kill some of our thieving lazy soldiers and officers. The way the affairs have been conducted since Butler has gone is disgraceful.'

Indeed, there had been court martials and suicides

and yellow fever and a great deal of stealing. Things had been going to the devil generally. After the rebels had captured Berwick City, they started a great raid through that part of the country, their troops coming very near New Orleans. There were only sixteen hundred northern troops to oppose eighteen thousand southerners. Much of the trouble, it is now thought, was due to politics up north. All was confusion.

The U.S.S. *Diana* was captured at Berwick's Bay, and nearly all the officers on board killed after a severe fight. My father speaks of the negro troops as doing unusually well.

In June, 1863, General Banks sent word that he must have more powder or the siege could not be prosecuted. The Admiral, therefore, ordered the gunboat *New London* to be detailed for the duty of conveying powder to the besieging forces, and father, with his aide and ex-officer of the *Pensacola*, volunteered to command her and was given the command.

This, though highly complimentary to so young an officer, was a position full of peril; for the rebels had erected powerful batteries at Whitehall's Point, between New Orleans and Port Hudson, and the danger was vastly increased by the material of which the *New London's* cargo was composed. He, however, fearlessly assumed the responsibility, and with his usual skill and daring, ran these batteries successfully five times under a heavy fire and had his vessel struck several times. (On the *Monongahela*, Captain Reed and several of his men were killed convoying the *New London* by the batteries.) But on the sixth trip the *New London* was discovered by the enemy at

quarter past one on the morning of July 10th, and they opened fire both with artillery and infantry.

The boiler of the *New London* was struck by a shot, and exploded, severely scalding six men. A shot then perforated the steam drum and my father ordered the disabled vessel to be run towards the eastern bank; but the escaping steam rendered it impossible for the men to remain at the wheel and the ship grounded within range of the enemy's batteries.

The gunboat *Winona*, which had been ordered to escort the *New London* past Whitehall's Point, had immediately retired beyond the range of its guns, and was now out of sight. Father fired rockets to notify her of his danger and to summon her to his assistance, but received no response. The fire of the enemy becoming very close, and their range getting better (his First Lieutenant at this time was shot in the head), my father ordered the boats to be manned, and then hauled off and drifted down stream until out of range of the upper battery; but the principal battery of the rebels' fortification being below him, he had the *New London* towed to the east bank again, and made fast. During this time the enemy kept up a continual fire, and with the men badly scalded it was hard work to tow the *New London.*

It now being nearly daylight, which would increase the certainty of the enemy's aim, while the guns of the *New London* could not be trained on the opposite bank, Father sent the ship's company ashore, in order that they might have the protection of the levee, and at the same time could repel any

attack with their muskets. Stationing pickets at suitable distances on the levee road, during the night, he despatched messengers to Donaldsonville, and sent a boat down the river to the *Monongahela* and *Essex*, for assistance. They returned from Donaldsonville, bringing word that no assistance could be procured, and no word came from below.

Knowing the importance of obtaining troops to guard his vessel, as he had information of a rebel cavalry regiment within seven miles, and being sure that Captain Weitzel would readily grant him any assistance on a personal application, he resolved to make the attempt — anything seemed preferable to remaining where he was, with the certainty before him of capture both of himself and of his men.

Acting upon this resolve, and taking a white horse belonging to a rebel, he rode to Donaldsonville and saw Weitzel, who promised to send him troops that night. He immediately rode back twelve miles to where he left his ship, but upon his arrival there he found that the *Essex* and the *Monongahela* had been up and taken his vessel in tow and carried her down the river.

When she reached shore, her wounded were taken to the plantation hospital of I. M. Marston, who had kindly offered its use to the injured men and who treated them with much attention and kindness.

Meanwhile, there were twenty-five miles of enemy country between Perkins and the Union lines. He resolved to follow his ship. So with a negro for a driver in an old carryall, drawn by a mule, he started out, his coat turned wrong-side out and

loaded pistols by his side. Going past a grocery store, he counted five rebel soldiers fully armed lounging against the building. The old darky was terribly frightened and kept saying, 'Now set back, massa, for God's sake, set back!'

He rode on with safety until within about five miles of our lines. Then five rebels, coming across the river in a boat from their fortifications, were about to attempt to capture him when the Northern cavalry came to the rescue and took as prisoners the five Confederates.

His report reads:

'The rigging, masts, and hull were struck several times. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and crew for their coolness and bravery during the engagement. The conduct of Lieutenant Day deserves particular attention, who after being wounded in the head, remained at his post and rendered valuable assistance, encouraging the crew by his bravery and coolness.'

Of all my father's exploits during the war, he considered his ride back to his ship the most desperate one, for he travelled through a country full of the enemy's troops, performing alone a feat that another officer afterwards was publicly extolled for achieving under an escort of Union cavalry.

The *New London* was put under repairs and my father was relieved of his command. Farragut wrote him: 'I regret this necessity, but seniority must have its precedence — and it is for no misconduct that you are relieved. I am satisfied that you acted to the best of your judgment in the case of the disabling of the *New London;* but I would

remind you that a commander should be the last person to leave the ship even for succor.'

In spite of his letter, Farragut probably felt it was a brave act, for he offered him the pick of the gunboats under his command immediately afterwards, and my father took the *Sciota*. While on board this ship, his men were cruelly afflicted with one of the most deadly and malignant pestilences. The following extract from a letter, received years later from the doctor in attendance, is worth recording.

NEWPORTVILLE, BUCKS CO., PENNA.
August 8th, 1890

Captain Geo. H. Perkins, U.S. Navy.
MY DEAR SIR:

. . . You may recall that when I first came on board the *Sciota*, I went forward to see the sick, and you yourself accompanied me. There were so many cases of yellow fever on board and so great the fatality of the disease that there are but few men who could have maintained the calmness you did in remaining, as it were, undisturbed in that malignant atmosphere of death. I have testimonials from all the other officers of the Navy under whom I served excepting yourself. Deeply regretting that I am obliged to trouble you but trusting you will so far assist a former officer of the Navy in completing his record of service during the war

I am, very sincerely and respectfully yours
HENRY W. BIRKEY, M.D.
lately Assistant Surgeon

By November the *Sciota* was ordered to sail to the

coast of Texas and help in the blockade, during which the following event occurred. Father writes his sister Susan:

GUNBOAT *Sciota*, *Apr.* 8, 1864

Two days before leaving Galveston on the morning of April 4th, and after a long chase in a heavy wind, I succeeded in capturing the schooner *Mary Sorley*, formerly the revenue schooner *Dodge*. She was loaded with two hundred and fifty-seven bales of cotton, and . . . was a very fast sailer. As my vessel was in a good place to catch vessels coming over the bar, I made all preparations, for the night was a good one for blockades. When the sail hove in sight, we shipped our anchor and gave chase. Before the fires got well to going, the schooner passed out of our sight and I thought I had lost her, but I hauled in and in a short while got sight of her again, and then the chase was very exciting, for she could go nearly as fast as we could. At last we overhauled her, and I put a prize crew on board her, and sent her to New Orleans.

If she arrives all right, which I have every reason to believe she will, she will be sold and I shall have quite a nice little sum of prize money, say three or four thousand dollars. I thought I should write you this, for if anything should happen to me, I am very anxious that mother shall get the money. I think my living is a little uncertain at this time, and I don't want you to tell a single soul about this, unless I die.

In July, Father left the *Sciota* and was given command of the ironclad *Chickasaw;* though an honor, it was far from comfortable, being like an oven below

deck. When under steam she was one hundred and fifty degrees on deck and two hundred in the engine room. But nevertheless he felt much pleased to be given command over the monitor.

When the monitor was nearing the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi River, as he turned away for a moment to answer a question, the Southern pilot changed the ship's course and headed straight for a wreck. Striking this obstacle would have meant a total loss of the ship. Father rushed back, wrenching the wheel from the pilot's hand just in time. Then, drawing a revolver from his belt he said, 'You are here to take this ship over the bar, and if she touches ground or anything else, I'll blow your brains out.' The pilot grew pale and weakly protested. But Father was firm. 'If you love the Confederacy better than your life, take your choice. But if you touch a single lump, I'll shoot you.'

The *Chickasaw* passed the bar without touching.

In August, 1864, he writes while lying off Mobile:

'The Admiral visited me yesterday and inspected the ship. I have been very, very hard at work preparing for the coming fight and I am almost ready. Giving me the command of this vessel has paid me a great compliment. All the others are commanded by old captains and it will be a feather in my cap if I come out all right. It will be a desperate fight but I have no doubt of our success. I am very tired and cannot write you as I wish to, but, my dear mother, I think of you nearly all the time, and I know I have done as you wished me to. I have seen almost enough of life. I only care to live for you all at home. Life is but a dream anyway,

and we cannot always live, so I think everything is for the best. I know I shall not disgrace myself, no matter how hot the fight is. I wish you could see the back of my vessel; she looks just like the shell of a turtle, two hundred and fifty-seven feet long and fifty-seven feet beam.'

The fight of Mobile Bay took place on August 5th. Here follows my father's report to Farragut after the battle was over.

U.S. Iron Clad *Chickasaw*
Mobile Bay, *Aug. 7th*, 1864

Sir,

I have the honor to submit the following report;

At 5:30 A.M. on Friday Aug. 5th, in obedience to orders, I got under way and took my position in rear of the *Winnebago*, on the right of the line. I passed the forts with the rest of the fleet, firing as rapidly as possible.

Afterwards, in obedience to orders, I attacked the rebel ram *Tennessee*, following her up closely, shooting away her smokestack, and firing solid shot at her, until her flag was hauled down, and a white flag raised.

Her steering gear having been shot away, I took her in tow and brought her to anchor near the *Hartford*.

In the afternoon of the same day, I again got under way, and brought a large barge, the *Ingomar*, out from under the guns of Fort Powell, exchanging several shots, and being struck three times. On the morning of the 6th I proceeded again to Fort Powell, which I found deserted, and blown up. I towed out another barge.

In the afternoon I advanced and shelled Fort Gaines.

Too much praise cannot be given to all the officers and men for their coolness and efficiency under fire, and their endurance while at quarters. I would mention in particular Acting Volunteer Lieut. William Hamilton, the executive officer, who, when on his way home condemned by a Medical Survey, volunteered for this vessel. I owe much to him for his energy in fitting out the vessel and for his gallantry and coolness during the fight.

Acting Master E. D. Percy, who also volunteered for this vessel, and commanded the guns in the after turret, and Gunner John A. McDonald who commanded the forward turret, deserve especial mention, for the skill and rapidity with which they fought their batteries.

Chief Boatswain, Mate Andrew Jones, and Master At Arms Scanor, who although their times were out, volunteered for the fight, from the *Vincennes*, are entitled to honorable mention.

During the entire action the vessel was struck a number of times. The smoke stack was shot almost entirely away, and one shot penetrated the deck on the starboard bow. No serious injury was suffered, and there were no casualties among officers or men.

I enclose the report of ammunition expended.

Very respectfully,

Your Obdt Servt.,

G. H. PERKINS, *Lt. Comdr.*

To
Rear Admiral
D. G. FARRAGUT
Comd'g N.G.B Squadron,
Mobile Bay, Ala.

SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM TENNESSEE

To his mother he writes the day after he rendered his report to Farragut:

'We had a desperate fight the morning of the fifth. No one was hurt on board my ship but the squadron lost a good many. Captain Craven of the *Tecumseh* was blown up by a torpedo just ahead of me. I had a hard fight with the rebel ram *Tennessee* and have been highly complimented by the Admiral and other old officers for the part I took in the engagement. I have been fighting forts every day since I have been here, the other iron-clads being disabled. Fort Gaines surrendered this morning. I shelled Fort Powell and during the night she blew up. Everyone is in a state of high excitement. I think Fort Morgan will surrender in a day or two. It is nothing now but fight, fight all the time. As soon as Fort Morgan surrenders, I go to Dog River bar and attack the batteries there.

'P.S. I suppose you would like to hear this, so I will tell you. I have the credit of taking the rebel ram *Tennessee* and wounding Admiral Buchanan. Captain Jenkins of the *Richmond* told the Admiral I ought to be promoted at once for my gallantry in this fight. Don't let anyone see this for the world.'

Following this were smaller naval skirmishes, and much hard work clearing the channel to Mobile of piles, torpedoes, and sunken wrecks, and not quite three weeks after the fight, Fort Morgan surrendered. It is touching to find continual evidence of the praises and affection showered upon my father by the older officers of the fleet.

In September he writes:

'The rebel troops are arriving very fast in Mobile,

thinking we are intending to attack. It is my opinion the Southern Confederacy has about gone up. We get the Mobile papers nearly every day from deserters and learn everything that is going on. The rebs are fortifying very fast, and I think there will be a great deal of suffering here this winter. I hope McClellan will not be the next President, and if we have an armistice, we are surely lost. . . . This morning about twenty negroes came off in boats to our fleet. They give gloomy accounts of people in Mobile, say that Sherman is in Montgomery, and that the women in Mobile will have another riot for the want of bread. People and soldiers there are tired of war, and here, nearly all the storehouses are filled with prisoners, deserters from the rebel army.

'Three rebel rams, *Nashville*, *Huntsville*, and *Tallahassee*, all lie near each other and within easy range of us. Their men sometimes swim off to us to desert. We have only exchanged a few shots, and we cannot go to them on account of the obstructions.'

In October he continues in the same strain:

'I think Lincoln will be the next President and I heartily hope he will. If he is elected, it will be a death blow to the rebellion. Jeff Davis is in Montgomery making speeches and they are mighty blue affairs. The South is on its last legs; I have a better chance to know this than a great many. Yesterday a (rebel) captain deserted from General Higgins' staff. The soldiers in this part of the country all want to lay down their arms and the women are crying for the Union and peace.

'The Admiral came and looked over my vessel

yesterday and seemed much pleased. This vessel, being a new kind, creates a great deal of talk. They are great curiosities, but I can tell you there is mighty little fun living on board of them.'

Here follows a letter from Captain Jenkins of the *Richmond* complimenting my father for his action in silencing several of the forts that protected Mobile, and two letters from other friends:

Richmond, Oct 5th, 1864

My dear Boy —

I was very glad to hear of your approach in your iron cage. . . .

I hope with all my heart that before many weeks you will receive from the President a substantial testimonial of your gallantry, coolness and good judgment in our action on the 5th and yours especially with Gaines, Powell & Mingan.

I hope all things have gone and are still going on well with you — Let me see you when you have leisure and believe me in all sincerity

Your friend,
Thornton S. Jenkins

Lt Comd Perkins, U.S.N. *Chickasaw*

Navy Yard, Pensacola
Jan. 16th, 65

Dear Perkins

Many thanks for the oysters you were kind enough to send me.

When will you get over to these parts? Mrs. Armstrong quite wants a chat with you. Admiral Farragut and she had a long talk about you — both be-

long to the 'admiration society' and your ears must have tingled. . . .

Let me hear from you and believe me

Truly your friend

ARMSTRONG

CAPT. GEORGE H. PERKINS
Chickasaw, Mobile

The following little note from his friend Kirkland gives an idea of some of the duties of Northern officers:

Have just returned from the house of the Widow Van Dorn, her husband being a late rebel General killed for sleeping with another man's wife. Administered the oath to three old ladies and had a good time with two young ones. There are lots of pretty girls around here and I am getting along swimmingly for a single man. The river is too high to shoot game, but it is falling. Let's hear from you.

Yours till deth

W. A. K.

My father himself had many interesting and adventurous exploits which there has not been room to insert, but one of them might be mentioned here. He entered a Southern restaurant one evening where dancing was in full sway. All there were Southerners, and when they saw his Northern uniform, the men rushed at him and threw him out of the window among the ashcans in an alley. He picked himself up, brushed himself off, and, drawing his revolver, entered the restaurant again, saying that he had come to dance with the prettiest girl there,

and he intended doing so. They were all so stunned at his daring that they did nothing, and he selected the most attractive girl, who danced with him and found that he danced very well. The end of it all was that he became the lion of the evening.

On July 10, 1865, the war having ended, George Hamilton Perkins was given an opportunity to return home for a period of rest.

CHAPTER X

POST-WAR CRUISES

A YEAR after the war found my father Lieutenant Commander of the *Lackawanna*, making a cruise down the coast of Mexico and across to Hawaii.

During this voyage an officer, who was with him, told me recently of my father's skill in bringing his ship into San Francisco Harbor in the midst of a storm, through a most dangerous channel. All on board felt they would surely be wrecked, but the entrance was made in safety. Perhaps one of the most interesting events of this trip was the ceremony of hoisting the American flag over Brooks's Island and taking possession of it in the name of the United States.

He speaks of it as a sandy island about six miles long, inhabited by sea gulls, seals, and turtles. He tells of killing a seal, and catching in one afternoon a boat load of fish and eleven turtles, each of the latter weighing about two hundred pounds.

After this cruise my father met my mother, Anna Minot Weld, in Boston, in 1869. She was the daughter of William Fletcher Weld, who owned the fleet of clipper ships. They became engaged in the little red parlor of the Arlington Street house on Decoration Day, 1870.

They were married in Boston, on July 25, 1870, and went to live at Charlestown Navy Yard, where my father was stationed. In 1871, he was ordered to France on the *Relief*. While he was away, she writes

her husband that she is visiting her father and mother in Brookline, at 'Windy Top.' Later she went to Rye Beach for the summer, and judging by her letters, she was worried about his going to Paris, for rumors indicated that all was fighting and confusion there. 'Such sad news,' her letter reads, 'of that unfortunate city. I shall be thankful when you get safely to England.'

His letter from Havre tells of his official calls, and says that he does not see much poverty, and that the whole relief business seems to him a farce. Later, however, he apparently changed his mind, and declares France to be in an awful state, what with the fighting in the streets of Paris, and the doubt as to who constituted the real governmental authorities, and whether or not they could actually control the city sufficiently to allow the cargo of supplies to be landed.

While waiting permission to unload the *Relief*, my father went to Rouen: 'What I enjoyed most was my visit to the chateau of the Princesse de Monthelon. After a delightful drive for about an hour along the banks of the Seine, we arrived at the chateau, a picturesque old place back from the road in a large park filled with trees and gardens. We were invited to dine and spend the night. Later the Princesse came on board ship. Her husband belongs to the real old nobility of France. He was Minister to the United States when he was young. She was the daughter of one of our generals. One of their girls is very beautiful; she married a cousin of the Maximilian who was shot in Mexico. The streets of Rouen, alas, are full of Prussian soldiers and officers.'

From Havre my father went to Plymouth. Here, he says: 'I lunched with the Consul and walked over the Dartmouth Moor. I would like to buy one of their little ponies. Plymouth has a fine harbor surrounded by hills with gorse on top of them, and is one of the most powerful strongholds in England, and also has the finest dockyard.'

The *Relief* started home but dropped anchor off the Scilly Islands. He writes:

'It was very lucky we got into port last night, for we would have had a hard time outside. I went on shore last evening and walked around the little village. All the houses are low and built of stone.

'This afternoon I am going to visit the Governor, who lives in fine style. They say he is a nice old fellow, but a bachelor, and that, of course, is against him. He has large gardens full of flowers, and with every sort of rare species. There are old castles, some of them built by Cromwell, and little farms, and very ancient towers dating back to the early Edwards.'

His next letter continues:

'Yesterday I dined with the Governor, the clergyman of the place, and the captain of the port. We had one of those heavy dinners, sitting at the table for hours. The islands are owned by the Prince of Wales and leased by the Governor, who has absolute control of them. There are about twenty-seven hundred tenants who are subject to his orders. I believe at one time, a family was allowed to have only so many children, and only one son was permitted to remain with his father, and the others had to go away.

'Well, we won't live here, darling, will we, unless we can own the islands, though I wish you were here with me now to poke around with me and visit all these funny old places. It is all right to be in command of a ship if you are a bachelor, but I would rather live in a garret with you.'

After leaving the Scilly Islands, the *Relief* encountered a terrible cyclone with a very heavy sea running, which carried away the bowsprit and came very near dismasting the vessel. 'Everything in the cabin is ruined, and we lost a boat over the side. I hope it won't be picked up and the report spread abroad that we are lost. I want to get home:

'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove and the pluck of a whale,
I'd fly half the way and swim all the rest with my tail!'

They put in at Madeira, and from there he estimates: 'It will probably take about forty days to reach home. This is a beautiful island. It was discovered by two young lovers, who, fleeing from the wrath of their parents, were driven by storms far out to sea, and at length reached this unknown spot and lived and died here. Almost every European and tropical plant is found on the island. The myrtle, the rose, and the violet may be seen on every side, and the mountains are covered with masses of heath and broom growing to a great height. In addition to these the terraced acclivities covered with luxuriant vegetation give an appearance of beauty and fertility. The white buildings, the villas, the green mountains make a beautiful picture.'

My father landed at New York on the 20th of August, and after lying in harbor a few days, he was

ordered to Washington, where he was finally granted a long leave. The *Relief* went out of commission, and he rejoined my mother. They went later to live at 'Saint's Rest' near 'Windy Top' in Brookline. He was given lighthouse duty and my mother sailed with him all along the New England coast.

Six years after the voyage to France on the *Relief*, and shortly after I was born at 284 Marlborough Street, Boston, my father was ordered off to China for another cruise which lasted more than two years.

An old servant in the Perkins family, Mary Borden, who was quite a character, said, when she heard of my birth,'March chickens are always the best.' My father wanted me to be named Anna after my mother, and it was also suggested that I should be named Fanny after her favorite sister who died. It was even proposed that I be called Weldina, but fortunately the name of my grandmother, Isabel, was decided upon.

One of my mother's letters to my father while he was in China reads:

'Baby and I play every day "Going to China to see papa." She gets that old cricket you had made for me by the sailors, puts it upside down, and plays it is a boat. Then she takes her dolls and rocks away until she says, "Dot to China!" Then she gets out and we walk hand in hand to the nursery and she rushes up to a horrible old rag baby without any legs and says, "How do, papa?" Then she adds, "This is just pretend."'

This cruise of my father's on the *Ashuelot* began in 1877. March 1st he embarked on the *Tokyo* from

San Francisco, and joined his ship at Hong Kong where he found 'A nice cabin and good servants.' He sailed up and down the coast, putting in at Canton, Shanghai, Chefoo, and other ports, and by November was at Tientsin.

In May he put in at Kiaochau.

'The American Consul, Mr. Lincoln, and the Reverend Mr. Preston, a missionary who offered to act as interpreter, and I walked about the city, the first Chinese town that I have been in. The Consul says it is a very dirty one; he is right, it is too filthy to describe. I sent our cards ahead to the taitai, who is the Chinese official highest in authority and he received us. I took the Consul, three officers in full dress uniform, and G., his clerk. We were obliged to go in chairs carried by coolies four miles into the interior, where the official resides with all the pomp and state possible.

'On both sides of the road were grave mounds as far as the eye could see, and when we got to the city, we passed through narrow dirty streets, both sides crowded with men and boys. The women peeped out of their doors at us, but they were not allowed to show themselves. The official received us with music and a salute of guns, and then we were pleasantly entertained with sweetmeats and wine and conversation.

'On Sunday the missionary Mr. Preston preached quite a good sermon on board and most of the officers and crew attended. The crew numbers about one hundred and twenty-five.'

Canton came next. 'The population of Canton is about a million. Families live in sampans at a cost

of about ten cents a day. Two pretty girls pull the boat and two steer. The sampan is covered with bamboo, and passengers sit under a kind of an awning. There are also large boats called flower boats, prettily decorated and filled with girls. Chinese gentlemen hire these for dinner parties; the girls wait on the guests, and after dinner sing and play.'

He seems to be interested in all babies, now that he has one of his own, for he says:

'There are always a great many boats about my ship, pulled by women who live on them with their children, and who usually have a little baby which they strap on their backs and carry that way when they have to row or do anything else. You hardly ever hear a Chinese baby cry. They have a funny custom about their babies. A child does not sit until it is four months old, but on that day the grandmother gives it a gaily painted chair and some molasses candy. This candy is stuck to the bottom of the chair and the child is then stuck to the candy. They think that in this way the child learns to sit quietly and will not require to be carried about in the arms. It amuses me to watch them from the ship, where I can look down upon them and see just how they live. They are continually going through their forms of worship, keeping little sticks burning before their images, and setting papers on fire to keep off evil spirits.

'Yesterday I went to one of the largest prisons here, where there are about three hundred convicts, a miserable lot. The building is surrounded by a wall, and inside it is divided into pens, about forty men to a pen, just like the cattle at Brighton. They

are poorly fed and clothed and not employed at any labor — only kept there until they are led out to be bambooed, tortured, strangled, boiled in oil, or executed. We also visited the execution grounds where we saw fresh blood and skulls. Seventeen men had their heads cut off two days ago. The whole place is only a little yard in the heart of the city. The country is so over-populated that life is regarded as nothing. Men will sometimes sell themselves and take the place of some criminal who is about to be beheaded.

'I also visited the Viceroy who governs forty millions of people. He received us pleasantly at his palace and gave us sweetmeats and wine, — a nice old fellow with quite a retinue of pipe bearers, fan bearers, and so forth. I also went in to see the Competitive Literary Examination where ten thousand students assemble from all over China once every three years, and from there to the Temple of Horrors, where there are statues of men being punished or tortured. We saw the Temple of War, and one of the temples dedicated to Confucius, and had quite a gay party with the Commissioner of Customs.

'We inspected some tea houses to witness the curing of tea leaves for the market — the Chinese drink it without its being prepared — and then we saw some Chinese painting porcelain. There are so many pretty things to buy here.

'The Viceroy returned my call, coming with a retinue and a bodyguard of about a hundred. I gave him lunch and all the honors I could think of. After that some of the Chinese swells called, and a mandarin who had never been among foreigners before.

Canton is one of the finest and richest cities in China.

FUCHAU, *June*, 1877

We are several miles out from the city, and are obliged to pull up the river in our boats. The stream is very high and the current strong, though the scenery is beautiful, for on both sides rise hills in terraces, cultivated to the very top. There has been a flood, the water runs through the city streets to a depth of four feet, and we can see the Chinese on the tops of their houses. A great many have been drowned and Chinese gunboats have been ordered here. Much suffering exists and the government expects riots among the natives. As for the foreigners, they live three miles back on high land and have escaped. This is one of the oldest of Chinese cities and even the great stone bridge that connects the two portions of the city, and that has stood ten thousand years has been partly swept away.

SHANGHAI, *July*, 1877

We dressed ship and have been invited by the Consul to lunch. An American man-of-war has come into port, the first I have seen here. There is a good club, the best in the East, I believe, an excellent hotel, and many pleasant people. The other day I went to a Chinese court and saw a lot of people tried and punished; four were bambooed and one woman slapped in the face with a leather strap. I did feel sorry for the poor creatures.

I have been up country one hundred and fifty miles on a fine boat with a Mr. Rice, and had a jolly

time, shooting three deer, some pheasants, quail, and a wild boar. From your photograph and Baby's I am having some portraits made, and another one of myself is being done to send you. I think they are very good and hope you will like them.

My father asks constantly in his letters after every member of the family, and sends his love to them. He worries about my mother and how and where she is and what her plans are. Every mail he sends her some little gift.

CHIFU, *August*, 1877

This place is about two hundred miles north of Shanghai, a watering resort where everybody comes who can afford it. There are comfortable hotels and fine bathing, good ponies to ride and excellent shooting. Our Minister, Seward, the nephew of Seward the statesman, is here with his family, and has made it very pleasant for me. I am invited out a great deal and dined with the Spanish minister the other night. The Forbes family, who have a handsome residence, are the swells as far as the Americans go. There was a regatta to-day and everything was very gay. I saw the start from the English gunboat *Fly*, and all the fashion from on shore was aboard her. We had two boats in the races and won the first sailing prize.

I hear the *Great Admiral* has come into Hong Kong, and I wrote Captain Thompson to ask him if he could take some vases back to you. Cholera has broken out at Tientsin, so I shall not go there until cold weather. It has been blowing a gale; we are two

miles out and I haven't been on shore for days. A little bird flew on board and I put him with my canary, but they don't get on well together. They have been flying about my office and I have been feeding them flies, so that the stranger has become very tame. A few days ago I went on shore for a long horseback ride, and saw the farmers gathering in their grain and thrashing it. The grain is winnowed by throwing it into the air with shovels and letting the wind blow away the chaff.

The young man whom my father had taken along to be his clerk did not turn out very well, for my father writes:

'All are happy on board except G., who growls because his father sent him. I wish he had never come and I don't know what is the matter with him. He has every comfort and no expenses. I am very nice to him and take him everywhere, but he doesn't seem to like anything. He is enough to make a saint swear.

'I am glad your father and mother like the baby and that you are all happy at Nahant together this summer. After all, I do not think it would do for you to come out here, for I have to move about so much and I would not like to leave you alone in this country.'

In the autumn he writes from his next port:

'Tientsin is about sixty miles up the Pai Ho river, a vast plain covered with forts and houses and graves. Coming up stream from the sea, it makes a very peculiar and interesting sight. At the mouth of the river are much larger and more extensive

fortifications than any we have. Here it was that the English and Americans about 1853 had such a severe fight with the Chinese that the commodore of our navy remarked that "the blood ran thicker than water." I always supposed it did but this water is very muddy.

'After we had passed the mud forts we came to a large city called Taku all built of wattled huts, put very close together, the clay being mixed with straw, and the people living in them like pigs. All the way up the river the land was covered with either vegetables or graves, and every few miles we would pass a large village. The Chinese bury their dead nearly on a level with the ground, and then pile dirt on top until it becomes a mound, and some of the graves that belong to wealthy people are quite high and nicely covered with mud.

'Tientsin is an awfully gloomy place, — nothing to do and the weather cold. The settlement where the foreigners live is about two miles out from the Chinese city. They have fine houses, excellent servants, and the markets are full of wild game, grapes and peaches. First class labor is ten cents a day. There are both Russian and English men-of-war here.

'Yesterday I went through the city. The streets are so filthy and the smells so bad that one has to hold his nose most of the time, and there are as many people in this town as in the city of New York. They have few comforts of any kind, and crowd together in hovels without fires. There is much cruelty here. A poor Chinaman, for stealing a little rice out of a broken bag, has been tied to a

tree all night opposite the ship, and the thermometer down to 24°. The people are so miserable, so patient, and suffer so much, one cannot help pitying them.

'News has come from Shanghai that the Vice Consul has pleaded guilty to nineteen charges, which embrace almost everything but murder. It is strange that our consuls are such a poor lot, when other countries are so well represented abroad.'

Later he says:

'I made the Sewards a visit in Pekin, going about one hundred and twenty-five miles by water from Tientsin. G. and I took a boat, the same kind of a boat that they have for going up the Nile, a cook, a steward, some bedding, and so on, for when one travels in this country and passes the night at a Chinese inn, he takes up his bed and walks. All along the way the country was very level, nothing but mud villages and mounds to mark the graves. The crops have not been good, and it is rumored that ten thousand people will die of starvation in this province alone. I hope that G. will go home soon; he is neither useful nor ornamental.

'The Sewards entertain a great deal, especially among the diplomats. The French Minister has been very polite to me, and has asked me to visit him. All the English gentlemen race their ponies, and everybody bets, so I went to the races and lost three dollars. I bought so many things — furs, porcelains, and such, that I shall leave Pekin dead broke. However I am satisfied; riches do not always buy happiness.'

After he had spent a few days at the American

Legation in Peking, he and G. started for the Great Wall of China, riding horseback part of the way, and taking donkeys later. At Tientsin he writes again, 'As I have not received orders to remain at Tientsin all winter, I shall leave soon for Shanghai, for the river has begun to freeze, and we are so out of the world here. Shanghai is the best place in China and I shall be glad to see my friends and other officers again.'

By the middle of December my father had reached there. 'Last Saturday,' he writes, 'I went up country and passed the week-end. It is quite the thing here for gentlemen to go up the river in their house-boats. We expect the *Tennessee* in a few days, and then we shall be kept busy having drills and inspections. I believe they are going to have two balls on shore. To-morrow I dine with some Germans and then go to a German Theatre where members of the Germanic Club are going to act. I have been invited to dine with the Glovers on New Year's. Cowles, my old friend, who is in command of one of the ships lying in port, came on board with his wife for luncheon. She keeps house in Yokohama and has invited me to stay there whenever I am nearby.'

Later he continues:

'We had quite an exciting week, with the holidays and the Admiral here. Yesterday we had inspection. My ship, he said, was in splendid order, and as he found a great deal of fault with the other captains, I was much pleased. He is very nice, and said he was going to send me to Japan before long, and then probably to Siam. He told Mrs. Cowles that he wished he had as much confidence in his other cap-

tains as he had in me. I know you would like to hear this, but do not repeat it, as it might look as if I were bragging. Mrs. Cowles gave me her black and tan dog, and I now have a pair of bantam chickens, as well as some carrier pigeons, and the canary.

'I have decided to go up country two or three hundred miles for some more shooting, but I shall not take G. He and I never go anywhere together now. After all my kindness to him, I shall never get over his behavior.'

A month after this another letter comments as follows:

'The weather has been very bad for the past month, blowing and raining most of the time. There has not been much to write about, and I fear my letters have been much alike. I have been thinking of our cosy, happy little home, and I am sad not to be with you. Sometimes I get very blue and homesick, but I suppose I shall have to grin and bear our separation.

'G. has taken his mattress and blankets, — he does not use sheets, — and gone ashore. I have not asked where he was going. He says he must have wine every night; every gentleman has wine.'

A subsequent letter says: 'A few nights ago, coming back to the ship, G. came near drowning me while I was trying to save his life. He had been drinking and fell out of the boat.'

The next letter concludes the matter: 'I said to G. this morning that I would accept his suggestion about his going home, and he has departed. I am glad that he has gone, for he behaved very badly and I have certainly been kind to him. I am very sorry over the whole affair.'

NAGASAKI. *The spring of* 1878

This is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. There has been a large fire ashore, and it was much fun to see the Japs in great excitement with their fire uniforms and fire gods. Japan is perfectly lovely after China.

My officers have been changed a good many times. The wife of one of my lieutenants follows the ship about, but it is a very hard life for a woman, unless she is strong. I have bought you a little Japanese dog. I never miss a mail in sending you a letter, but my hair is turning gray very rapidly, and soon you will be an old man's darling.

From Kobe my mother heard from him that Admiral Patterson had been very kind and so had the Cowles, with whom he had been staying ashore. 'Mrs. Cowles was a Miss Sherman and her father is talked of for the next President. One of the naval officers has lost his wife; she died at Shanghai of cholera. I am so thankful you did not come out.'

The *Ashuelot* was ordered southward, after passing the summer in Japan. His ship stopped first at Pakhoi where he went ashore shooting and got several birds and dined with Chinese officials on birds' nest soup and shark fins and so forth. He occasionally speaks of dining in the ward room with the officers, and says that he has heard that two naval officers stationed on other ships have committed suicide. Once more he mentions G. 'I hear a story that G. has jumped overboard in the Red Sea. I do not believe it is true, but let me know if he reaches home or you hear anything.' As a matter of fact, my

father was right and G. did reach home in perfect safety.

He sailed soon after this for the Philippines, and at Manila writes:

'Had a very rough trip from Hong Kong. A murder has been committed here on an American ship, the steward killing the captain, and I am obliged to remain until it is settled. It is quite gay here with operas and balls, and parties in honor of the British Admiral. Though it is very hot and unhealthy, and there is a good deal of fever, so far I have kept well. I invested in a Manila lottery and drew nothing. I fear I shall never become rich except by the sweat of my brow. . . .

'I have been for a trip in the mountains where it was quite pleasant but rough, sleeping in native houses on bamboo floors, for the houses are built on stilts some distance from the ground, so as to keep out dampness and serpents. The vegetation is very rich, but the inhabitants are very lazy.

'The head of the firm of Peele and Hubbell, a Mr. Tucker, is here from Boston and knows all your family, and has invited me to stay at his house. Seraphina Loring's uncle Orezalo, who used to visit in Boston, is here also, and I met a Spaniard who went for four years to your Uncle Stephen Weld's school in Jamaica Plain, Señor José de Carvajal.'

By January, 1879, my father had reached Bangkok. 'I have had a very bad passage over from Manila and am glad to get here. I am busy sightseeing, for so far there is more of interest here than all the rest of my cruise heretofore has afforded. Many people have come on board the *Ashuelot*, and the King gave

me an audience and placed a yacht at my disposal. He had a play at the theatre especially ordered for us, and entertained us with dancing girls beautifully arrayed in gold and jewels. I even witnessed the cremation of one of the nobles, the King started the fire himself. Besides, I have been presented with a white cockatoo, a Siamese cat, a bear, and a monkey.

While he was at Bangkok, he received an invitation to a Siamese festival, and writes an account of it, a portion of which reads:

'The *Sokan Festival* was in honor of the coming of age and the hair cutting of the princess of highest rank in the kingdom, and the ceremonies were as splendid and elaborate as it was possible to make them. They lasted six days and were held in a square adjoining the royal palace. Around this square were stalls and seats for spectators, according to their rank, and the square itself was covered with puppet shows, booths, and refreshment stands, where people were regaled at the expense of the Government.

'But what was really splendid and dazzling was called "Trailaht," seemingly a mountain of gold, on the top of which was a gilt temple, where the final ceremonies of this royal *Sokan Festival* took place. On this mountain and about the temple were artificial trees full of automatic birds, monkeys, snakes, and there were pools of water full of artificial fish, and images of people moved by machinery. On the temple steps stood Lukuan girls with huge artificial wings which they waved or flapped about. All the attendants and every one in the temple had these wings, and I was given to under-

stand that within the precincts of the temple everything was supposed to represent heaven.

'Later,' he says, 'I went up one hundred miles into the interior to see the old capital, which was destroyed by tribes from Burmah some two hundred years ago. All the old temples are still standing, and are well worth visiting — a mass of barbaric splendor.'

He stopped at Sagon, owned by the French, and dined with the Governor General.

'On our way back from Sagon, the weather became so violent that I thought it advisable to put into some port for safety, so I dropped anchor in a little bay off Tonkin Gulf, which lies along Cochin China. This part of the coast belongs to the Annamites, a very poor and miserable people. There has been a great famine and many thousands have died of starvation. I went ashore and it was hard to see such suffering. I sent one family bread and rice; they consisted of father, mother, and six small children, all skin and bones. They were literally starving to death.

'Ours was the first American ship the people had ever seen, for they know very little outside the happenings of their own villages. They had never heard of America, and were very anxious to know what we had come for, because they were afraid we might attack them.

'Yesterday we visited another miserable little town, and since we were the first foreigners ever seen there, we were a great curiosity. Some of the ports have never been open to foreigners. We sent our cards to the Chinese official, but apparently he

did not like our coming ashore and would not receive us. However, we entered the walled city just the same, with the aid of an interpreter.'

Near the end of this cruise General Grant and his party visited the Far East and were entertained on board the *Ashuelot*, which took them on a trip, visiting Canton and Macao. The log of his ship reads:

'As the guests passed by, there was a constant firing of salutes and dipping of flags from the gunboats and river boats, and when they reached Shameen in the evening, the Consulate was all decked with lanterns and twenty illuminated war junks burned signal lights and fired rockets.

'The General visited the Consulate and received guests there, and then went to pay a visit of ceremony to the Viceroy at his Yamen, going in chairs and preceded by a body of troops and mounted mandarins. All traffic had come to a stop because the pressure of the crowd to get a glimpse of the distinguished foreigner was so great. Tens of thousands of Chinese lined the road.

'When the Yamen was reached, the chairs were deposited inside and an escort of five hundred military and mandarins lined the way to the Viceroy and his suite. The Viceroy himself led the General to a seat. Tea made *à la Chinoise* was served in delicate cups and a lively conversation took place. At the ringing of a bell, the Viceroy rose and conducted General Grant to another apartment. With due regard to the order of precedence, the party and officials formed a procession and marched to a room where refreshments had been laid on a large table.

'When all were arranged in place, the spectacle was very fine, naval, military, and consular uniforms contrasting well with the rich dresses of the Chinese, and the throng of at least three hundred servants in costumes of different districts forming a background. With the exception of the glasses, the knives and forks, all the dishes on the table were Chinese and consisted of that ceramic ware for which China is so celebrated. The Viceroy pledged his guests repeatedly and seemed to enjoy his Clicquot. After about eighty dishes were served, the signal was given by the Viceroy and each guest was presented with his hat by a servant, while other servants brought lights for the cigars which were handed round. Then the procession formed again and returned to the dining-room, where the visitors took their leave.'

My father's last letter from the Orient is dated from Hong Kong. It begins: 'I shall certainly be home by June 1st, and in three weeks after you receive this, I shall be with you. I am very happy. It is of no use for me to write you a long letter, though I could write a thousand pages!'

CHAPTER XI

FURLING HIS SAILS

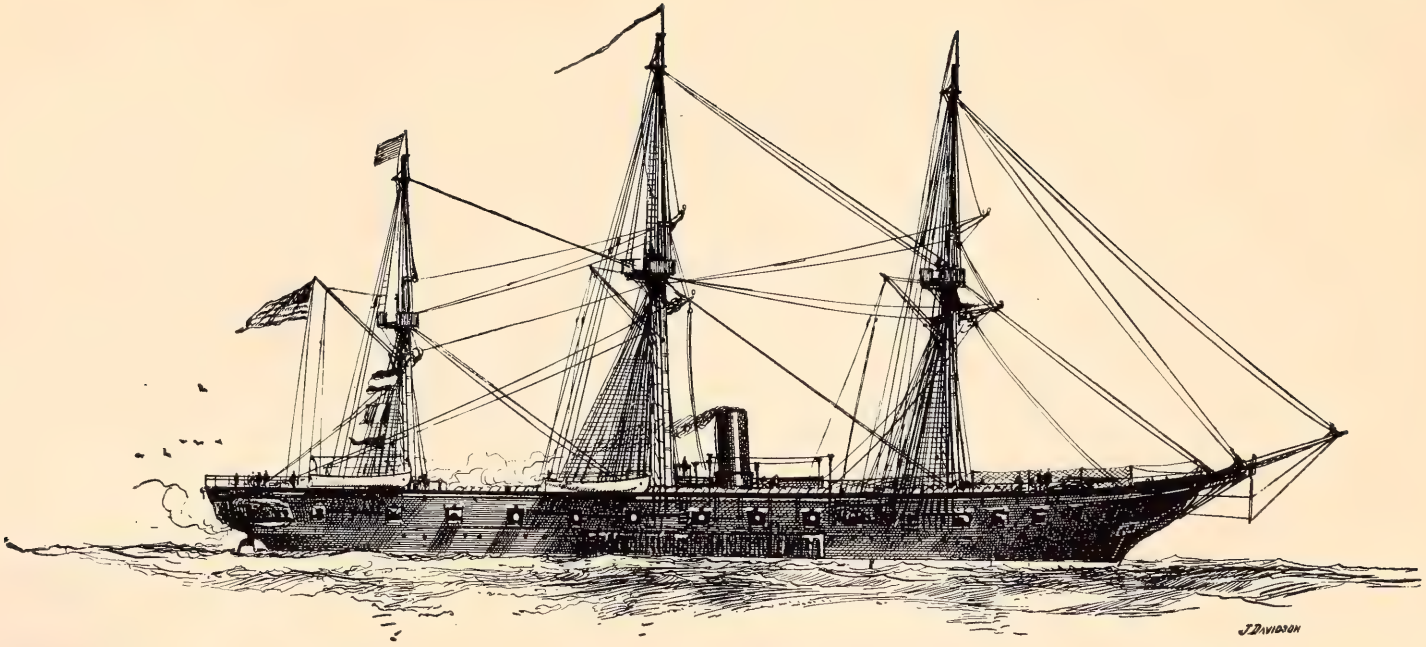
AFTER the *Ashuelot's* cruise to the Orient, my father was given a number of years' leave, for his health was not very good. His last voyage was on the Pacific, on board the *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's ship in the Civil War. She was a sloop-of-war with auxiliary steam power capable of propelling her eight knots an hour. Built in 1859, her first trip was to China in that year. She had a greater tonnage and was more formidable than the ordinary ship of the line in use during the sixties, and carried twenty-two nine-inch Dahlgren guns. When my father commanded her in 1884, Admiral Upshur was in charge of the fleet. At Mare Island before starting, he states that he is very busy getting the vessel in order and that he has many disputes to settle — 'very bad for my disposition.' All his officers, he declares, are married and homesick, too. He says he wishes that he had resigned and stayed at home, but after all, he expects to be retired and able to do so after this cruise. He speaks of how happy his home is. He worries a great deal about my mother's plans and her health while he is away. He writes of the drills, the inspections, the hops on board, and the dinners and picnics and theatres on shore.

After staying a day or so at San Francisco, he continues: 'We are steaming along the Mexican coast; it is a hot but a beautiful day.' Later he mentions the heavy rains and the gales, and that the

ports on this coast are 'horrible holes.' He expects Admiral Upshur to join him on board soon — 'I hope I shall get along with him, but it is risky to put two old fellows together on one ship.' Later, when the Admiral does join him, he says: 'The Admiral is on board and his staff, everything very pleasant. . . . He is very nice to me. We walk on shore together a good deal. He plays tennis and dances and is quite a beau. Very temperate in his habits and with a cheery disposition. We live very well on board, mess together, and I like the Admiral very much. He is sixty-one years old but seems about forty. We entertain a great deal and often play whist of an evening.' They became great friends.

The President of Nicaragua invited them to the city of Guatemala about sixty miles from the coast, and my father found the place very beautiful. At Mazatlan there was sickness as well as a gale blowing, so they did not stop. Acapulco was disagreeable, and the ship's engines gave out. Throughout a terrible thunder storm my father was on deck all the while. He admits, 'I am very busy, and a flagship is a pretty lively place.' He mentions also the towns of Pichilicque, and San José. At different ports they entertained a Mexican General, a Governor, and an American Minister, but he declares that the Chinese coast is a paradise in comparison.

Two officers were condemned by the doctor and sent home because they could not stand the climate, but he kept well, however. They cruised down to Peru, touched at Payta and Callao, and went seven miles inland to Lima. A letter comments: 'In these Spanish towns the women are rather pretty, but none



U.S.S. HARTFORD

as pretty as you, Anna, my wife.' They made another inland trip of three days to the Andes, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The scenery he declared superb.

He served on a court martial to investigate the conduct of the chief engineer, and then on another one to consider 'some irregular business' concerning the paymasters.

In Peru there was a revolution going on and fighting in the streets. Lima he found an interesting city with a good deal of wealth there, and thought it well named 'the Paris of the south.' The sailors were sent on shore one day and the Admiral reviewed the troops. There were eight men-of-war in port, and they called on all the Captains and the American Minister, and boat races took place. They also entertained the President and foreign Ministers.

Ensign Hugh Rodman was a shipmate on this cruise. He became prominent in the Great War. When last I saw him, he remarked, 'I hope you got all my love letters I sent you some years ago.' I was rather surprised, but he continued, 'Your father, when he was on the *Hartford*, used to dictate to me the letters he sent to you.'

Hugh Rodman also kept the logs of this cruise and wrote some descriptions of the places visited, and the following selections are taken from his notes on Chili and Hawaii:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP *Hartford*
PACIFIC STATION, VALPARAISO
CHILI, *Dec.* 12, 1884

Santiago is built on a plain, at the foot of the mountains and on the banks of the Maipocho river, and in

this city the houses, like others in the countries subject to earthquakes, are made of adobe bricks and covered with red tile roofs. They are as fine as any that you will see in our large cities, but few residences in the States have gardens or surroundings that can begin to compare with some of these. The city has a most magnificent and beautifully equipped theatre, surpassing the majority of theatres in Europe in elegance and completeness. It is a state institution and offers very liberal inducements to the best artists.

The building will long be remembered by me for the reason that last Sunday about noon, I went around with two other officers of our ship, bent on sight-seeing, and while we were sitting in one of the rear seats on the lower floor of the house, a man suddenly rushed across the stage in a frantic manner and disappeared. At the same time all the globes on the chandeliers began trembling and a low rumbling noise, like a carriage on a paved road, was heard. Two or three sudden jerks shook the building. When we reached the street, we found it full of people, the women kneeling and praying, the men with heads uncovered and beating their breasts and chanting. The shock was a very heavy one but no serious damage was done.

One of the officers whom he mentions was my father, and I remember, as a child, having him tell me all about the earthquake. The log continues:

'The people of Chili are hospitable, kind, and refined; they are intelligent and well educated. The enthusiasm over Blaine's defeat and Cleveland's

election is beyond comprehension. You can talk to them of nothing else when they find out you are from the United States.'

Rodman's notes continue when they reach Hawaii:

'On landing one is impressed with the number of fast clipper-built brigs and brigantines that line the docks, and the amount of traffic in loading and discharging them, and at the number of small steamers and schooners which ply between the different islands of the group. The smaller ones act as feeders, bringing freight to Honolulu, where it is shipped, generally to San Francisco, by the larger sailing vessels, and by a line of steamers owned by Claus Spreckels, the sugar king of the Hawaiian Islands.

'We had an excellent opportunity to witness the fire brigade at work on what promised to be a large fire, but fortunately only four or five buildings were consumed before the blaze was extinguished. When the engines reached the scene, two large frame buildings were in flames, and the frame livery stable next to them was on the edge of catching but was saved by good work and a well-organized corps of firemen. The *Hartford* sent a detail of one hundred men on shore to lend a hand, and they did some excellent service with axes, going where no one else would dare venture, and where no one but a sailor could go without ladders. Unfortunately one of our men, named Gatrell, who was on liberty and sleeping in one of the buildings that were destroyed, was burned to death, and his remains were buried on shore the day following.

'Beyond the Pali, in the lowlands at its base, are some of the finest plantations on the island, produc-

ing annually vast quantities of sugar and rice, and on the land that remains uncultivated are large herds of fine, fat cattle, sheep, and horses.[1] I visited a plantation devoted to sugar and cattle-raising, and spent several days there. It is a large tract of land, comprising thirteen thousand acres, of which over seven thousand are in sugar alone, and five hundred more in rice and *tara*. On the estate is situated the owner's sugar mill, of the most improved and up-to-date kind.

'There is a plant here, called by the natives, *tara*, and is allied to the wild turnip. It grows under water in the soft muddy bottoms of ponds made for that purpose. Baked and ground, it forms the natives' staple food and is called *poi*. It is said that after having been up all night where there has been too much to drink and you have to put your hat on with an oiled shoe horn, that a cocktail with a spoonful of *poi* will diminish considerably the size of your cranium, and if when drinking, you will eat *poi* between drinks, it will keep you from having what is technically called a "head."

'Any one who sees Hawaiian royalty here for the first time would be most amused by it, for it has some rather ridiculous features. The King, Kalakaua I, is a well-educated man, and is certainly a well-informed and accomplished conversationalist. When he is acting in the capacity of a king, he is very dignified, but let him get off duty and away from Honolulu, well out into the country where the eyes

[1] In this place, as in Paraguay, my father would go on shore and have great fun rounding up the cattle. He visited the MacFarlands here on the *Lackawanna* cruise, as well.

of neither the public nor the missionaries are upon him, and he is anything but dignified. Some time ago a party of us went down with him on the steamer *Waimanale*, to the plantation of the same name, and the contrast of the way in which he was received on board with his actions half an hour afterwards was rather amusing.

'Most of our party were officers from the ship and were on the deck of the *Waimanale* when the King came down in his carriage. The Hawaiian royal band was also on board, and as he arrived the band played the national Hawaiian anthem. We all stood and made our best bow as he came over the side, and for several minutes said nothing, keeping our hats off and remaining standing. The King asked us to be seated, and engaged one of us in conversation about the weather, or something of the kind, but the answers were always, "Yes, your Majesty," or "No, your Majesty." This continued for probably half an hour, when from the motion of the small steamer most of the party became seasick, leaving me alone with the King. We were soon discussing topics of general interest, and during the hour that followed I did most of the listening and he did most of the talking. I found that he was an exceedingly well-posted man.

'His manner in the meantime entirely changed, and on several occasions while we were talking he remarked that "the sun was over the foreyard," and thereupon his servant produced a bottle of good Kentucky whiskey. I am happy to say that some of the others of the party eventually gathered strength enough to come and help him finish a bottle or two of

whiskey and several of champagne, for if I had been left alone with him much longer the sun would have been double over the foreyard.

'And yet the King is never tight, though he can put any man under the table, who drinks with him.

'A few evenings ago, with the King, the Admiral, Captain Perkins, and several of the King's ministers, and one or two officers from the ship, I visited the house of the Dowager Queen Emma, who had just died, to witness the ceremonies over her body. In the main hall were a number of *kahilis*, or large brushes, made of the most magnificent feathers, that must have cost thousands of dollars, while over the dark velvet covering of the coffin were spread two of the famous robes, made of the feathers of the bird which has but two tiny yellow plumes, one under each wing. On either side of the coffin stood two *kahili* men, waving their *kahilis* every few minutes backwards and forwards over the coffin, keeping perfect time without orders or signals, reminding me very much of a silent drill.

'Outside of this room on the veranda sat the King and our party, and near us a chorus of natives sang songs composed for the late Queen, accompanying themselves on guitars, making very soft and sweet music, for native airs are very plaintive. On the grounds below were crowds of natives, only waiting for the slightest encouragement to break into the funeral dance or *hula hula*, but were prevented by the police from indulging in such a savage custom. It had been the intention of the Admiral to send our battalion to take part in the funeral ceremonies, but a heavy rain caused the funeral to be delayed a week,

and we were compelled to sail for San Francisco in the meantime.'

At the end of this cruise and after forty years' service in the navy, my father retired. His friends were more urgent than ever that he be given fuller recognition of his services during the war, and the rank of Commodore. Some selections from the letters that follow show how his naval friends felt about the matter.

A letter from Admiral Belknap, written to my aunt, is appended:

BROOKLINE, MASS.
March 19, 1896

DEAR MISS PERKINS,

George's work in the New London alone on the Mississippi, showed far more gallantry, coolness and decision of character and incidentally more peril of exposure than the privateering exploit for which another officer got special Congressional recognition.

George ought to have been promoted on Mobile Bay on the spot — there should be no question of Congressional approval — the whole service — the old war part of it — would say Amen most heartily even ask that he be given more — there is no doubt of this for I hear the talk that goes round.

An officer wrote me the other day that 'Sam has been promoted.' When you reflect that, as an older officer than George, this same man was offered and declined the command of the *Chickasaw* for the matter of Mobile Bay, preferring to remain at New Orleans, you may well scoff at the irony of fate and

at the system that makes him an Admiral while it only gives your brother with the most distinguished record in that fight — next after Farragut — only the rank of Captain to this day. Well, I hope the matter will be righted soon. Meanwhile if George is again asked to take the gubernatorial nomination in New Hampshire and he will accept — I'll engage to stump the state for him —

Sincerely yours
GEO. BELKNAP

MISS SUSAN G. PERKINS
CONCORD, N.H.

I am happy to say that the bill passed and my father was promoted, as the following letter shows:

AUSTIN, TEXAS, *Dec.* 26, 1896

Commodore Geo. H. Perkins, U.S.N.

DEAR COMMODORE,

I was so delighted to see your promotion to the grade of Commodore in to-day's dispatches I could not resist writing you my congratulations. You and myself are about all the officers left that served on board the old *Chickasaw* on the 5th of August, 1864, and I will add that no *Braver Truer Kindlier* man ever commanded ship than Lieut. Comdr Geo. H. Perkins. I was there at the *time and know what I am saying*. I congratulate you again.

Respectfully &c.
E. P. BARTLETT

Late 1st asst Engr
U.S.S. *Chickasaw*, 1864

My recollections of my father are that when I was

a child he was very good to me and I adored him. July and August we spent at Newport, the winters in Boston, and the spring and autumn in New Hampshire where the saddle horses were tied in the morning outside the door and when we went anywhere, we went on horseback. He directed the people on the farm at their work, and I often helped with the haying or the apple picking. We rounded up the colts in truly western fashion every autumn, or put out the forest fires. Both were very exciting. Breaking colts, swimming horses in the pond, and an occasional dog fight kept us quite lively. The bathing and tennis and polo at Newport and meeting new people gave him pleasure, and he enjoyed the men at the club — all these made a change.

What he liked most in winter was sleighing and racing his fast trotters on the old Boston milldam. I always went with him, and we had some narrow escapes and a few collisions. I enjoyed it as much as he did. We knew all the drivers and he had a jolly word for all.

One item in a Boston paper published about this time said, 'There is talk in official circles at Washington of making Captain G. H. Perkins of this city, now retired, Commodore. That is all right, but this winter with the Flying Squadron on the snowpath, he has been Admiral.'

When there was no snow, we drove daily out to Brookline to see Mr. Forbes Freeman of the Weld office, who lived in my cousin Charlie Weld's cottage, 'Saint's Rest,' which my father and mother had occupied soon after they were married, and while my father was on lighthouse duty. He and Mr. Free-

man had a cigar together and a little talk. Then I was given some flowers and we returned.

At Christmas he always took me to Professor Charles Sargent's for the tree. He had been best man at my father's wedding and their friendship dated back to the war. In the morning he walked regularly up to the Somerset Club, but came back to lunch. In the evenings he and my mother and I sat about the lamp, and I studied while they talked or read. He was a great reader of memoirs. Occasionally he went to a man's dinner with old war comrades, or we went to the theatre, and we always took Sunday night high tea with Grandmother Weld.

My mother read the newspapers constantly, and her favorite game was backgammon. She painted very pretty water-color landscapes. When she was abroad with Miss Louisa Alcott, they met a fascinating Polish nobleman, who became very devoted to my mother and for some years before she was married he wrote her the most delightful letters.

She was especially fond of flowers and always looked them over very carefully. One day when examining a carnation, she remarked, 'They seem to have a very good pinking machine in heaven; the edge of this carnation is exquisite.'

Although not very strong physically, my mother was a remarkable woman in many ways. She had a fund of amusing stories, and her mind was keen and her memory extraordinary. She had real wit. Her eyes were large and dark, and she was very pretty. In later years her hair was thick and snowy white, her skin soft and white like a child's. Her interest in the topics of the day was lively; she liked young

people and enjoyed having company. I often said, 'She is younger than I am.'

She outlived my father by a quarter of a century, and died on the anniversary of my father's birthday, October 20, 1924.

Larz Anderson and I were married in 1897, but since we lived in Brookline at 'Weld,' named for my grandfather, we often went in to see my father and mother at 123 Commonwealth Avenue.

In 1899 my father was taken with a heart attack when out driving his fast trotters with Schuyler Crosby, an old war-time friend. After three days of suffering, in which he was uncomplaining and plucky to the end, he said, 'The time has come to furl my sails.'

On his coffin, covered with the Stars and Stripes, was laid his sword. Twelve bluejackets laid him to rest in Forest Hills Cemetery, after a service at the Arlington Street Church. Minute guns boomed on all the ships and flags were at half mast in all the Navy Yards.

Some of the comments from newspaper articles after his death follow:

'Many men have been brave in time of danger, and many have shown the spirit in every day life, but few have been the true hero at all times and under all circumstances that he has been, — never wavering or faltering but doing his duty and what he considered right, regardless of the world's praise or condemnation.

'Quick, witty, and full of humor, he was the most delightful companion. He will never die to those who knew and loved him, for we can still feel the

hearty grasp of his hand and hear the merry ring of his voice.

'He was a hard fighter, and few officers in the Navy have such a record for bravery and daring.'

Here are some of the tributes given to my father's memory by several of those who knew him.

From Charles Augustus Williams, an old acquaintance in Hawaii: 'A friend of more than thirty years, noble, generous, true, with all the manly traits, of most loving genial disposition, — one who wrote his name large in his country's history, and also wrote it deep in the hearts of his friends. He was of the rare type that men both love and honor.'

From General John C. Palfrey: 'Our friendship was an old one and no shadow ever fell upon it. I met him first in New Orleans after the fleet had passed the river forts, just as he took the first step across the threshold of his brilliant and distinguished career. In the years that followed I was often with him, and in Mobile Bay I stayed with him on the *Chickasaw*, so that I early had opportunity to learn his fine and engaging qualities and to feel the spell which attached him to all who knew him. His merry disposition, quick wit, cordial kindness, and brave manliness have made the world a happier place for many.'

From Professor Charles S. Sargent of Brookline, who first met him during the Civil War: 'Every member of this family loved your father. He has been a friend of every one of the children ever since they were born; and for thirty-six years he and I have had constant and cordial relations of the most delightful nature. Every one of us always felt and

said that we could depend on him in every emergency and no one but your mother and yourself will miss him more than we shall. His death brings a profound sorrow into this household.'

From John S. Barnes of the Navy, written to my aunt, Miss Perkins: 'You know we were classmates at Annapolis, warm friends there and afterwards. . . . He was beyond compare the most worthily brilliant officer of his age, and did more real personal service to the country during those trying days than any man that can be called a contemporary. Every naval officer that I know, young or old, would have rejoiced if Farragut in the full tide of his successes at New Orleans and Mobile had been less self-absorbing of credit, and had added to his own professional renown by urging the promotion of those officers to whom he was chiefly indebted for his victories, and amongst them, and most prominent, were Commodore Bailey and your brother.'

A statue of my father was erected in the State House grounds of Concord, New Hampshire. Daniel Chester French was the sculptor, and it was formally unveiled by me April 15, 1902. The statue stands upon a solid block of granite, carved to represent the prow of a ship. On the capstone are bas reliefs representing Peace and War. My father is in full-dress uniform, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, his right holding his hat. On the pedestals at the end of the seats are two other reliefs in bronze, one representing the passing of the forts at New Orleans, and the other the battle of Mobile Bay when he commanded the *Chickasaw*.

(The Inscription beneath the Statue)

GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS

Commodore United States Navy
Born at Hopkinton, New Hampshire
October 20, 1835
Died in Boston, Massachusetts
October 28, 1899.

Entered the Navy as Midshipman October 1, 1851, and served his country with honor forty-eight years.

Genial and Lovable as a Man — Able and Resourceful as an Officer — Gallant and Inspiring as a Leader — His Intrepid Conduct at the Passage of the Forts below New Orleans — His Heroism in the Surrender of that City — His Skill and Daring on Notable Occasions on the Mississippi River and in the Gulf of Mexico — His Achievements in Mobile Bay when as Commander of the Chickasaw He Compelled the Surrender of the Tennessee Won from the Navy Unqualified Admiration and from Farragut these Words:

'The Bravest Man That Ever Trod the Deck of a Ship.'

At the unveiling of the statue the addresses were made by President Tucker of Dartmouth College and Admiral Belknap, and the following quatrain by W. G. C. Kimball was read:

'Through captured city's sullen streets
He walks almost alone;
The brave young sailor's valorous deeds
Outlive memorial stone.'

In 1911 a replica of the Concord statue was unveiled at Annapolis. My father's classmate, Admiral Thomas Selfridge, made a fine address, and so also did Admiral Upshur.

About this time Admiral George E. Belknap, who had a fine naval record, wrote to Governor John D. Long: 'As a lifelong associate of the late Commodore Perkins, and with a thorough knowledge of his service record, I beg to express the hope that the Department will see its way clear to the honoring of Governor Rollins's [of New Hampshire] suggestion to name one of the new torpedo boats George H. Perkins. In my judgment the annals of our naval service contain no name more distinguished for gallant, intrepid, and heroic service in the face of the enemy than was displayed by that sterling officer on several occasions during the Civil War a generation ago. I feel sure the entire personnel of the service would applaud.'

During Roosevelt's time, I am happy to say, a torpedo boat destroyer was named after my father, and it played a part in the Great War. About the same time a quartermaster's boat was named after General Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, my husband's great-uncle of whom I shall speak in the following chapter.

The torpedo boat destroyer *Perkins* was launched from Fore River in Quincy, Massachusetts, and was christened by me with a bottle of champagne. As the boat slipped down into the water, cheers from all those on the stand were taken up by hundreds along the waterside, and all the tugs blew their whistles.

CHAPTER XII

THE ANDERSONS OF 'GOLDMINES'

WITH the coming of the Cavaliers to Virginia came the Andersons and settled in what is still known as the Tidewater — that long fertile peninsula, rich with alluvial soil, that extends down into Chesapeake Bay. Here were first granted large tracts of land, which the English Cavaliers transformed into plantations, scattered along river bank and sea coast and reaching back into the forest.

English manor houses were built with cabins for the servants and farm buildings for offices. They were usually of wood, occasionally of brick and comparatively seldom of stone, but they had an air of distinction and the customs of their occupants were the customs of the English gentry. Down by the water lay little wharfs where laden pinnaces were moored and in the level reaches were fields of wheat, barley, and tasseled corn. Cows grazed and black servants worked at beating flax or tending the dairy or making perry wine.

Such an establishment was 'Goldmines,' the early Virginia home of the Andersons. They brought loyalty to the King, as befitted the first gentry of the land. Not only up to the time of the Revolution, but also in later years, they filled offices in the service of their country, as members of Congress, officers in the army (there being, after the Civil War, four of the family with the rank of General) governors of states, ministers plenipotentiary, and ambassadors.

About 1633 there came the ship *Bonaventure* to Jamestown, which brought, among other passengers from England, a Thomas Anderson who settled on the Virginia Tidewater. Later a brother Richard arrived on the *Transport of London*, and still later his father Richard crossed on the *Merchant Hope* to join his sons.

The counties on the Tidewater were loyal ones, as their names, Gloucester, New Kent, King and Queen, King William, and Hanover, indicate. Evidently Richard Anderson the father, or the son above-mentioned, received a patent from Sir William Berkeley, then Governor of the Colony, to some lands in Gloucester County in 1662. The same Richard Anderson also appears as witness to a will, which was filed in York County in 1647. The fact that he was in favor with that sturdy Conservative Sir William Berkeley, who has come down to fame as 'thanking God there was no free schools nor printing presses in Virginia and hoping there would be none for hundreds of years to come,' stamps Richard Anderson as loyal to his King and hostile to Cromwell's Commonwealth. The Virginia of the day had been divided into factions previous to 1652. Then the Virginia Assembly had recognized the commissioners of Cromwell and Sir William had quietly retired from the governorship to his plantation, 'Green Spring,' while a Puritan, Richard Bennett, succeeded him. But on the restoration of Charles II, Virginia passed again into the hands of the King and Berkeley became once more the autocrat in 1660. The Anderson grant in 1662 would then appear possibly to be a recognition of loyalty to the Stuarts.

Robert Anderson, son of the Thomas who came on the *Bonaventure*, was born about 1644, and married Cecelia Massie who dwelt in Kent. In his middle years he, too, received a grant, a tract of land in New Kent on the north side of the Chickahominy Swamp, for the developing of which he received the transportation of fifteen persons into the Colony. When St. Paul's parish was laid off from St. Peter's, his home fell within the precincts of the new parish, and he is recorded by Bishop Meade as vestryman of the latter from 1705 to 1712. The estate of his son, Robert Anderson the second, also increased, for in 1690 he had received a patent for twelve hundred acres on the south side of York River, which allowed for the transportation of twenty-four persons.

Robert the second appears to have held the rank of captain in the county militia; he was also a justice of the peace, a member of the Quorum, and was appointed to settle accounts between the two recently divided parishes. He married Mary Overton.

Other members of the family were office holders. Matthew was a vestryman, a warden, and a member of the House of Burgesses. Richard Anderson was sheriff of King and Queen County in 1709, and William Anderson was a justice of the peace, and later a sheriff in King William County. Vestrymen, church wardens, captains, justices of the peace and members of the House of Burgesses appear again and again in the records. The early marriages of the Andersons connected them with the names of Massie, Garland, Overton, Clough, and Pointdexter.

Robert Anderson the third, and called of 'Goldmines,' St. Martin's Parish, Hanover County,

Planter, was born in 1712. There are records of many patents and transfers of his lands. He it was who took up the patent on the Chickahominy which his grandfather had allowed to lapse, an extensive tract in New Kent. The portion in which he lived was set off in 1704, as Hanover County, and here he built the mansion house he called 'Goldmines.' In 1745 he was still living in St. Paul's parish, but in 1751 he had removed to St. Martin's where he was justice of the peace in 1768. He married in 1739 Elizabeth Clough, daughter of Richard Clough of St. Peter's parish, whose wife had been Ann Pointdexter. He died at 'Goldmines' in 1792, leaving as children, Mary, Samuel, Elizabeth, Robert, a captain of the militia who married Elizabeth Shelton, Matthew, also a captain, who married a Dabney, and Ann, who married the Honorable Anthony New, several times a member of Congress.

Richard Clough Anderson, whose story follows, the son of Robert the third, was born at 'Goldmines' on the 12th of January, 1750. This home still stands with massive timbers and great outside chimneys, between Rocky Mills, the home at that time of Colonel John Syme, and what was then the magnificent plantation of the Dabneys. Richard was brought up at 'Goldmines' with the best school training which the condition of the province then afforded. He inherited a love for field sports that characterized him throughout his life, and gained exact knowledge of the country for miles about, and a physical endurance almost equal to that of the wild animals which he followed. Thus endued with great physical strength and marked judgment and discretion, he

was well fitted for the career of patriot and soldier upon which he entered at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, at which time he was pressed by Patrick Henry, an old family friend, to accept the position of Paymaster General to the forces which Virginia had offered for the defense of the Colonies. Richard Anderson, however, expressed a preference for the active service in the line, and in January, 1776, was appointed Captain of the Regulars from Hanover County, and in the March following received his commission for that grade in the Fifth Virginia Continentals, of which Peachy was the Colonel, and William Crawford, who perished so miserably by torture in the Indian Wars, was the Lieutenant-Colonel.

At this time Anderson was twenty-six years of age, with mind and body well adapted to the dangers and hardships of a soldier's duties, and was regarded by those who knew him as inferior to no man in cool courage, so that he was often selected by his commanding officers for the performance of duties where his judgment and discretion should supply the place of explicit orders. The *Richmond Despatch* (newspaper), in 1761, says of him: 'There was no braver officer in the American Army.' He served in Washington's Army in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and he suffered the miseries of Valley Forge during the Winter of 77–78. At Trenton, on December 24, 1776, he crossed the Delaware in advance of the main Army, under direct orders of General Stephen, and made a reconnaissance which finally brought success to the American Army although,

Richard C. Anderson.

for the time, General Washington feared it had brought disaster. For the reconnaissance was repulsed, and the Hessians, believing that it was a main attack which had been driven back, then gave themselves up to the excesses of Christmas Eve, and so permitted the final success of General Washington's main plan. In this second advance, Captain Anderson received a wound in the hip from a yager ball.

In February, 1778, he was made a Major in the First Virginia, and with his new Regiment took part in the battle of Monmouth. Then he served in the South and entered Charleston, South Carolina, with Pulaski's Legion, to aid in the defense of that city. In October they attempted to storm the city of Savannah, and Count Pulaski received a wound from a swivel shot and fell from his horse. His men took him from under the enemy's guns and accompanied by Richard Clough Anderson, he was conveyed on board of the United States Brig *Wasp*, which remained several days in the Savannah River, while everything possible was done to save the Polish defender's life. Because of his friendship for Anderson, who had attended him in his last hours, the Count gave him his sword as a dying gift. Just as the brig was leaving the mouth of the river, Pulaski died and his body was buried in the waters of the Savannah. Anderson himself was also wounded in this encounter.

In 1780 Major Anderson was captured by the British, and taken as a prisoner to Charleston, where nearly eighty years later his grandson Robert, holding a like rank in the United States Regulars, was compelled to yield up Fort Sumter to forces of citi-

zens arrayed against their government. Upon an exchange of prisoners, Major Anderson came to Richmond, where he found orders from General Washington directing him to report to the Marquis of Lafayette as an aide-de-camp, his knowledge of French being a special qualification, and he served in this capacity during the Virginia Campaign of 1781 and up to the siege of Yorktown. Here he led an attack on a redoubt and later received the sword of surrender from the aide-de-camp of Lord Cornwallis.

With the Marquis he formed the strongest and most affectionate relationship, and when in 1825 Lafayette revisited the United States, although they had not seen each other for forty years, they met on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Louisville and rushed into each other's arms and kissed in the most affecting manner, which awakened the emotion of those who witnessed the scene. Strangely enough, in after years, two direct descendants of the Marquis of Lafayette married connections of the Anderson descent, for the Marquis Pierre de Chambrun married Miss Nichols of Cincinnati, a cousin, — whose Longworth mother subsequently became the wife of the Honorable Bellamy Storer, at one time the Ambassador of the United States to Austria — and another cousin, Miss Clara Longworth, was married to the Count de Chambrun, the brother of Pierre.

After Yorktown Major Anderson was ordered to report to Governor Nelson to assist in the organization of the Militia. The arduous and responsible nature of the duties which he had so well performed, and his reputation as being one of the boldest and most efficient officers in the Continental Army, was

recognized by his promotion by Congress to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Continental Army, and at the same time he was appointed Brigadier-General of the Virginia Militia.

In 1783 the Army was disbanded, and Colonel Anderson was, with one voice, chosen by his brother officers to be Surveyor-General of the land which had been reserved to pay the Virginia Continental line, a selection which was approved by the State Legislature, and this position he held until his death. In consideration of his own service, he was granted a tract of land in Kentucky at the head of the Falls of the Ohio and where Louisville is now. Into this wilderness, infested by Indians, he moved and made and defended his home, which he called 'Soldier's Retreat.' The doors for his new home had been brought from Goldmines. The place was a rallying point for the neighbors summoned to go to the assistance of the survivors of the Chenoweth massacre, which occurred July 17, 1789. He led forth a number of armed men to the rescue of those in danger from the Indians. Mrs. Chenoweth and her little girl and wounded boy returned to live for a time with the Andersons. Later she delighted in telling the Anderson children about her experiences and showing them her bald head which she used to say had been 'peeled like an onion by the Indian's bluntest scalping knife.'

Richard Clough played 'fiddle-tunes' on his Stradivarius, now owned by one of his great granddaughters. He always dressed in buff vest, knee breeches, silken hose, silver buckles, and wore his hair in a queue. He practiced a most generous hospi-

tality to his old comrades and to many settlers seeking homes in that fertile region. He was a prominent figure in the formation of the State of Kentucky when it ceased to be a part of Virginia, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1788, and in 1793, a presidential elector.

In 1793 the first cargo of produce ever shipped directly from Kentucky to Europe was carried by a two-masted vessel, built by him at the Falls, and dispatched by way of the Mississippi River and New Orleans to Liverpool in 1797. As Surveyor-General, he had about him many men who left their marks upon the time.

President Harrison was a friend, and courted Anderson's ward, the daughter of John Cleves Symmes. President Monroe was a comrade in arms; he and Anderson were both wounded at Trenton. Andrew Jackson was a visitor at Soldier's Retreat. Henry Clay and Zachary Taylor were friends, as were also Generals Massie, Lytle, James Taylor, Duncan MacArthur and Lucas Sullivant. Anderson died at Soldier's Retreat in October, 1826. He was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati, the Eagle of which has descended with the membership in the family down to the present day.

Besides the old stone milk house and spring, all that remains to mark Soldier's Retreat is the big shaft of Italian marble in the little private cemetery where he, his two wives, and several of their children are buried. An earthquake and fire destroyed the house.

In 1787 Richard Clough Anderson had married Elizabeth Clark, sister of General George Rogers

Clark, one of the most picturesque figures and a famous pioneer in early western history, and of General William Clark, celebrated explorer and governor who, with Meriwether Lewis, made the daring Lewis and Clark expedition down the Columbia River and secured the great Northwest. It was from their brother-in-law, Anderson, that the two Clarks learned the art of surveying, and they took with them on their expedition his theodolite. William Clark's surveys made with this old instrument under many dangers and difficulties 'proved as accurate as the railroad surveys following his route over a hundred years later.'

Anderson's second wife, whom he married in 1797, was Sarah, daughter of Colonel William Marshall and a cousin of the famous Chief Justice Marshall. She was called the Mother of the Church, because she was the first member of Christ Church, Louisville.

Anderson had many children, among whom were six sons. Richard Clough Anderson, only son by his first wife, was educated at William and Mary College in Virginia and his initials can be seen to-day cut in the gallery of the chapel. He twice represented his district in the National Congress and was given the largest majority of any man of his time. So popular was he as to be a rival of Henry Clay. No doubt to rid himself of him, Clay appointed him Minister to Colombia.

Another son, Charles, was elected to the legislature at Dayton and became a lawyer. He built the first railway leading north from Cincinnati, and several others. A speech that he made at the Alamo at

San Antonio fired the North. He toured the East with James Russell Lowell, speaking for a united country, and later raised the 93d Ohio Volunteers and became its colonel; they were in action within a week, and he was wounded at Stone River. Eventually he became governor of Ohio.

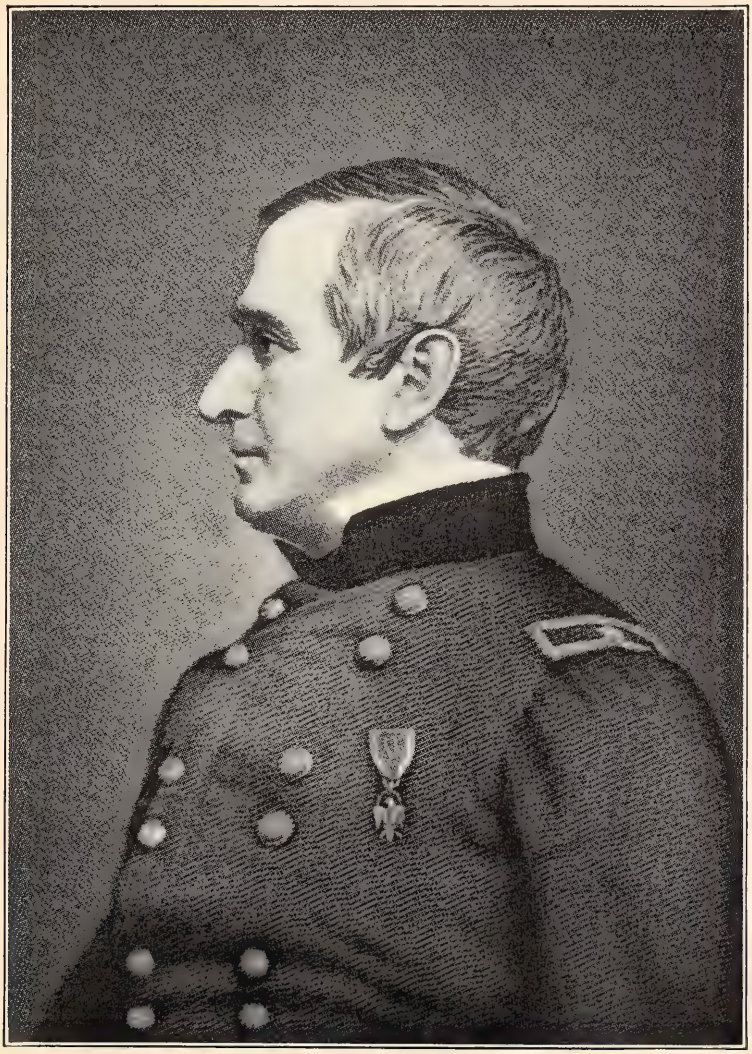
Major Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame first distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War. During the Mexican War he and Robert E. Lee were the favorite aides of General Scott. The beginning of the Civil War found him in command at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, where he was besieged from December until the following April and made a brilliant and heroic defense. His daring made him a popular hero, and a song, current at the time, ran:

'Bob Anderson, my beau, Bob, when we were first acquent,
You were in Mexico, Bob, because by orders sent,
But now you are in Sumter, Bob, because you chose to go,
And blessings on you any way, Bob Anderson, my beau.

. . . . . .

I don't like standing armies, Bob, as very well you know,
But I love the man that dares to act, Bob Anderson, my beau!'

At the end of the siege, when the fort was crumbling to ruins under the Charleston guns, and the last measure of food had been served out, even then, he declined to surrender, but with his colors flying, he finally evacuated the fortification, bearing away the torn flag riddled with bullets. After the war, he returned to haul that same flag to the top of the staff over Sumter. He never wholly recovered from the effects of the siege, and died in Nice, France. His wife, a Clinch of Georgia, torn by conflicting emotions, over the secession of her people and her State,



Most Sincerely Yours
Robt. Anderson

had chosen to remain with him through those trying times. They both lie buried now at West Point.

Larz Anderson, another brother of Major Robert Anderson, was also born at 'Soldier's Retreat,' in April, 1803. He was prepared for college by private tutors in his native city, and crossed the Alleghany Mountains on horseback to go to Cambridge, where he took his degree at Harvard in 1822. He impressed the Eastern boys by shooting with great accuracy from his hip in Western fashion. He was a fine classical scholar and graduated second in his class, while at the same time he was prominent among the social organizations of the college, and Deputy Marshal of the Porcellian Club. On his return to the West he married first Cynthia Pope, and after her death, he married in 1834 Catherine Longworth, daughter of Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, in which city he thereafter resided.

He died in February, 1878, and the membership in the Society of the Cincinnati descended to his son, Nicholas Longworth Anderson. Many of Larz Anderson's sons served in the Civil War, William Pope Anderson, Edward L. Anderson, Frederick P. Anderson, and Nicholas Longworth Anderson — all officers. During the period of the war, and afterwards, his house in Cincinnati was the rendezvous of all distinguished soldiers or foreigners that passed through the city.

Nicholas Longworth, his wife's father, had come to Cincinnati in 1803, the place at that time being only a hamlet on the banks of the Ohio River, and had practiced law and invested his money in the land which lay on the outskirts of the town and along the

river. It was soon covered by the rapidly growing city; his fortune grew to large proportions and he became the first millionaire of the Great West.

In 1819 he retired from the practice of law and devoted himself to the management of his property and to the aid of people less fortunate than himself. His house, designed by Hoban, the architect of the White House in Washington, was still standing in 1925, having become the home of Charles Taft, brother of ex-President and Chief Justice Taft, and it had been filled inside with one of the richest collections of art in the land, while outside it was surrounded by tall chimneys and factories that had invaded the original residential portion of Cincinnati.

Among Mr. Longworth's philanthropies had been a project to divert the taste of the growing population of the West from the harder liquors in demand then to the lighter wines of Europe, and so he turned his attention to the cultivation of grapes on the high hills along the broad Ohio, so similar in situation to the vineyards on the Rhine, at first trying out foreign vines and finally growing the native Catawba and Isabella. Some fine wines were produced, and there were hundreds of acres under cultivation. What is Eden Park now was one of Mr. Longworth's vineyards of that time.

It was in acknowledgment of a gift of this wine from Mr. Longworth that Mr. Longfellow wrote in reply his lines which begin

> 'This song of mine is a song of the Vine
> That grows by the beautiful river,
> Whose sweet perfume fills all the room
> With a benison on the giver.'

On the occasion of a certain dinner Mr. Longfellow made a pretty play of words on their similar names, toasting Mr. Longworth's name and quoting the line from Pope's 'Essay on Man':

'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.'

The grandson of the poet's friend and patron, named also Nicholas Longworth, graduated from Harvard with distinction, and became one of the youngest justices ever appointed to the Supreme Court of Ohio. His great-grandson, Nicholas Longworth, 3d, who married Miss Alice Roosevelt, has been many times a member of Congress from the Cincinnati district and is now Speaker of the House.

Nicholas Longworth Anderson, son of Larz Anderson, graduated from Harvard with distinction in 1858, and then studied for two years in the universities of Germany and Austria. Returning to Cincinnati, he studied law under Stanley Matthews, afterwards a Justice of the Supreme Court.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon, Nicholas Longworth Anderson volunteered as a private in the famous Guthrie Grays, a military organization of Cincinnati, which became the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In it he saw strenuous service throughout the Civil War. He became successively Lieutenant, Regimental Adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel. Though wounded three times, twice severely, he refused promotion for a long time so that he might remain with his regiment, which made a record during the war. There was hard fighting at Cheat's Mountain, at Elkwater, at Huttonsville, and Anderson writes, 'Forced marches innumerable

and constant service have rendered the men exhausted and ragged. They have been without pay for five months; two hundred and twelve men do duty in their drawers alone. We are in a freezing condition here in the mountains. . . . Oh, God, that bread should be so dear and human life so cheap!'

His son Larz has hung up in his den a very unusual framed military commission for it bears on its back the endorsement and approval of an enemy commander. It is the commission of his father as Colonel of the 6th Ohio Volunteers issued by Governor Tod of Ohio. It was being carried to Colonel Anderson (who was with his regiment and but twenty-four years of age at the time) by an officer of his command who was returning from a leave and who was captured by the famous raider Morgan near Bardstown in Kentucky. Morgan had been a friend of the Anderson family and so released the young officer and sent him on with the commission to Colonel Anderson with the endorsement, forwarded, 'approved, Jno. H. Morgan, Col. Comd. Brigd., 20th Oct. 62.'

At the battle of Stone River, Anderson, although painfully wounded in the thigh, refused to leave the field and remained at the head of his regiment throughout the entire fight. Later at Chickamauga he was struck by a musket ball in the shoulder and severely wounded. Hannaford, the historian, says, 'Night having fallen and the fight ceased, Colonel Anderson for the first time retired to have his wound dressed, when it was found to be of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of his remaining in the field.'

COLONEL NICHOLAS LONGWORTH ANDERSON

He was twice brevetted 'for distinguished gallantry and meritorious conduct,' first to be Brigadier General and then Major General of Volunteers, reaching the latter promotion at the early age of twenty-seven.

After the Civil War, General Anderson took up his life in Cincinnati again, marrying Elizabeth Kilgour, sister to John and Charles Kilgour, who were prominent citizens and financiers in that city, and whose mother had been a Higbee of New Jersey. He refused the Mayoralty of Cincinnati and during Blaine's administration of the State Department, the Mission to Russia. He preferred to live his own private life either in Cincinnati or abroad, where he remained for long periods of residence. In 1880, however, when Mr. Garfield, an old friend, became President, he removed to Washington. From that time on his life was associated with the Capital. His house there, built by the famous architect, Richardson, a Harvard classmate and a friend of long standing, was the gathering place for soldiers, diplomats, and members of the Government. In 1892, during a trip abroad, he died at Lucerne.

By his service, Nicholas Longworth Anderson was an original member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Cross of which, with its inheritance, together with the Eagle of the Cincinnati and its inheritance, passed to his only son, Larz Anderson. The bridge across the Charles River in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which connects Harvard College with the Stadium, was built in his memory by his son. The inscription follows:

MAY THIS BRIDGE, BUILT IN MEMORY OF A SCHOLAR AND SOLDIER, CONNECTING THE COLLEGE YARD AND PLAYING FIELDS OF HARVARD, BE AN EVER PRESENT REMINDER TO STUDENTS PASSING OVER IT OF LOYALTY TO COUNTRY AND ALMA MATER AND A LASTING SUGGESTION THAT THEY SHALL DEVOTE THEIR MANHOOD, DEVELOPED BY STUDY AND PLAY ON THE BANKS OF THIS RIVER, TO THE NATION AND ITS NEEDS.

THIS BRIDGE IS BUILT IN MEMORY OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH ANDERSON, A GRADUATE OF HARVARD IN THE CLASS OF 1858, ADJUTANT, COLONEL, BREVET BRIGADIER AND MAJOR GENERAL IN THE CIVIL WAR
TO A FATHER BY A SON

Other members of the family were also in the army. General Harry Anderson served in the Artillery, and General Latham Anderson was a West Pointer. Another cousin of Nicholas Longworth Anderson was General Thomas McA. Anderson, the first General Officer to lead an expedition of our forces to the Philippines. He passed through all grades of the service and after many gallant experiences, he was promoted to be Brigadier General and made a Major General in the Regular Army by an act of Congress in 1915.

Larz Anderson, my husband, son of Nicholas Longworth Anderson, was born at Paris, France, on August 15, 1866, while his parents were travelling temporarily abroad. In 1882 he entered Phillips

Exeter Academy, where he graduated in 1884 among the first of his class and was Class Poet at his graduation exercises, as also he had been a Marshal of his class on previous occasions. He entered Harvard with maximum honors and in college maintained his grade of scholarship, while at the same time he was a member of the A. D. and other leading clubs and organizations, and he graduated in 1888, with honors. After graduation he made a tour for two years around the world. He stopped in Japan for months, and learned to know the country and people well, forming associations that were later to be of value to him. On his return he entered the Harvard Law School and followed its courses till in June, 1891. Then he was offered the opportunity and received from President Harrison his commission as Second Secretary of the Legation at London, where Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, son of the famous President and old friend of the Anderson family, was Minister, so that his duties were as pleasant as they were arduous. When there came a change of administration in 1893, and the mission was advanced to Embassy rank and Honorable Thomas Bayard came to the Court of St. James as First Ambassador from the United States, Larz Anderson was the only one of the old staff to remain at the Embassy where he continued to enjoy his work, especially owing to the fact that Mr. Bayard was also an old family friend.

In August, 1894, he was promoted by President Cleveland to be the First Secretary of Embassy at Rome, under the Honorable Wayne MacVeagh, who had gone to the Quirinal at Rome as First American

Ambassador. On several occasions, in the absence of his chief, he acted as Chargé d'Affaires of Embassy and was fortunate enough to carry through certain delicate negotiations, so that some years later, when temporarily out of the service and so in a position to accept the honor, he was granted a decoration by the King of Italy.

Rome proved a delightfully interesting and valuable experience, but in 1897, although the new Ambassador, General William Draper, asked him to remain on, he resigned in order to return to America. He was relieved in May, 1897, and we were married in June of that year in Boston, Massachusetts.

With the breaking out of the war with Spain, Larz volunteered and obtained a commission from President McKinley as Captain and Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers, and was ordered to Camp Alger, where he aided in the organization of the troops. He was finally assigned as Acting Adjutant General of the 2d Division of the 2d Army Corps, a duty that called for an officer of higher rank, but which he filled till the end of the war, when he resigned.

When peace was concluded we made a trip to Ceylon and India. In 1910, we accompanied the American Secretary of War, Honorable J. M. Dickinson and his party, on an official visit to the Philippines and back across Siberia. As we passed through Japan we were entertained by the Mikado and Empress and later, in Peking, the Secretary and men of the party were received at the foot of the Dragon Throne by the Prince Regent on behalf of the infant Emperor, and this was probably the last Embassy

received in such state, for soon after the Revolution put an end to the Chinese Empire.

In 1911, Larz was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister to Belgium by President Taft. As Minister, he settled several questions of long standing, especially with regard to discrimination against the American oils, in a manner satisfactory to both governments. From Minister at Brussels, he was promoted to Ambassador to Japan, where he was able to be of particular service because of his knowledge of the country and people, so that during his mission, there was an uninterrupted continuance of happy relations between Japan and America. With the change of administration he resigned, being actually the first of the American Diplomatic Corps to retire after having passed through in order all the grades of his time in the diplomatic service of his country.

By his own service, Larz became an original member of the Military Order of the Spanish War, while he inherited from his father the membership in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which his father had been an original member, and from his great-grandfather the membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, of which his ancestor had been an original member. This is rather unusual, showing repeated military service in direct descent in the country's great wars, the Revolutionary, the Civil, and the Spanish. There have been also several younger members of the Anderson family in the last war with Germany.

He was created a member of the Italian Order of St. Maurice and Lazare, and Grand Officer of the

Italian Order of the Crown of Italy. He has also received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, and the honor of the Grand Cordon, First Class, of the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun.

CHAPTER XIII

YACHTING

To return to the Weld family. The sea seems to be in the blood of the younger generation as well as in the older, for so many of the Weld descendants have had yachts. George, the youngest son of William Fletcher Weld, spent most of his time on board of one, even though he was an invalid. The nephews, William and Charles, as well as Mary Weld and I, have owned yachts. We all flew the Black Horse for our private signal on boats chartered or owned.

Uncle George Weld owned first the *Wanderer*, later the *Hildegarde* and the *Chanticleer*, all large schooner yachts, and many a time have we been off with him. His headquarters in the summer were Boston and Newport, and my husband was aboard the *Hildegarde* with him when she beat the *Constellation*. That was a great event. There was hardly a harbor up and down the coast which he did not visit at one time or another, and almost every winter he made a cruise to the West Indies with his great friend Halsey De Wolf.

William owned the *Gitana* and was constantly on her and entertained a great deal. He was the first commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club. Uncle George was aboard that boat when she was wrecked off the coast of Georgia, but fortunately all hands were saved. There was some question on that ill-fated cruise as to which captain should sail her. At all events they took a 'nurse' with

them, an expression which means that they took a man along to oversee the captain. The precaution was evidently in vain and the end of the story is that Captain Thompson, the old clipper commander, was sent down ultimately to salvage the wreck.

Charles owned the *Hera* and the *Magic*, and he also raced his fishing schooner, the *Roulette*. He went cruising on the Island Sea of Japan in the schooner yacht, *Loiterer*, which he bought from Russell Sturgis and which contained many valuable curios, for in those days there were many rare and exquisite things to be picked up. But a typhoon wrecked the yacht and the whole of his wonderful collection was lost. However, he managed to get together a few more things before returning to America, and these he gave to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where they can be seen to-day. During the recent terrible earthquake, followed by fire, which devastated so many towns in Japan, several celebrated collections were destroyed, so in the future it is going to become even more difficult to find art treasures.

I give an extract from a friend's letter, who was on board the *Australia* in dock at Yokohama at the time: 'The first shock made the boat fairly leap about. The masts and the funnels rocked. The land ran in waves like water from six to eight feet high, like a rug shaken furiously by one end. The big concrete dock buckled and crumbled and sank in places, drowning ever so many, for there were hundreds of people on it at the time, a regular "good-bye and bon voyage" crowd. We saw motors full of people sink and not a handkerchief come up. The

HERA MAGIC WANDERER GITANA

houses ashore fell like card houses. The Grand Hotel was gone in three seconds. In every house at noon a fire was lighted for dinner, so we saw through the dust and haze of the falling houses fires start everywhere at once. In four hours there was *no Yokohama* left — just a living furnace.'

Since all of the logs of the yachts belonging to the family do not seem to be in the office, and most of my relations have passed away, unfortunately I cannot get details of their cruises. Also the details of our own trips on steam yachts about the coast of England and to the North Cape, and along Florida, and south through inland waters on a house boat, all of these have been published in my book called 'Odd Corners,' so I shall only put in this chapter things that have not already been told. They will include a cruise upon the Inland Sea of Japan aboard a Japanese boat, L.'s journal in the Orient, a description of going up the New England coast on *Roxana*, and bits about Bermuda and Nassau. Often while cruising I cannot help thinking that I am covering much the same water that was earlier travelled by my uncle and cousins, and only a decade or so before their voyages by some of my grandfather's clipper ships.

One trip through the Inland Sea from Kobe to Nagasaki was one of the most delightful experiences we had, and unlike my Cousin Charles, we encountered no typhoon. We chartered a Japanese boat, called *The Golden Inland Water*, and flew our Black Horse flag.

The steamer was of two hundred tons burden, one

hundred and fifty long, with two small cabins in European style and one large one extending entirely across the boat, with mats in native style, where the Japanese could lie side by side on their comforters. We took our own supplies and had a very good cook until he departed on a spree.

One evening we went aboard and at daybreak we sailed, being awakened by the rattling of the chain and the churning of the propeller. Soon the boat was gliding out of the harbor between the shipping, just as the sun came up out of the eastern ocean, chasing the shadows down the hillsides and bathing the shore in a glorious crimson. She turned Hyoga Point and headed for Akashi Straits, and entered the Inland Sea, passing palisades like those on the Hudson.

All day long she travelled through the archipelago of green and yellow islands. At first the sea appeared glassy, then gently ruffled, and quaint junks with sampans with queerly shaped sails floated by. Toward evening she passed into even narrower passages and straits, and the moon rose, all silver in the twilight sky, while the boat turned many times, now to the right, now to the left, finally coming to anchor off the twinkling lights of Onomichi.

During the following day we had an unsurpassed panorama of Japanese scenery, with grotesque, broken islands fringed with pine, and ravined mountains dipping down into the calm blue sea, while old-world villages constantly appeared and disappeared in the rising, shifting mist. No wonder the Japanese believe in ghosts and in Bahu, the Eater of Dreams!

As the sun, a ball of fire, disappeared over the hori-

zon, we rounded the enchanted island of Miyajima — the third of the 'three finest views' — and steamed into the bay before the famous temple. When it grew darker the four hundred lanterns of bronze and stone along the water's edge were lighted for us. The temple itself was built on piles, and the torii stood far out from the shore. We were sculled to shore in a sampan. The tide was at its highest, and hundreds of little lights were reflected in the glassy surface. Slowly we drifted beneath the great torii to the temple entrance. Once more the Spell of Japan stole over us.

We saw the sun rise at Moji, passing Shimonoseki and cruising out into the China Sea, keeping the picturesque shore of Kyushu in sight all the while. Picking our course through the outlying islands and the swirling straits of Hirade, we reached Nagasaki late at night. Morning showed us its beautiful harbor, the mountains range on range behind it, and the city itself on either side, the houses rising above each other on long terraces to the summits of the hills on which Nagasaki is built.

As we steamed out of the harbor, the green hills rose steeply from the water with houses and shrines peeping through the trees, backed by a still higher range of hills which were finally lost in the blue distance or broke off into crags and cliffs.

CHAPTER XIV

A CRUISE IN THE ORIENT

WHEN we awoke one morning we found that we were steaming up the channel between the islands and the mainland of the Malay Peninsula. The coasts were low and covered with a dense and tropical undergrowth of jungle, a mass of green, from which here and there towered lonely sentinels, great fan palms. Now and then the shore broke open into a little sandy beach. Soon we came up to the harbor with its fleet of ships riding at anchor, and behind on the low coast lay the white houses and red roofs of Singapore. Around the town were little hills from among the thick foliage of which peeped the white roofs and pillared porticoes of the bungalows. Leaving our luggage at the dock, to follow at the sedate pace of an ox-cart, we hurried on in a 'gharry' to get rooms at the Hôtel de l'Europe. The 'gharry' is a funny, square, box-like little carriage which is pulled along at an astonishing pace by the most diminutive of small native ponies, while the Malay driver, in his bright turban and sash, runs alongside or balances himself on the shafts.

Singapore was a surprise; it was a larger and more beautiful place than I had expected, situated on the island of the same name, an island of good size about fourteen miles across, and is the Government seat of the Straits Settlements, which became a separate colony of England when divided off from India in 1868. From being a wild and dense jungle in 1819,

SCHOONER YACHT LOITERER IN JAPANESE WATERS

the island is now almost wholly cultivated, traversed by well macadamized roads, which the luxuriant vegetation makes very lovely, and dotted with pretty bungalows. The town is solid and handsome, having some fine public buildings; the Government House is the handsomest of any of the colonies, a magnificent house in a lovely park. The Esplanade (by which the Bund is here gorgeously called) is quite pretty. The population is about 150,000, of which some two thousand are Europeans, the rest are the most varied collection, Malays, Chinese, Cingalese, Kling Chitties, Indians, Japanese, and half-castes; indeed, it is probably the most cosmopolitan of places. The characteristic and picturesque dress (the difference in the colors of the skins alone create a panorama varied enough), makes the streets brilliant and decorative. From the Malay, with nothing on except a white loin-cloth that sets off his oily, coal-black, glistening skin, to the Indian in his bright, big, topheavy turban and highly colored skirt and coat, there is every degree of dress and shade. And such handsome and dignified fellows these black men are, like moving statues of ebony; tall, slight, straight, with fine features and severe fierce eyes, they stride along superbly. Here, there, everywhere is the dirty, yellow, starved Chinese coolie, looking miserable and yet of the superior race.

Situated almost on the Equator the climate of Singapore is not very varied; it is simply stewingly hot all the year round. But the nights are cool, and every afternoon there is the shower, regularly between two and four o'clock, that modifies the atmosphere, so its climate is pleasanter and more

healthy than that of Calcutta and many other places that are farther away from the Equator. The sights of this tropical city are few, fortunately. We drove out to the Botanical Gardens, a fine park, where palms, so many kinds and such magnificent fellows, and banyans, and mangoes, and the tall betel nut tree are artistically arranged. The Wampo Garden belongs to a rich private Chinese merchant, and is a good specimen of Chinese landscaping. It is laid out precisely; little islands are formed by artificial moats, there are many little summer houses and a private temple and menagerie, and all is covered by rich tropical plants.

A bumper to 'Half Way Round the World!' Singapore is almost exactly 180° around from Washington, the exact antipodes. While we are standing upon our feet in the light of day, the faithful politicians of the capital are top-side down, tucked in their little beds (at least, we hope they are!) dreaming of the welfare of the State! Our sunrise is their sunset; when they are anticipating their breakfasts we are digesting our dinners; yet it is the same world, the same few virtues, the same multitude of besetting sins.

After participating for two days in the gaieties of Singapore, the theatre and a pleasant dinner at a bungalow, we embarked for Java and Batavia. Our course lay between endless low-lying islands, losing sight of land but for a few moments; through Bangka Straits with the impenetrable, tangled, jungle coast of Sumatra rising scarcely above the water on one side, and Bangka Island and its hills on the other. Then we crossed the Java Sea and passed

between innumerable little coral islands crested with vegetation, the 'Thousand Islands' of the East Indies. We landed at the docks of Batavia which are seven miles from the city at some unpronounceable point, and from here went by rail to 'Station Batavia,' and then in so-called carriages to the Hôtel des Indes, the best of the many hostelries here. The railway passed across low, marshy, tropical country, with groves of tall cocoanuts and palms, and luxuriant undergrowth, and along a canal through which the native boats, with their grass sails, were cutting at a great rate, at any rate almost as fast as the train. Batavia town is a queer, low, Dutchy-looking place, terrifically hot. Toward the suburban portion, however, the roads become lined with trees, and the canals and embankments and cool groves and gardens and verandahs and houses give it a less heated appearance. People rise early in Java, and then, after tiffin at twelve, every one retires and sleeps till four or five, when for a second time in the day ablutions and a toilet are performed. Then dinner at eight and a late evening. In the twilight we took a beautiful drive along endless roads, lined with lovely white, cool-looking bungalows, with large deep verandahs hidden behind the foliage of the gardens. Such magnificent big spreading trees, looking like our American elms, and lettuce trees and bread palms and cocoanuts. The gardens were laid out with white urns and flower pots in a thoroughly Dutch manner. The Dutchmen and ladies were out in full force, walking and driving about, fat and lazy looking and phlegmatic. The Malay natives were picturesque, with their brightly colored 'sarongs' and

dresses and brown, pleasant-looking faces, like the Japanese. In the evening we went to a concert at a private club garden, to which, however, strangers are hospitably invited, where the swells of Batavia sat around at small tables under the big trees and sipped their syrups and drank their beer to the most excellent music of the garrison band. It was more like Vienna or Berlin than the East Indies.

The national costume of the Dutch planter is the pajama. In this light and airy, if not artistic, costume at least twenty hours out of the daily twenty-four are passed. The ladies wear a sort of hybrid pajama, a white dressing-sack and a skirt made of a sarong stuff, like calico; indeed, most of the 'native' stuff one buys here has the Manchester calico stamp hidden among its folds. No stockings or half-hose encumber the feet in this style of dress, for the ladies wear gaily beaded, gilded, high-heeled slippers, and the gentlemen either travel in bare feet or are satisfied with Chinese pumps. Our first step was a ride of a few hours in a dusty, well-laid railway to Buitenzong, forty miles back from Batavia. Here is the place of residence of the Governor General of the colony, quite a military centre, and a fashionable resort in the season, if a place which changed in temperature by only five degrees in the year may be said to have a season. It reminded me of Japan, for all was on a small scale, a pretty diminutive country and people. Buitenzong, however, proved a very beautiful place, with avenues of big trees, like the Nikko Kaido. The view from our rooms in the Hotel Bellevue was very fine. Beneath our feet lay a river, and thick vegetation of palms

and woods, through which peeped the native huts, grass-roofed and walled; in the middle distance a patch of the bright green of a paddy-field, beyond rose the blue Mount Saloc, above which the sun set in most gorgeous colors.

The fruits of Java are manifold, and a great staple, the mangostin, after one taste, is pronounceably the best fruit in the world, having a skin which easily breaks off, leaving a delicious, white, pulpy fruit with a stone within it; then the durian, a larger fruit, quite good but with an after-effect like onions, not so pleasant to one's neighbors; the bambotang, the size of a big peach, with a red prickly coat, containing a delicious, white fruit; another fruit looking like a great nectarine and with a white pulp, tasting like that of an orange; then good pineapples, bananas, and tizans. Yambou is a pretty, pink pear-shaped fruit, the sow (this is phonetically spelled) is a little fruit, looking like a green peach and about the size of a betel nut; and the mango, ah, the mango! flattish and oblong, with a yellowish pulp inside that smells and tastes like roses, a tinge of a taste like turpentine, delicious! The jack and bread fruit, too, large and rather coarse. The former strangely grows out of the trunk of the tree, while the latter, like most fruits, grows on the little new stems and branches. Such are a few of the products of Java.

A few days later we took an early morning train for Bandong. The road ran through scenery that became prettier as we advanced, through tropical glades, past native villages and the little, clean, white stations, across checkerboard paddy-fields,

and volcanic ranges of mountains, the rails being engineered up most wonderful grades, and at last we arrived just before the afternoon rain. The hotel was cool, inviting, clean and comfortable. Bandong is quite a place, with several streets of shops, a market place, with merchants squatting in their little stalls behind their artistically arranged wares, and crowds passing, moving, pausing before them; such a bright kaleidoscope of colors! There is, of course, a sort of town commons, a well-turfed piece of ground, shaded by magnificent elmlike banyans, and surrounded by white bungalows and government buildings; a bandstand, the Resident's House, and the police or military quarters. Each town seems to have one of these meeting places. They are used for the cock and boar fights that celebrate the New Year, which in this part of the world occurs in June or July. We stopped over a day and made the trip to the top of Tankerman Prou, where we had a good view of the double crater, burned out and hellish-looking. The trip up was quite enjoyable, though the mists and clouds spoiled the distant views, excepting now and then when a break in the vaporous masses occurred, giving a short glimpse of the green plain below, or the blue outline of the mountains beyond. An hour's drive in a back-breaking cahar brought us to the foot of the mountain, and then the climb began on pony-back, but my little brute was so diminutive that most of our way was done afoot. We passed from the paddy-fields into a tropical forest, the bridle path winding through dense jungle, the tree tops forming a deep archway overhead, the banks covered with great bending fern trees and

plants. A dead silence reigned, not a bird's note or crackle of a branch could be heard as we walked along; there were no flowers, all was a deep, sombre green, for in these tropical glades all the flowers blossom at the top of the trees, where they can find the sun, and there are no colors to brighten the alleys below.

Next day we went by rail to Chichalinka, the present terminus of the railway. This, and indeed all the Javan spellings are phonetic, for it is impossible to remember the Dutch method; for instance, that which is pronounced 'Chanjoor' should be spelled Tjiandjoer. Twenty-two miles by cahar brought us to Garoot. Garoot is said to be the loveliest portion of Java. It is not often visited by travellers, but acting on the advice of a Government official who had surveyed its volcanic peaks, we decided to go, and were well repaid. From Garoot we came back to Chanjoor by rail, and took wagons to Sindinglaya. This is a Government Sanitarium about three thousand feet high at the foot of Mount Gedeh. Here we spent a day, and then drove down to Buitenzong, most of the way in a driving rain storm. The road leads across the Punchack Pass, between Gedeh and Panjorang, and for a long way is very steep. We passed several plantations, at one of which they were evidently cultivating the strawberry, strangely enough; past bungalows with hedges of rose bushes in full bloom in front, into the plain and its inevitable lakes of paddy-fields again, reaching Buitenzong in good time for tiffin.

There is one thing the Dutch Government of Java does do, and that is it keeps up a most excellent

system of roads; the railroads from Buitenzong on, and at the eastern end of the island are official projects, also. This is all done from military motives, for the quick passage of troops in case of need. The people are in a rebellious mood, the unsuccessful wars which the Dutch have been waging for a number of years with the Achanese have made them despised; the people are kept down and much oppressed; nothing is done for their benefit or good, no schools or educational system of any kind, all is for the benefit of the planters, or rather of the Home Government. Indeed, so badly have affairs been managed, and so unsuccessful has the 'culture' system proved of late, that the rich income which Holland used to drain out of this colony has changed into a deficit. But this fact is chiefly due to the heavy military expenditure for the Acheen War and other little uprisings here and there. Seventy men are to be executed in the Province of Bantan this month for having taken part in a revolt.

The Malays are not a strong people; on the contrary, they seem to be a very weak race, but there are said to be twenty-seven millions of them, and only about ten thousand foreigners. The 'foreigner' does not include the omnipresent celestial Chinee! He is here in force, as he is everywhere where not excluded, and he dominates the Japanese with a hand of iron. One of the sights of the island is a Chinaman, bland and sleek and sly, sitting contentedly in his shop and ruling his poor brown customers. Almost all the merchant class in Java who are not white, are Chinamen; the Malay gets no show. The Malay, who is finer physically than the Chinese or

Jap coolie, is easy-going, pleasant-featured, and would doubtless live most happily with his few wants if not enervated by the brutal Dutch overseer or the domineering Chinaman.

At Buitenzong we tarried a day and then journeyed down to Batavia again. Here light, very light, French opera, a review of the English papers in the cool halls of the 'Harmonie Club,' purchases and arrangements, occupied twenty-four hours and again on the 27th, we embarked. We touched at Mintok on the way back. Mintok is the chief town, the Residency, of the Island of Bangka, where the Government have rich and extensive tin mines. We danced across the Equator again, for we caught the edge of the monsoon, and tumbled about a bit, and finally on Tuesday morning arrived at Singapore. Our stay here was made most enjoyable by the unexpected kind attentions of some Scotch and Englishmen, who did much for us and promised more. However, we couldn't stop over, and so, just missing the Governor's garden party and a dance at the Tanglin Club, we sailed for Calcutta, to touch at Penang and Rangoon.

The approach to Penang, through the straits, with Penang Island on one side, and the mainland on the other, was very striking. Penang has many high and picturesque hills, from which splendid views of the islands about and Province Wellesley opposite may be obtained. The town of the island, Georgetown, is on the low shore on the eastern side. It is a pretty quaint-looking old town, and has lost but little of its Portuguese flavor; the cricket ground indeed is the only indication of English

possession. The native portion of the town is almost entirely Chinese, the proportion of Mongolians here being even higher than at Singapore; then there are many Indians, Klings from the south of the Peninsula, and Bengalese. We early went ashore and drove out to the waterfalls, about four miles. The mountains that bound the valley in which the town is built close in and form an amphitheatre; a beautiful situation, the vista of green hills, the tree tops and roofs of the town, with a strip of blue sea and beyond the mainland of the Peninsula. But it was hot, so hot, shut in by the hills. Penang is unhealthy, not only for foreigners, but for natives, too. The waterfall, surrounded by the shade and dense forests, with a little domed Hindoo temple at its base, and the splash and rush of its waters, created a cool resting-place after the hot walk. The woods were filled with monkeys, which jumped about from branch to branch and peered down at us curiously, as we passed by.

At Penang we saw the celebrations of the Chinese New Year, the greatest of celestial festivals. It occurs on the new moon and lasts three days. It is the one occasion when the Chinaman stops work, the one time in the year, and he stops his work so thoroughly that everything else stops with him, and the banks and the shops and the stores and business generally are at a standstill for two days; ships cannot be loaded, nor 'pidgin' of any kind transacted. At this time all old scores are wiped away, a new year is begun, the Chinaman is 'born again.' If John has suffered 'bad chance' at gambling or 'bad pidgin' at business during the past year, he may

now hope for a turn in the tide of his affairs; old enmities are forgotten, old sins are forgiven, he is square with the world! His financial standing must be balanced at this season, before he is allowed to paste that little piece of red paper over his door. Merchants, hard-pressed to pay their debts, will sell their goods at any price, or steal, or murder; but when the New Year's Day has come, then John is happy and the firecrackers begin to pop and fizz. All dress in their best clothes, fearfully and wonderfully arrayed, in such striking colors, the women with head-dresses, the men with big cigars, all smiling complacently and happily, no thought of yesterday and only bright hopes for the future; for the moment, thorough enjoyment. Then, for two days, temperate John 'goes it,' as only a Chinaman can, in a lordly and regal manner indeed. He covers the front of his house with red bunting and gold-bespangled papers, and flags. The harbor at Penang, with all its praus and junks, decked out in red, looked like New London after Harvard has won the race.

Our journey continued, pleasant and uneventful, the more pleasant because the less eventful, for experiences and events are not to be wished for at sea. I have seen many who have wished that they might see a typhoon, and have locked themselves in life-preservers when it came to blow half a gale. None who have experienced a cyclone care to repeat the sensations.

At last we approached Rangoon. Suddenly the waters became a pale brown-yellow. Gradually, indeed, the waters changed into a familiar color and con-

sistency, just like the dear muddy Ohio River, here the effect of the silt-bearing Irrawaddy, and then we lay off a lighthouse for a night, and in the morning steamed the thirty-five miles to Rangoon. The banks were extremely low; indeed, for a time we thought the Irrawaddy possessed but one bank, since we could see no other, but soon the river narrowed between two fringes of palms and grasses, behind which are endless paddy-fields. A few villages and huts were to be seen, but the chief objects within vision were poles and pyramids to aid in the navigation of the river. At last some saw and lumber mills, no more picturesque than such establishments generally are, precursored Rangoon; and coming around a bend in the river we found ourselves among the shipping off the 'Liverpool of the East.' There were more boats than I had expected — Rangooners claim their city next to Calcutta and Bombay the greatest port of the Indies — eight or ten steamers, and several sailing vessels. Most of the steamers were of the British India Company, for as is 'home without a latch-key,' so would Rangoon be without the B.I.S.N. Co.

I was a little disappointed in the city from the river, the 'high-sounding strand' and its hongs or merchant houses were not as beautiful as I had pictured them to be; it all seemed dried up and burned-looking, a condition excusable enough since it is almost the end of the dry season, but yet one which rather modified the impressions of Rangoon generally, all except the Golden Pagoda, the *Shoay Dagon*, the pride of Burma. We went ashore and saw the city, green trees but no grass, broad, dusty streets,

lined with 'shanties,' bright with gay costumes of the Burmese, in their colored 'eugies' (jackets) and 'putsos' (skirts); the big turbaned Bengalesi, the Klings, John Chinaman again and even the Armenian in his short embroidered jacket. The Burmese look like the Malays, in color more yellowish, lighter, small and pleasant featured. The men and women are much alike; their clothes worn the same way, and the hair in a knot on top of the head. The similarity is the more striking as the women swing along, or squat, with big black cigars in their mouths. We went through the market and bazaars, and took tiffin at one of the miserable hotels of the place. In the afternoon I went shopping at a bazaar. Then I went to the *Shoay Dagon*. This golden pagoda, covering the eight precious hairs of the Buddha, Gautama, which the Burmese brother merchants received in the forest near Benares, as well as hiding the sacred relics of three previous possessors of the Truth, stands on an eminence, dominating the low country about it. This hill is partly artificial, the Royal Lakes beyond (the other sight of Rangoon) being — so they say — the results of excavations for it. The main approach is up a pillared stairway, guarded by the great stuccoed, grotesque, dog-dragons that must be thirty feet high. The steps are most irregular, the roods of the flights unsymmetrical, and the way is lined with the lame, the halt, and the blind, picturesque beggars, however, who sit in silence behind their brazen cups and make no audible claim on the passer-by. The terrace, upon which the pagoda is built, is about a thousand feet square; from the centre of this the shrine itself

rises three hundred feet, all gilt (as gorgeous as the State House dome in Boston town), its base surrounded by smaller shrines and temples, bell-towers and pagodas. The *Shoay Dagon* is a solid pine-apple-shaped structure, surmounted by its spire and 'tee' or umbrella. It has just been regilded at a cost of three lakhs of rupees (some $120,000) and is held most sacred. The shrines about its base are also gorgeously decorated in colors and in gilt, and the teak wood carving on some of the temples, especially on that of the sleeping Buddha, is very fine. The worshippers, on their knees, bowed down on the paved terrace; the people, in their gayest gowns, the bonzes, in their yellow toga-like robes, the great bells chiming as the great shining spire reflected back the last golden rays of the setting sun, made a solemn and impressive scene. As I slowly wandered about, watching the women giving roses to the praying bonzes, prostrating themselves before the priests of the temple, a gentle breeze began to sigh through the trees and the pointed and spired roofs of the shrines, and fanned the little cymbals and bells so that they tinkled gently and solemnly while the twilight came on.

Next morning we started for Moulmein. We went down the Rangoon River, as the mouth of the Irrawaddy below the city is called; past Elephant Point and across the Gulf of Martaban; then up the Salwin River, in all about one hundred and forty miles, and a nine hours' run to Moulmein. The banks of the Salwin were low, but behind, in the distance, were hills rising above the plain. Moulmein has been in British hands since the first

Burmese War, in 1824; for England, with generous regard for the good of the poor heathen, has gradually extended her civilizing rule. First came Tenasserine in the first war, then Rangoon had to be obtained, in order to make Moulmein sure; and Upper Burma was taken into the great empire too, to make Rangoon secure, and free it from the mad and cruel sway of its native ruler. The first impression of Moulmein is pleasanter than that made by Rangoon, although its face is much the same; the river lined with lumber mills, the rest of the town hidden among the trees. We landed immediately and went to see the elephants at work in the mills, great powerful beasts that are taught to move and pile and saw and pick out lumber in a most wonderful manner, carrying great beams and planks, and piling them regularly, placing unshapen logs against the saws, and cutting out planks and beams. Moulmein was the great trading port before the time of Rangoon. We then visited after the yards, the pagoda, from which we saw a sublime sunset. Many of the smaller shrines and temples about had been lately renovated and the interiors were gay with red and that mosaic-like glass-work of which the Burmese seem so fond, and the Buddhas, sleeping and waking, were gorgeous in new gilt. We beheld the body of a late bonze lying in state, waiting to be burned, an honor which the priests ever enjoy. We were shown about by a younger, shaven-headed, yellow-robed brother, and when we offered the usual perquisite he sent his servant to receive it, for the Buddhist bonzes take the oath of poverty, chastity, and obedience, strangely identical with the Christian priest's oath,

and his hand may never be soiled by the touch of money; so it is they all have servants. Our evening we spent at the Gymkhana, a sort of club where the society meets in the evenings and dances and drinks the merry hours away between business and dinner.

Before dawn we started to the Farm Caves. The first part of the trip was made in gharries, past the blue and white hongs, the bungalows raised on piles beneath the trees, and across bare rice-fields, to the well-wooded banks of the Salwin. This we crossed in the narrowest dugout native ferry boat, and continued our journey in bullock carts. These were springless, two-wheeled, 'high-backed' wagons, the agony being added to by the fact that the wheels were not perfect circles, dragged along by small humped bullocks, spirited little cattle which trotted quite quickly, and every now and then tried to run away, or bolt down a bank. Out of the middle of the paddy-fields rise perpendicular great dykes of basaltic rock, three hundred feet high, a strange formation, and in these are the great caverns. The first we came to was of no great size or depth, but it was filled with the broken débris, remains of Buddhas. Along the walls thousands of small Gautamas had been moulded in cement of some kind, a sort of frieze, all alike, but many of these had broken off and fallen down. Then there were headless and footless figures of the Buddha, that had been made of brick and mortar, along the sides and recesses — all in a condition of complete dilapidation. Beyond we went through a small entrance into the main caverns. In these there were no remains of figures of any kind, or any artificial work, simply a succession

of magnificent, grand, immense chambers, with great, deep vaulted roofs; gloomy and vast, inhabited only by bats, an inferno in the glare of our torches and blue fire. We made the trip through these and then hurried back to Moulmein and the boat.

Down the Rangoon River again, and out across the waters of the Bay of Bengal, first that pale yellowish-brown that indicates shallow seas and then blue, a beautiful deep water. For one day we sailed solitary seas, but the second day we passed quite a number of full-rigged ships, outward bound, from Calcutta, and the lightships that mark the passages into the Hooghli. In the afternoon we skirted the low jungle coast of Sangor Island, past its red and white striped lighthouse, through the fleet of vessels riding at anchor and waiting for a favorable tide, while we, owing to our light draught, were able to go farther up before casting anchor. The Hooghli is one of the mouths of the Ganges, the one on which Calcutta is situated. It is said to be the river most difficult of navigation in the world, with terrific tides and currents, and constantly changing quicksands; if a vessel but touch a bar the powerful flow of water capsizes it immediately, so the Calcutta pilots are among the best in the world; best paid, at any rate. The navigation of the river is never attempted except in the daytime, and it was half after seven in the morning, next day, before the light and tide were favoring and we started to go between Scylla and Charybdis. The channel is very narrow and tortuous, and crosses wildly from one bank to another; at times our ship overhung the low

banks and again steamed along in mid-stream. As we passed the dreaded 'James and Mary,' where the masts of two B.I. steamers that have been recently lost may be seen at low waters, the crew of our ship stood by the wheel in a most theatrical manner, so that in case the steam apparatus should be broken by the sudden changes and turns of the current, control of the ship would not be lost. But we got by safely, and so did a long line of other vessels going single file, taking advantage of the favorable tide.

From the first, the land of India was interesting, even the low jungle of Sangor, which is not inhabited at all excepting by wild beasts, as everything was swept off by a great tidal wave in '74. Then came the low alluvial plain of the mainland, bare and rather parched looking, with villages of huts, round-topped, of thatched grass, looking like hayricks. Now and again we passed a village where the market was in full sway, and we could almost hear the hordes of natives haggling at their bargains. Government houses we glided past, and pottery works, the great earthenware jugs and pots set out in rows upon the bank to dry. Then we saw rows of brick kilns, and factories, which generally are scarcely picturesque additions to a landscape but which here are pyramidal, altar-like structures embowered among the foliage on banks. At last we glided past the Botanical Gardens on the left, and the palace of the late King of Oudh upon our right, a dilapidated and rusty-looking building, and reached the harbor of Calcutta. The finest shipping in the world comes to Calcutta, and one side of the river was lined with magnificent great ships, iron four-

masters, among which was the largest in the English registry, the *Palgrave* of five thousand tons; and barks and brigs, an endless row, four deep, busily loading and unloading by lighters. Through the forest of masts and rigging could be caught glimpses of the *Maidan*, the great Common of Calcutta, and the city with its monuments and buildings.

CHAPTER XV

UP THE COAST ON *ROXANA*

THE first time that we put to sea in our part of the world was many years ago; we sailed from New York to Halifax, chartering a Scottish steam yacht, once owned by the great thread people, called *Katoomba* after a mountain in Australia. The crew spoke broad Scotch with such a burr we could hardly understand a word they said, and the captain even less. He didn't seem to mind the rough seas or fog, but the good old soul didn't like the land at all, and when he went on shore he always got lost. We were fed on mutton pies and shortbread and such Highland fare, and got to like it very much.

Later, we joined the New York Yacht Club cruise and went aboard all the beautiful big yachts, called on friends, wined and dined each other, and learned all the yachting etiquette. We had excitement, too, with a collision in the fog off Cape Cod one morning about four o'clock. We were awakened by a terrific crash and a wrench, when our bowsprit was torn off; then a stampede rush of every one to get on deck at once. One guest hurried up with her coat hastily buttoned over her nightgown and a purse in her hand, apparently all ready to go on shore. Another appeared in his pajamas, but with his pearl studs. As the accident was not really serious, we ended by having a jolly early breakfast together.

Another year we chartered a fast launch called the *Hope*, with small accommodations, where we more

or less 'pigged it,' as they say. This time our captain was a real Yank, and curiously afraid of lobster pots and fogs; it was all we could do to keep him moving. He, on the other hand, thought we were foolhardy landlubbers.

After many cruises, we concluded what we really would enjoy most would be the sort of boat we could live in, so we bought *Roxana*. Some might say that a houseboat or a river boat was not sporty, but to my mind *Roxana* is more so than any craft I have ever been on. She is somewhat topheavy, but since we use coal and not gasoline like most houseboats, we can go about twelve knots and almost anywhere we want, picking our weather. If a blow comes up, we sometimes have to scuttle into harbor before we roll over or are blown on to the rocks. Once, indeed, we struck a northerly squall that carried away all our awning and even the framework. Then, on the other hand, we often run aground in Florida waters on some sandbar, when the sailors jump overboard and dig us out, or else we have to wait for the tide to lift us off.

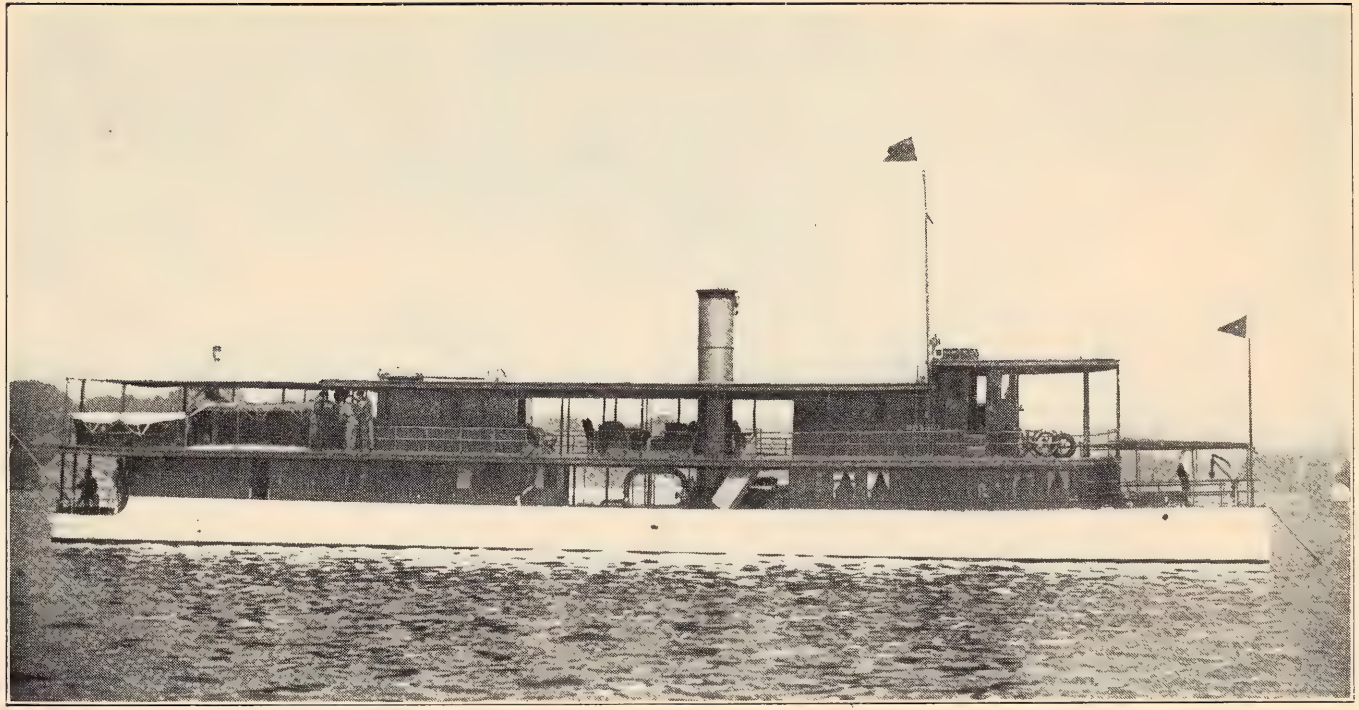
Roxana is quite a perfect river boat — one hundred and fifteen feet over all, seventeen feet beam, steam power and two decks, and she draws but three and one half feet of water. My stateroom is in the centre, next to the dining-room, quite large and very comfortable; forward are four staterooms and bath, and a tiny library. On the upper deck there is a sort of den and plenty of space for lounging. The dining-room seats eight persons.

What does one do on a houseboat? If we are alone, I may mend the ship's linen, or write up the

trip, or talk with the engineer about his sick mother, or with the captain about the sailors' union or navigation, or with the steward about the price of eggs and ice. My husband and I often read aloud and discuss the books, or look up the signals of passing boats, or else indulge in a walk on shore. If one has company, it may be a different story. Some people think when on a boat they must have a lark, and in the old days they might have begun with a cocktail when the sun was over the yardarm, taken a swim by way of exercise, paddled around in a canoe, danced to the strains of a phonograph, and wound up by flirting in the moonlight.

We had several pets on board *Roxana*, for the sailors as well as ourselves loved animals. Perhaps the most diverting and original one was the tame raccoon we got once in Florida, who always looked for sugar in our pockets; a very clean little creature, always washing everything before he ate it, in his pail of water with his almost human little hands. He was very friendly, gave us no trouble, and never bit any one. Everybody loved him. Johnny Harvard, the three-months-old bear who was fed on a bottle, cried a good deal at night. Sometimes he bit his bottle of milk and broke it, and was a little more troublesome, but nevertheless he, too, was popular. Our frisky baby billy goat we adored likewise, but alas! he licked the paint off the railing one day and came to a sudden and untimely death.

A complete first-aid kit is always a part of our equipment; and luckily, for on one cruise the cook scalded his hand, the fireman took off the end of his finger in the machinery, and a sailor got his



HOUSEBOAT ROXANA

hand badly scraped by a rope, while another broke his finger. You can generally fix them up for a day or two, anyway, until you reach port.

One summer, when we were waiting in New York for *Roxana* to arrive, L. asked me if I didn't want to go out and see the *Resolute* beat the *Shamrock*. We boarded the New York Yacht Club boat at the recreation pier only to hear people say, 'Probably no race to-day,' or shake their heads and declare, 'Too little wind.' But something prompted us to remain on board, and before long others began to come and take their places on camp chairs on the deck. We heard rumors that the waiters had struck, not only once but twice, for higher wages. So at the last moment they were dismissed and waiters from the club came to help out. Thereupon the crew struck, but when the members pledged themselves to run the boat in case of further trouble, the crew decided to remain.

Finally we were off, with the colored band playing jazz, and the drum-major magnificently dressed for the occasion with white trousers and shoes, and binoculars hung about his neck while he played.

Through Ambrose Channel, which used to be called Sandy Hook, we went, and stopped near the Light Boat, while yachts and tugs and every other kind of boat bobbed about. At last the two racers hove in sight. The *Shamrock* with her green hull and yellow canvas made a pretty picture. The sails were woven in Egypt, and the color taken, it was said, from the muddy water of the Nile. Hilarious noises could be heard issuing from the cabins and about us, where private parties who were having luncheon had evidently brought flasks.

At the start of the race we gathered on the upper deck and even climbed higher to the cabin roofs. The excitement was intense. The meaning of the signals was explained by experienced yachtsmen; the boats circled, crossed the line and were off — the immediate conclusion was that Adams, the skipper of the *Resolute*, had outjockeyed Burton at the start. As we followed the race, everybody's spirits rose. We talked breathlessly with each other, our eyes continually applied to the glasses.

Later, when we were having a bite in a friend's cabin, suddenly there was a great rush overhead and a crash of broken china. The boat listed badly. We ran up on the deck, thinking we had had a collision. Everybody had hurried to one side of the boat. Alas! There across the water I saw the rigging of the *Resolute* coming down, while the *Shamrock* sailed bravely ahead.

'What's the matter?' I cried.

'Accident, sailing too light, we think,' was one answer.

There had been two thunderstorms during the day, and every kind of a wind, then no wind at all, and it was thought that the rain had made the sails too heavy. There were many conjectures, but we consoled ourselves by acknowledging that, notwithstanding the accident, the *Resolute* had shown she was the faster. So the first racing day ended, and we were obliged to leave on *Roxana* for Boston. Seven races in all took place, most of them with little wind, and our hopes went up and down. The newspapers had it that there was confusion in the management of the *Shamrock* and Burton was to

be dismissed — but he wasn't. At last the suspense came to an end, everybody praised Adams, and the *Resolute* won, much to our delight.

Which ports do you visit on a houseboat? Any that you desire, from Key West to Halifax, but in the summer months nothing is more delightful than to cruise leisurely from New York northward, say to Bar Harbor. With this plan in view, we steamed out into the Sound, past the Battery, past Execution Light, Great Captain's Island, Stamford and Bridgeport, to New London, where for many Junes we have moored *Roxana* during the Harvard-Yale races. Our captain's log is punctuated annually by entries such as these: 'Saw the Harvard-Yale race. Harvard won by one and one half length,' and 'Took the Harvard Freshman Crew for a sail,' or 'Yale won the four-oared race,' though perhaps more often is inscribed 'Harvard won the 'Varsity again.' On one occasion the 'Varsity crew came aboard *Roxana* for a rest just before the race; they got into their shells from her and won when they weren't expecting to, so again we were happy.

Narragansett Bay is perfect for yachting — one can have a drive on shore, or a picnic, or a fish dinner. Often a tennis tournament beguiles one at Newport, or a game of polo at the Pier, or some of the 'war games' at the Naval College or Torpedo Station. Newport harbor is especially interesting, for it is usually full of men-of-war. Reluctantly one sails away, passing Jamestown and Fall River with its factories, taking a look in at Bristol with its old houses, and then cruising along on the way to Providence.

Sometimes, if we wish for fishing, we stop at Block Island, a barren and wind-swept place with majestic cliffs to the south, and farther inland, multitudes of little fresh water ponds shining in the deep hollows. It reminds one somewhat of Nantucket, being more or less bare of contour, with its big ramshackle hotel, splendid beach, and one main street lined with soda fountains and shops selling salt water taffy, gum, post-cards and peanuts. Munching, sunburned trippers from Providence, shod in sneakers, swarm arm in arm about the post-office and wait for the daily steamer. We wandered down to the little basin with its heavy stonework that reminded us of the wee harbor at Penzance in Cornwall, England, which we visited on the *Catania*.

This place, too, might well be the home of pirates, but instead it was the abode of peaceful fishermen, and the harbor was lined with queer fishing boats. They all had the mast with its observation box and the peculiar bowsprit rig for harpooning swordfish. As each boat sailed in, people gathered to inquire the catch. Bonitos seemed to be about; one boat brought in a few hundred, while another had some tuna. We caught no tuna, alas! but a number of bonitos, which proved to be delicious. With these we consoled ourselves, as we cruised along the little canal which had been cut through out of what once had been only a pond, and now makes a harbor on the west coast and a perfect little anchorage for yachts.

Often after leaving Block Island, we skip around to Vineyard Haven, to New Bedford, or into Buzzard's Bay, a pleasant place to linger, dotted with its summer houses whose red-tiled roofs gleam out

among the trees, or to Onset with its hundreds of little houses, its spiritualistic 'lyceum' and its fervid camp meetings. Here we can take a motor and visit the many pretty settlements on the Cape among the pines and the bayberry bushes, and find quaint towns of 'ancient and fish-like odor,' and travel to the very tipmost end, where Provincetown has its artists' colony and its little playhouse. Back we go to join *Roxana* and slip slowly through the ribbon-like straight canal, along the level low cut, with the curious bascule bridge lifting its sections high in the air, looking for all the world in the distance like the antennæ of a huge insect.

Coming out at the other end, one may look at Plymouth to see where the Pilgrims landed to find 'diverse cornfields and little running brooks,' and establish their 'plantacion.' One may go on to Paragon Park, with its 'Cave of the Winds' and 'Hilarity Hall' and swings and roller coasters and crowds, and then, for another contrast, to Nahant, which is peopled with the smart set of Boston.

Still steering northward we come to Marblehead, with perhaps one of the most beautiful little harbors along the coast. It is like fairyland at night, its basin circled with twinkling lights, while search-lights swing across the sky and music drifts out across the water from the hotels. As I write, a number of launches surround us with couples having a summer vacation. There are houseboats and schooners and hundreds of little racing crafts, some with the Marconi rigging. Then there are rowboats filled with small boys wearing life preservers, who look in at all the portholes out of sheer deviltry.

In August the yacht clubs were full of sports — the Eastern, the Corinthian, and the Boston. There was much betting about the Quincy Cat and the Nahant Bugs and the Marblehead Brutal Beasts. The courses were laid out, the boats gathered and circled, and the gun went off. A number of the racing boats crossed the line all together, then another class followed, and so on, until it became a really beautiful sight with all the snowy wings gliding over the water like a swarm of lunar moths. When they made a turn around a rock, they looked like butterflies hovering about a lump of sugar. It was even more beautiful than a fleet of friendly airships that I saw hovering over Epernay during the war. A thunder storm came up the first day of racing, and the sails then appeared whiter than ever against the black and purple clouds. I murmured, 'Plucky little fellows,' and wondered if they would all reach port safely as we scuttled in ourselves to moor *Roxana* in a safe harbor.

Northward again we steamed, stopping next at Beverly and motoring to Salem near by, once the seat of the old East India trade, where the Essex Institute still preserves its relics of it in the form of teakwood and bronzes and carved ivory, and where farther back in the town's history, witches were hanged. One may still see the sheriff's writ of execution.

On the North Shore are handsome houses to visit and lovely beguiling gardens. Perhaps we may stop at the Essex Club for a game of golf, or drop ashore elsewhere for a flower festival, a horse-show, or an open-air masque. Gloucester comes next, its fine

harbor crammed with fishing boats, and since *Roxana* is small enough, we steam through the canal, past Coffin's Beach and on to Portsmouth with its lighthouses and forts and big naval prison. From here you can run out in an hour to the Isles of Shoals, where the poet, Celia Thaxter, spent the greater part of her life. Her father, a highly educated man, deeply resentful of certain political situations in Portsmouth, left there and became lighthouse keeper on this island. With Appledore and Smutty Nose, two other bare and barren places as nearest neighbors, the family lived as recluses, but serene and happy in their isolation, as Celia Thaxter's poetry shows:

'We sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar,
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,

'Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west.
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.'

An utter contrast is York Harbor, gay with hotel and cottage life, and Biddeford Pool, quite as gay, if not quite as fashionable. All along the coast of Maine are lovely rivers which one cannot resist sailing up. Finally we reached Portland in the late afternoon, to be immediately beset by small boats bringing out the evening papers and asking for orders for provisions. Casco Bay has many wooded islands with tiny hen-coop cottages. Sailboats and launches and canoes border them, with a sprinkling of girls and boys splashing in the cold water, and here and

there parties are having a jubilant clambake. At the beginning of the war, on one of these islands we saw a powerful searchlight, and a mound that covered a great gun for guarding the entrance. But all that is over now, and darkness settles about us, to the shouts of the young bathers and the deepening of the lights.

One morning off again we sailed, past Boothbay with its charming little harbor and simple inexpensive houses, past Wiscasset with its turtlelike island, a lighthouse perched on its shell, into Rockland with its big hotel with old ladies sitting in rows on the piazza. This is the country of the pointed firs, and the rocky coast reminds one a little of Norway. Islands punctuate the horizon, some lifting like snowy fingers their beacons.

Steaming over to fashionable Dark Harbor, quite lovely with the Camden Hills in the distance, we make a call or two and set sail again, headed for Bar Harbor, one of the most beautiful places on the coast, cruising through Fox Island, Thoroughfare, past Swan's Island, and others, farther out to sea, lonely and shrouded in mist.

Roxana slows up for the fog is thick, a sailor stands at the bow to sound, and all eyes strain to see a lighthouse or a stake to mark the channel, while ears are alert for fog horns or bell buoys, when suddenly the sailor calls out to the captain, 'Four feet of water, sir, rocks ahead!' The captain rings the gong in the pilot house for the engineer below. *Roxana* backs and shakes as if by an earthquake, while white breakers appear and a huge black rock looms up out of the fog. A sharp turn of the wheel,

and we slip by safely and take a breath of relief to find ourselves gliding past one of the small islands, into Bar Harbor itself, with its high wooded mountains reaching down into the sea, and as *Roxana* drops her anchor there at last, we think, what really can be more heavenly during a hot summer than a cruise up the coast.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ISLES OF DEVILS

THE spring after Roosevelt's accession, while memories of the Spanish War were still fresh, we decided to make a cruise with some friends to Bermuda and through the West Indies, stopping to see America's new possessions, permanent and temporary. L. chartered an American yacht named *Virginia*, owned by Stearns of New York and belonging to the New York Yacht Club. She had been built at Bath, Maine, after a design by Watson, the great English designer, whose beautiful lines made his boats recognizable as far as the eye could see them. She was 199 feet long and 26 feet beam (gross tonnage 441) and a fine boat for deep-sea cruising.

Cold and cloudy was the morning that we set off down the muddy Potomac, to the friendly tootings of little tugboats that saluted our passing craft. Through Chesapeake Bay and then out into the stormy Atlantic *Virginia* rolled and tossed. That night, and the next, and the next, it was all we could do to stay in our bunks. After that, the Bermudas seemed like heaven, indeed. The sun came out, the clouds drifted away, and the yacht steamed smoothly along over a glorious, clear sea, for about us lay small islands covered to the water's edge with dark green cedars.

A message from a naval vessel stationed there said we might come in if we weren't too fond of the Boers, so the *Virginia* proceeded into the harbor and

dropped anchor off Hamilton. Presently the consul and a couple of officers from the British destroyer *Quail* came aboard, and matters were arranged satisfactorily. After lunching at a bit of fairyland (a French restaurant named Belterre) surrounded by giant ferns and hanging orchids and enlivened by monkeys and emerald and scarlet cockatoos, we drove over the pretty island. The scene at the barracks was very picturesque; a military band was playing, and the inhabitants promenaded up and down beneath the tropic trees, while standing about were the big black men of the West Indian Regiment, most pompous in their brilliant red and gold Zouave jackets and turbans. In the intervals of the music there came from across the straits the sound of Boer prisoners singing some old folk-song.

On the island there were said to be five thousand war captives, many small boys and old men among them. Some weren't even Boers at all — one was a man from East Boston. Heaven only knows how he happened to be taken in a South African war.

From all accounts they were treated well, and given just the same rations as the British soldiers. They lived in tents and did their own cooking and washing, and in that gentle climate could not suffer. Some did a little wood carving, making canes and ornaments for sale, but the things they sold were hardly artistic.

The English were extremely strict about allowing outsiders to speak to or even see them, forbidding our guest, John Coolidge, to go anywhere near, although he had been in Pretoria and had letters from Lord Milner thanking him for his services. One day,

however, we did go over to an island to have tea with some officers, and got a glimpse, though at a distance, of the Boers. They looked rather shabby, and were anything but clean in their habits. The close supervision they were under had resulted in a minimum of escapes, only one man of the entire lot having managed to get away.

Rather primitive in some ways was the life of the natives. There was no fresh water on the islands, so the whitewashed roofs of the houses were ribbed, the rain water caught and led into cellars by pipes. There were a few watersheds on the sides of the bare and rocky hills, so white that they looked like patches of snow, or frosting on cakes, as did the white bungalows also. Great fields of blossoming lilies were rich with perfume, and the dew was so heavy that most of the year the gardens never needed watering.

The islands are made of limestone, and it is sawed into bricks to be used for building houses. There were so many small quarries of it that some had been made over into pretty gardens. The bungalows had rather old-fashioned furniture, not in very good taste. Many families kept a goat for milk, and pigs, too, were plentiful. So were chickens, the housewives preserving the eggs. Canned goods were said to be the principal food staple.

Parks and botanical garden were pretty with bamboo, hibiscus, oleanders, the pride of India, the ever-present coleus of variegated leaves, and many other semi-tropical plants. The island is not really tropical, for it is some distance from the Gulf Stream and the air is very invigorating. Several plants grow there that do not grow anywhere else.

Shakespeare did not know in what a lovely spot he laid the scene of 'The Tempest' when he placed it in 'the still-vexed Bermoothes' and had his delicate Ariel sing,

'Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist.'

The Isles of Devils, as they are called, have an interesting history. They were discovered by a Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, in whose honor they were named, though the Spanish flag was never raised over them. In 1603 the British Admiral, Sir George Somers, on his way to Virginia, was wrecked upon the rocks with his galleon, the *Sea Venture*. He and his crew built another vessel out of cedar trees and eventually reached the mainland of America. He returned to the islands and finally died there in 1611 on the spot where later the town of St. George was built. Because he loved the place so much, his heart was buried in Bermuda and his body sent to England. In 1620 the Governor of the Island caused a marble slab to be laid over the portion of his remains buried there, upon which was an epitaph beginning,

'In the year sixteen-eleven
Sir George Somers went to heaven,'

and ending with,

'At last his soul and body having to part
He here bequeathed his entrails and his heart.'

The British flag alone has flown above these islands, which in the early days were entrusted to a

company to govern. Slaves were brought over from Africa, and during King Philip's War, Indian captives were imported to help in the tobacco-fields. Convicts from England were sent to build the roads and forts. Although the salt trade flourished for a while, the islands have never been productive of any great amount of wealth. First, it is said, they were overrun by hogs, then by rats, next by cats, and last, goats came to predominate.

During the War of 1812, Bermuda was a naval base. During the Civil War it swarmed with secessionists; it was the headquarters for blockade runners, its warehouses being full of cotton and coal. It served as a coaling station during the Great War, so obviously its situation has strategic advantages.

Adventurers from the seven seas congregated there from time to time. People who could not live at home for one reason or another took up permanent residences on the islands, for they found the place full of flowers, of romance, and of balmy air.

Our time was spent in drives and picnics, a luncheon at Admiralty House, a tea on board the *Quail*, and a wonderful day at St. George. In the Devil's Hole, an enchanting pool stocked with strange exotic creatures of the deep, magnificent electric-blue angel fish were swimming about with fan-shaped or needle-nosed ones, some speckled, or striped like convicts of the under-sea, others silvery and opalescent. Clinging to the rocks were rainbow-colored sea anemones and great blue long-fingered starfish. The pool was as colorful with its crystal clear water as a tropic garden. Our last night ashore we dined with friends at the Hotel Hamilton and danced

afterwards, with dashing officers in gay red coats.

It was high time we left, for our sailors got into a fight with some men from the *Quail* and licked them. One Britisher was so badly hurt that it was feared our crew might be taken into custody because of the trouble, but the captain of the *Quail* very kindly fixed matters up with the magistrate, and the night *Virginia* sailed, the British sea dogs rowed over and sang sailor chanteys to us, just to show there was no ill-feeling. It was jolly nice of them and we gave them some grog and cheered, and applauded their singing, while they rowed off, still caroling, the old sea song dying away across the water.

'So early in the morning, the sailor likes his bottle O!—
A bottle of rum and a bottle of gin and a bottle of old
Jamaica Ho!
So early in the morning.'

About twenty years later we again went to Bermuda, so I insert here our impressions of the changes that had elapsed. Several new hotels had been built. Visitors could go in launches to inspect the Sea Gardens, and caves had been discovered and opened to the public. Although the islands were seldom visited in those days, now, on account of prohibition in the States, there was a stream of Americans visiting Hamilton and the steamers were quite good. Only three Boers were left to remind us of the Boer War.

The Princess Hotel where we stayed resembled the typical, big, white, wooden hostelries at home, and when I looked out of my window at the bay, I found the water dotted with cedar-grown islands

much like those on the Maine coast. I had forgotten much about our previous visit and at first I was a little disappointed in Hamilton, for the wind blew, the windows rattled, and it was cold. I hadn't the right kind of clothes, so I invested in a woolly sweater and a white doeskin cloth skirt.

One heard tales on every hand of men drinking, and bringing actresses with them from the States, but as far as I could see, everything was fairly respectable, though perhaps I was not very discerning.

Saturday nights the colored population gathered about the shops and got drunk. Sunday seemed to be reserved for the whites to do the same. The wine merchants were making money. Ships were loading constantly and one skipper who had been carrying coal was offered forty thousand a year to smuggle rum instead. Most of the products on which the people lived, except for the onions and potatoes, came from Canada or the United States, for the natives were too lazy to do much fishing, though you could see plenty of crawfish and scallops at Tom Moore's restaurant, collected in a pool for the visitors to look at. This was the place where the poet once lived and wrote his poetry and fell in love with a married lady. Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner and others of literary note also have stayed there.

Farther along on the road to Tom Moore's was the old village of St. George, which had the most ancient graveyard in the island, abounding in queer epitaphs, and near by was a lovely crystal cave recently discovered full of snowy stalactites and sta-

lagmites, together with a fairylike pool at the bottom, all lighted by electricity.

The islands can all be seen, more or less superficially, in a few days. The drives twisting along the coast under shady trees with here and there glimpses of the emerald sea are very beautiful. A few soldiers and sailors, walking up and down the street added to the picture. So, too, did the fat old mammies waddling to and fro with baskets on their heads or wearing bandanna handkerchiefs. No motors were allowed on the islands, only horses and carriages. People sailed, played tennis and went to teas or bathed at Elba Beach or drove to Spanish Point where there was a wreck to be seen. There were dances at the two best hotels, the Princess and Hamilton.

Windsor Hotel should not be forgotten, where we had turtle soup, turtle fins, turtle meat, Harrington Sound scallops, and crawfish, all of which, they said, would soon disappear, for they were being used up so rapidly.

We made a visit to Bellevue to see a typical old Bermuda plantation where Minnie Smith, the author of a history of the Bermudas, lived. It stretched across the island from shore to shore. On the front of the house was a two-story verandah, such as houses in the South sometimes have, where one got a distant view of Hamilton which looked like Venice, but the other side had an open space in the centre, protected on both sides, a sheltered spot where one could sit and have meals — all very pretty and pleasant and with two wings for slave quarters. Within the house a remarkably fine stair-

case led up to bedrooms and sun parlors. There were some interesting four poster beds and some delightful old prints. The cedars that surrounded the place opened down grassy paths and into long vistas, with rocks and emerald sea at the end. Below were the bathing pools and a private beach, and fields of vegetables.

The beautiful snow-white fields of lilies had all disappeared, as a disease called 'scales' had attacked them. The trade in onions and potatoes had been somewhat spoiled by the tariff.

Our last days there were quite gay. The Governor's garden party was pretty with tents where tea was served; the band played on the grounds and later in the house the young people danced. There were dinners with the Sloans, and a pleasant luncheon at the Roosevelts'. The Robinsons' house, where we dined to meet the Governor and Lady Asser once again, was charming.

On the whole I was not so enthusiastic as other people about Bermuda, for I didn't like the wind. But the island certainly seemed to be health-giving to invalids, and there were many quaint and delightful spots. Though the coast has been well-charted, and there are no such number of wrecks as in the old times, yet when the September hurricanes set in, roofs of houses are lifted off and the coral reefs and their dangers still make Bermuda and her neighboring group deserve the name of 'The Isles of Devils.'

CHAPTER XVII

NASSAU AND THE LAST OF THE PIRATES

STEAMING south we encountered a stiff gale, and even the captain was seasick, and so also were our guests. The yacht was obliged to slow down, but after we had gotten within the harbor, it was smooth sailing.

Here in Port San Juan, with its quaint shops and peaceful plaza, where dusky women leaned over balconies, Ponce de Leon once sought his fabled fountain of youth, and Sir Francis Drake fought the Spanish colonists long ago, and sacked the city so thoroughly that 'Francisco el Dragon' is a tradition even to this day.

The harbor of St. Thomas was surrounded with steep circling hills that reached straight to the sea-line, so that the town had to climb and cling to find a foothold. In the old buccaneering days these hills made a fine refuge for the pirates that infested the Spanish Main. Guarding the town and harbor were two ancient towers, Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's, for these gentlemen of fortune, with their third brother, Whitebeard, all flew the black flag.

We stopped at the French possessions, Guadeloupe and Martinique, where a wild carnival was going on. The sensuous, dark-skinned women decked out in vivid, barbaric costumes, with strings of gold beads as big as hickory nuts, danced wildly through the streets, singing naughty songs in a French *patois* as they swayed.

Other islands we visited, not often known to tourists, beautiful isles set in gleaming sapphire, with jungle growth and lofty mountains plunging into the sea. We stopped at British Trinidad, its picturesque coolies in brilliant Oriental costumes trotting along the roadways, its marvellous pitch lake, black, slowly heaving, and warm to the touch, which had furnished pitch to caulk even the ships of Sir Walter Raleigh. We landed at La Guayra, and visited Caracas, the most Spanish town of all, and dropped anchor off Curaçao with its Dutch canals. Then we went to Haiti with its black generals strutting about in comic uniforms. Jamaica came next with its beautiful fern valleys and pirate traditions.

Port Royal in the early days had a high wall about it and wide quays whereon the returning outlaws emptied their chests of pieces of eight and silver ingots until a terrible earthquake near the end of the seventeenth century shook Jamaica to its foundations and tumbled this nest of pirates into the sea. On calm days one can look down through the clear waters and see the ruins of the old town, coral-encrusted, lying like lost Atlantis beneath the waves. And on moonlit nights, the inhabitants say, ghostly ships with gossamer sails all set come across the silver path of the sea, trying to find their buccaneer commanders. Gallows Point was the name given to the promontory at Port Royal. Here were executed the last of the pirates who haunted the lagoons of Cuba and Jamaica. Sixteen Cuban pirates were strung up at one time in 1823.

Finally the yacht raced through the green waters

of the Bahamas, running past low lying keys and coral islands, and sunk her anchor off Nassau.

Our earliest impressions of the island, when we last visited it in 1924, while off land and near New Providence, were turquoise blue waters, very white sand, and a low strip of feathery green. The first persons from the island whom we saw were customs officials, a tall, slight, colored 'gemman' of a more or less light shade of tan, followed by a big, husky, very black man, also in uniform.

After passing the white lighthouse on Hog Island, we had a nearer inspection of the town, and found pink and yellow and white buildings rising up from among the plumy palms.

On landing, a few motors and carriages with small and wretched horses were ready to convey the travellers while more very black people gathered on the dock — some of them in old boots of every description, some without any shoes at all, and all in cast-off clothing and big straw hats.

We found ourselves near Court Square, which contained barracks, the court-house and library and statue of Queen Victoria, also the big, silk cotton-tree with roots like elephant's ears, under which it is thought the famous pirate Blackbeard blew his trumpet to call his crew together. Walking to the main street we looked into the windows of the shops and saw doeskin cloth for sale, Irish linen, sisal or hemp baskets, flowers made of shells, turtles, decorated starfish, coral and other wonders of the deep. In many other respects it was much like Bermuda. We stopped also at the market to see the many varieties of fish for sale, and passed the Vedder

house where slaves were bought and sold in the old days; then we entered a side street. Here stood wooden houses with piazzas and shutters, behind which we heard a mumble of half-intelligible nigger talk. The little gardens and yards were picturesque and dirty, but full of color with splashes of red hibiscus, or poinsettia, or bougainvillea, and trees called 'women's tongues' because the large pods rattle in the wind. In some of the yards women could be seen sitting together trimming sponges for the market. On the streets, drawn by small horses, were big cages on wheels containing sponges being taken to the warehouses.

At last we reached the new hotel on the water-front, built where the old 'Colonial' had burned down, at which we had stayed many years ago. The new hotel was a pink monstrosity in Spanish style, which had sprung up almost overnight, costing millions of dollars. The walls had maps of the Bahamas and pictures of pirates and the landing of Columbus, and fish and pelicans and that sort of thing. Over the bar in the basement was a painting of Davy Jones beneath the sea. With a bottle of rum in one hand, and his spade in the other, he was evidently engaged in hiding his treasure, while a mermaid stood watching him. We were told that only a few weeks before, a movie actress, diving near Dr. Dolly's place, saw in the sand the handle of a chest, which was afterwards pulled up, containing thousands of doubloons. The ownership they said was to be decided in the courts. But alas! the Chief Justice, Sir Sydney Nettleton, told me later that there was not a word of truth in the story, but that a dredger,

used to widen the passage into the harbor, had managed to scoop up some gold pieces which were found in the sieve. Ownership regarding treasure trove is decided as follows: From the low-water mark to three miles out it belongs to the Crown; if it is found on any one's land it belongs to the owner.

In the hotel there was also a tank with live fish of many colors, including the angel-fish, goggle-eyed jack, and so forth. The sea gardens, about three miles out, were famous and could be visited in a glass-bottomed boat.

> 'Beneath the bosom of the shimmering sea
> Lie gardens wonderful, the mermaids' home,
> And coral caves that shelter many a gnome
> Who guards the wealth of ocean's treasurie.'

Driving along the harbor to the east we saw fishing boats, with sheep and pigs on board from the outer islands, bound for the market at Nassau, and rakish sailing boats like those seen on Chesapeake Bay, and yachts and a single government boat, and rum runners too. The whiskey was packed in potato sacks and carried to a key, from which fast motor boats smuggled it to Florida, or some other place on the coast. On this road there were a few attractive houses, such as Lady Jane Williams's, but not many, and a fort.

On the drive along the coast to the west, near the town, were two golf courses and two forts; also the American Consul's house built, it was said, on the proceeds of a movie; a new bootlegger's mansion, and a gambling club. We were surprised to see so few dwellings. The beaches were overhung with sea grape plants and cocoanut groves. In the interior

was a wild and uncultivated swamp, a tract of pine trees, the 'Mermaid Pool,' and on the sea front a few caves. Far out was Dr. Dolly's house, built out of an old fort with an underground passage — once pirate quarters. Dr. Dolly bought this house and much land with the idea of having a sisal plantation and making alcohol as a by-product. But he must have given that idea up, for when we were there he had gone into the shark business. Shark skins make good leather, fins and lips are sent to China for the Chinese to eat, while the oil makes a sort of cod liver oil product. The trouble with this industry at Nassau was that it proved difficult to get the natives to catch the sharks, though it is carried on with some success in the States. Dr. Dolly's place, with its pretty beach, was one of the most attractive on the island, but rather remote.

Our first walk was through Gregory Arch to Grant's Town, back of Mount Fitzwilliam. The roads and some of the houses were made of limestone; a few of the abodes had thatched roofs and some were built of wood. None of the negroes' houses had chimneys, for there was no frost in Nassau and the cooking was done in the yards over a pan of charcoal or in a little oven of limestone, or in the open on a pile of rocks. The fuel was generally buttonwood — a very hard wood. The colored folk lived on fish, yams, sugar-cane, tomatoes, and cabbages. In the old days, when they were plentiful, they ate the guana, the big lizards found on these islands, flamingoes' tongues and the conch-shellfish which sometimes produces a pink pearl. There were a few wells and some public water pipes in the lanes.

Under a banana, or a palm tree, you might see a goat, a sheep, a cow or a pony or donkey grazing in the yards. The day we were there a funeral was going on, a fisherman having been drowned. Women were hanging out of their doors and pickaninnies were running about. It appeared that there were funeral clubs and everybody was expected to attend. We met an old woman in a hoopskirt, barefooted and smoking a pipe, and another darky clad in rags, his hair matted and bleached from the sun; he was half asleep, smoking, and so dust-covered that he looked like a pilgrim of India. Only one beggar did we see — a terrible cripple. Grant's Town was, on the whole, very primitive and very picturesque.

Some of the negroes in this section still believed in ghosts, witchcraft, jumbees or spirits and devils, even when we were there, though in Nassau these superstitions were dying out. They thought jumbees haunted the silk cotton-trees, so they never cut them down, fearing the jumbees might be offended. The word *obi*, meaning witch doctor, denotes all this. The *obi* was consulted if some one wished another to die. It was then made known that the *obi man* was willing him to death. This frightened the victim so that it was not long before he did die. The *obi man* was suspected of using poison made from herbs.

Folklore tales were often told at weddings and funerals. A favorite story was one about a hairy old man with long nails, called 'Faki Anansi.' One day he made a bet with the baboon to determine which was the fattest. This was to be decided by having both of them sit by the fire to see which would drip the most. Faki declared that the baboon was the

fattest and began to cut him up and eat him, but after the baboon had been devoured, the old man began to feel ill in his stomach and consulted a witch doctor. The doctor said that the pieces of the baboon had joined themselves together in his stomach and were making all the trouble, that if Faki would sit with a banana in his mouth, but not eat it himself, the baboon would get hungry and come up to get it. And so at last the baboon emerged like Jonah from the mouth of the whale and ran away, and Faki was cured. All of the folk-tales among the colored people of the Bahamas were very primitive and not very pleasant. Their songs were of the same kind. Here is an example:

'Once upon a time was a good old time,
Monkey chew tobacco and spit white lime,
Cockroach keep time and knock the big drum,
Boom! Boom! Boom!'

The 'Holy Rollers' or 'Jumpers' we found disappointing; they did not jump so wildly as I expected. The preacher gave a pretty good sermon. One of their songs went like this:

'Never a man speak like this man
Oh, look a' death! look a' death!
She's travellin' through the lan'
She's travellin' through the lan'.
I wish ol' Satan would be still,
I never saw a man for to speak like this man;
An' let me do my Master's will.'

And another one goes:

'Come along, sister, don' get los',
Every day 'ill be Sunday by an' by:
Jes' stretch your rod an' come across,
Every day 'ill be Sunday by an' by.
Cryin' shine now,
Every day 'ill be Sunday by an' by.'

The shimmy dance in a hall of a Saturday night was supposed to be amusing, but we did not go; having seen the carnival at Martinique, we felt we should think this comparatively tame.

The dialect of the darkies of Nassau was quite different from that of our Southern negroes, and to our unaccustomed ears hard to understand, being full of cuss-words mixed with religion and uttered with a combination of the English and the darky accents. An insult was, 'You no good; you no livelier than a turtle.' Some of the sayings of the sponge gatherers were as follows:

'I luk upon de sponge, de sponge luk fine,
I luk upon me han' an' me han' luk shine.'

'W'en God get tired, he mek' sponge t'ief.'

'De sailor an' de wedder all come togedder.'

'Sponger money can done, ef yer done er se'f, mo' dere,'

which, being interpreted, means 'Sponger's money can't give out. If your own gives out, more's there.'

Many of the sponges were found in the mud and were hauled up on a pole with a hook, and this practice gave rise to the sponger's expression, 'Pulling the wood' and 'Hoisting the flag.' After the sponges had died, they were trimmed and were then ready for the market.

Obi was still practised on the neighboring islands and especially on Andros, and the head men of the tribes were called kings. King Congo, self-styled, was still living a short time ago at San Salvador.

The darkies were great talkers and liked to discuss questions. They shut themselves up in their cabins at night, keeping all air out as far as possible so that

no evil spirit could come in. They made a white cross on the outside of the door for protection. Blackbirds, they said, carried messages, and a dried sucking fish, worn over the heart, kept them from bullets. Where pirate treasure was hidden, a ghost was always on guard, they believed.

On Hog Island, where we bathed, the Bullocks had built a charming bungalow overlooking the sea. When it was being put up, a skull was unearthed. It appeared there had once been a fort there, a fight had taken place, probably between the Spanish and the English, and some of the victims had been buried in the sand. The native workmen filled an old bottle with water and hung it on a tree to lay the ghost and frighten away evil spirits. Should it prove true that the master of the place was not the rightful owner of the land, the natives said that he would swell up and burst while eating the fruit of his unlawful estate.

The boat, which the Bullocks used, had been washed up from a German wreck during the War. We used to go in a launch across the strip of water from the hotel almost every morning to Hog Island where there was a wonderful beach with the most perfect sea bathing I ever experienced, the water so clear and blue and the temperature of the air about seventy degrees.

The Porcupine Club overhung the bay, and on the piazza we could get a most delicious luncheon made by a French chef. This was a very select club, built principally for Americans. Sir Frederick William Taylor and his wife and daughter lunched with us there. They had an interesting place on the east drive, which they called 'The Hermitage,' and at-

tached to this place was a story similar to that of the Bullocks. The first morning of their occupancy, Lady Jane told me, she found some dead birds on the doorstep. She buried them. The next morning some more were there, and she did the same thing by the second lot. The following day she discovered a bottle on the rocks with some lizards in it. This finally disappeared. The explanation of these happenings proved to be that some of the superstitious darky servants had placed the things there to keep away the evil spirits of the land and sea, the birds for the land and the bottle for the sea.

Sir Frederick Taylor is the head of the National Bank of Canada. We went to his house several times and so learned the history of their interesting winter home. It was first a Spanish fort and then, so it is said, the headquarters of Blackbeard, the pirate. In 1787 the Earl of Dunmore, then the British Governor of the Bahamas, occupied 'The Hermitage' and built barracks and slave quarters, and a garden with terraces and made bath houses and a landing. Later a new Government House was built, and 'The Hermitage' changed hands several times. When Lady Jane went there to live, she excavated the place and unearthed the terraces which, by this time, had been completely obliterated by soil and shifting sands. Then she did over the house, making it very comfortable and attractive, with purple glass in the windows to shade the eyes from the glare of the tropical sun. It was a fascinating and mysterious place with its rich vegetation, and especially lovely at the close of day with pink sunsets lying far out over the deep blue water. Situated right on

the sea at one of the highest points of land and several miles out from Nassau, surrounded by old Spanish and British guns, for three centuries it has been a historic landmark.

We were shown the dungeons where Blackbeard, or Edward Teach (as his real name was), an English seaman, born at Bristol, kept his captives, and the chapel where the last rites were administered to his prisoners before they were murdered, their dead bodies being thrown down an *oubliette* into the water. Blackbeard was tall and strong, with a Roman nose and cold gray eyes. He was a hard drinker and cruel. He ruled by fear and with an iron hand, but enjoyed pranks, especially impersonating the evil one, adorning his long beard with lighted matches. When he wished to assemble his band of cutthroats, he stood beneath the big, silk cotton-tree and blew his conch-shell, dressed in

> 'A breech and a gay surtout of silk,
> One red as blood, one white as milk, —
> All bandaged round with a crimson sash
> Whose ends hung down in a flaming lash,
> Within which showed the pistol stems
> And dagger hilts ablaze with gems. —
> His boots alone were clumsy, old,
> And mottled thick with mildew's mould,
> A great and heavy pair for weather
> With lappets huge of Spanish leather.'

And when the gang gathered about him, he would hail them with:

> 'Are ye all here, ye devil's crew?
> Is Satan cheated out of you?'

The pirates, when spoken by a brother ship and asked, 'Whither bound?' would give answer, 'To

the sea!' if they were going out to plunder, but if they were returning from a capture, with their hold full of loot, they would respond, 'From the sea!'

Blackbeard first sailed for a time from Jamaica in a privateer, during the trouble with France. Later he became the partner of the pirate captain, Benjamin Hornygold, who put him in command of a sloop, and one of the many ships that Blackbeard captured was the *Protestant Cæsar*, with Captain Wyatt in command, from Boston. When Hornygold surrendered to Captain Ward Rogers, Courtney became Blackbeard's partner.

One of Blackbeard's famous lieutenants was named Jack Calico because he always dressed in that fabric, with full trousers gathered tight about his waist and ankles, and red slippers to complete the effect. He was full of fun and wit, forever singing songs, and very popular and picturesque. He even had a cap made of his favorite goods.

Captain Ward Rogers was sent from the States to Nassau to capture Blackbeard and evidently caught Hornygold, but Blackbeard escaped. Rogers, however, cleaned out the place, taking many of the pirates, and where the Colonial Hotel now stands the fort and barracks originally stood, and here it was that some of the pirates were executed — Dennis McCarthy, William Cunningham, John Angier, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall and William Ling — eight of them. One, Rounsival, was permitted to live.

'On the morning of the execution,' writes Mr. Christian, 'the four quarters of the island poured into the clearing on which the fort stood. Some

impatient souls had camped there during the night, and the sun had scarcely rimmed the sky with red when the reservation was packed with a motley crowd. A strange heterogeneous company it was, freckled with rovers whom the sun and the bottle had burnt an indelible red, clotted with negroes and maroons, the vanguard of the slave army, colored by ruddy wenches, the by-blows of the great, and blanched with fair men and women, emigrant relics of the Pilgrim fathers.

'Clanking their manacles and wearily dragging the iron balls attached to them, the pirates gathered in the court where their chains were removed. They all asked to be shaved and given clean apparel. Then they called for wine and bade each other, "Drain with me to the brethren!" Morris asked for blue ribbon and McCarthy for red ribbon to tie their arms and ankles. Their requests were granted. The psalm singers began to sing. The accused were now on the scaffolds. Wine was passed again; the flagman shook out a large black standard. One by one they mounted the steps. The sailors began to pull the ropes. A band played, a whistle was heard, and then a voice shouted: "Reprieve for Rounsival!" Guards removed the man. Once more the marshal raised his hand, the whistle blew, the sturdy sailors grasped the ropes and tugged lustily, the platform rocked and reeled, and then crashed down. Above it the eight bodies swung fantastically in the air.'

For a time, in his wild career, Blackbeard renounced piracy and became a respectable citizen, living in one of the Gulf ports, but eventually the

old life called him back. He is said to have had, at different times, fourteen wives. The first was left in England, but it is difficult to find out anything authentic about them except that one was a Bolling, and she was probably the girl whom he married when in Carolina.

In 1717 he sailed on an English sloop, which he named *Queen Anne's Revenge*, and in less than a week, off Charleston, he had captured seven British ships. He was pardoned for these acts by the Governor of South Carolina and with the Governor he shared his booty of further captures, three English vessels and two French ones which he boarded off Bermuda. He became so troublesome and so terrifying to the inhabitants that in 1718 the Governor of Virginia fitted out two sloops under Captain Maynard and sent them in pursuit of the pirate. After a hard fight Blackbeard was killed, his crew taken ashore and hanged. This engagement occurred in a little inlet in North Carolina, south of Hatteras. Maynard had concealed his men below deck and when Blackbeard and his crew of twelve boarded the ship, Maynard's men sprang up and the fight began. Twenty-nine Virginians were killed or wounded, so it was a costly victory.

'Valiant Maynard as he sailed
Soon the pirates did espy.
With his trumpet he them hailed
And to him they did reply, —

'"Captain Teach is our commander."
Maynard said, "He is the man
Who I am resolved to hang, sir.
Let him do the best he can."

'When the bloody fight was over,
We're informed by letters writ,
Teach's head was made a cover
To the Jack Staff of the ship.

'Thus they sailed to Virginia,
And when they the story told,
How they killed the pirates many,
They'd applause from young and old.'

Without doubt somewhere on the east coast of Nassau lay Blackbeard's headquarters, but since he was seen occasionally to sail into an obscure inlet on the Island of Andros, where a reef almost entirely surrounded it and the water was very shallow, it was thought that part of his treasure might have been buried there. He lived at one time in St. Thomas, also.

The information given by old inhabitants, regarding the pirate and his adventures among the islands, varies as it does in the books concerning him. All, however, seem to agree that the tower on the east coast, about four miles out of Nassau, was Blackbeard's.

The old colonial prison, where he was confined, still stands in Williamsburg, Virginia. Here he remained until the gallows ended his piratical career.

There were two noted women pirates who hailed from Nassau, Ann Bonny and Mary Read, and they are mentioned only in a very old book published in the seventeenth century, a copy of which is owned by the Speaker of the House who lives on the island. Ann escaped through a narrow and unknown channel, together with Jack Calico, when the other pirates were hanged at Nassau. Mary Read's story is this: Her mother lost her sailor husband at sea,

ANN BONNY AND MARY READ, TWO WOMEN PIRATES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

and was left widowed with a boy to bring up. She went away from her home in England, taking the boy, who soon died. Later she gave birth to a daughter, Mary Read, an illegitimate offspring. She returned to her native town to ask money of her husband's brother, and passed off Mary as the boy that died by the simple means of dressing her in boy's clothes. So the girl continued to dress in this manner and finally grew up and went to Flanders to join the wars. There she fell in love with a trooper and eventually married him, but he died and then she shipped on a boat bound for the West Indies, still dressed as a man, and passed herself off as a sailor. The ship was captured by pirates under the command of Captain Rackham, and Mary Read fell in with them, joining their forces and fighting as well as a man.

Curiously enough, on board this very ship was another woman pirate, Ann Bonny, also dressed as a man, with whom the Captain was in love. She, like Mary, was illegitimate, the daughter of a serving maid and an Irish gentleman from Cork. It seems the gentleman had a wife who suspected that he liked the maid too well, so one day she told her servant that she could go home for the night. The wife that evening went to sleep in the maid's room and sure enough her husband came there. She left home indignantly and the maid gave birth to a baby girl. When the wife heard this, she tried to get hold of the infant, but the maid declared she had had a boy and it was not the husband's offspring. So as soon as Ann Bonny was old enough, she was dressed in boy's clothes. But there was more trouble and the Irish

gentleman, with the maid and the child, took the boat and sailed to Carolina, where the woman passed as his wife for a year or so before she died.

Ann Bonny, the child, proved a very headstrong girl and her father could not manage her. She married a man 'not worth a groat,' and her father showed her the door, so she and her husband went to New Providence. Here she soon tired of the man she had wedded and falling in love with the pirate captain, Rackham, she dressed again as a boy, eloped with him, joined his vessel and became a pirate too.

After Mary Read had also become a member of the crew, the ship was captured.

The day Rackham was to be hung, he asked to see Ann Bonny, but she received him coldly, saying, 'If you had fought like a man, you would not be hanged like a dog.' She herself was spared because she was going to have a child, and Mary escaped for the same reason, but died later of a fever.

One day we went to the police courts, where Major Osborn was the Judge. The cases were largely those of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The bootleggers had been having what was called 'a fire dance,' at which the bad women of the town gathered around an outdoor fire and danced with little on. Judge Osborn did away with these dances. He liked the Island, and the blacks seemed to trust his judgment; not a whimper of protest came from any of them in regard to his sentences. In the police court that day a young black girl was being tried for drunkenness, stone-throwing, and biting. While intoxicated, she had entered a hall and been promptly thrown out. She was followed by a black 'gemman,'

a Mr. Morrison. A very black boy testified that he had seen a crowd outside, but had not noticed that any stones were thrown. The girl's 'momo' declared that she had taken a stone away from her daughter, but that she herself had been struck by a rock, cast presumably by Mr. Morrison. However, it was this last colored 'gemman' who was bringing the suit. Another darky, trying to defend the girl, declared, 'Dish yer frail gal ben sat upon by Mistah Morrison,' and 'momo' backed up his evidence by declaring that 'he sat hisself plumb down on my daughter's head and cos she couldn't help biting him.' The Judge fined the girl five shillings and the case ended.

So that every one in the town might know the time of day at least once a week, a gun was fired from the gunboat on Saturdays at noon, but on one occasion, the boat not being in port, the gun in the square was fired. Crowds of people in great excitement gathered about to see it done. I was in the library at the moment and thought the whole town had been blown up, it made such a noise.

The library (formerly the jail) was very quaint, octagonal in shape and painted yellow. I was greeted by the librarian who, when I mentioned that I should like some books on Nassau or on pirates, said, 'Everything out. Some one is writing an article.' But I was not to be put off and finally got what I wanted. The library contained some German machine guns and pictures of colored soldiers who had been sent off to the Great War.

The religion of the islands was, of course, Anglican and was presided over by a Bishop, who was only thirty-six years old and was very high church in his

tendencies. Since many of the inhabitants were low church, there was much discussion and a certain amount of trouble. The question finally came up for the Chief Justice to settle. He very cleverly satisfied everybody concerned by arranging that both high church and low church services should be held at different hours on Sunday morning. At the Cathedral they had tablets upon the walls, some of which were old and rather amusing. The Dean preached a good sermon against gossip. The black Constabulary was there, with Major French and other white officers, all looking very smart in their duck uniforms and helmets. After the service the soldiers marched off in fine order. In the church I noticed that blacks and whites sat together. There was a huge black man in front of us with a large checked suit, who looked like a pugilist, but to my surprise he arose to pass the plate. I heard afterwards that his father had been a slave, but he himself had had some education in England and was one of the assembly men and quite intelligent.

One afternoon we walked up to Fort Charlotte and over to the Golf Club where the famous golfer, Jock Hutchinson, was teaching. This fort was built by Lord Dunmore and had dungeons, a moat and an underground passageway. It had now come to be used as a signal station and a wireless, for there was no cable. The signal flags told when a steamer had been sighted, or a sailing ship.

Another day we climbed up the Queen's staircase, up sixty steps (cut in slave times out of the solid rock), to another fortification, Fincastle, also built by Dunmore, and the most interesting thing of its

kind I had ever seen, constructed in shape just like a vessel of war. Near by was the insane asylum, the hospital, and the prison.

The third bastion that we visited was Fort Montague, lying to the east, quite tiny, right on the rocks and almost down to the sea level. Bruce built it when John Tinker was governor, as a defence against the pirates, though Tinker was friendly with them at the time. In 1776 it was captured by the Americans under Commodore Beal Hopkins, together with John Paul Jones, but since the entire navy at that time consisted only of eight converted merchant ships, the Commodore felt that nothing was to be gained by keeping the islands, so he soon sailed away.

We had a wonderful day, a real pirate day, on Salt Key, or Treasure Island, with the McCutcheons — the well-known cartoonist, from Chicago, and his wife. A wind had sprung up the night before we started, the windows had rattled and we did not sleep a wink, but Lady Jane said she was game to go if we were. So we met her and Sir Frederick at Fort Montague and there we found a small sailboat with a motor, and after a perilous crossing to it in a rowboat, we started out. The colors in the water were lovely. We rounded Hog Island, where the Sea Gardens lay, and passed a lovely beach, just purchased by the Munson Company, so we were told by the skipper, who was one of the few old Caribs left hereabouts. Only once before, he said, had he known it to be so rough. We found it very difficult to make a landing. A sort of drawbridge was let down when we beached our boat on the rocky coast.

We found John McCutcheon very charming, with a twinkle in his brown eyes. His wife was a tall blonde, and they had a plucky little boy who, without a whimper, allowed his father to duck him in the water when we all went bathing in a little cove. They had a summer house which he had decorated with drawings of pirates. Paths, paved with cement and overhung with cocoanut and palms, led past wire cages wherein Mrs. Van Winkle, the previous incumbent, had kept monkeys and lizards and birds. Great fish crawls we saw, now empty, and a lagoon where the McCutcheons went canoeing in the moonlight, while the darkies sang to them. They had put up a wee fort that managed to convey an appearance of real antiquity, and two guest houses had been built, and a sand-garden made with great pink conch-shells, and hammocks. A truly fascinating island, but of course lonely.

The captain of the McCutcheons' boat caught a very strange fish in these waters and nobody had ever seen anything like it before. Apparently it had been washed up on the beach in some seaweed, and when he went to pick it up it ran along the sand, the captain chasing it until it either became tired or pretended it was dead. It was about as long as a hand, covered with large brown and white spots, with curling fins like seaweed along its side, and underneath a set of small stiff fins on which it could walk. They put it into a bowl of water where, we heard, that it was dying, but nevertheless they intended to turn it over to the Government Fish Department.

There were not many birds, though the humming-

bird was the most characteristic, and there was the black tick-bird and a banana-bird which was so tame that, the day we lunched with the McCutcheons, it came and ate right off the table.

For many years Nassau has been a sleepy place, the negroes poor and the winter residents principally Canadians. Now that America has gone dry, fortunes are made in liquor traffic, and Americans have begun to come to amuse themselves. The inhabitants call themselves 'wine dealers,' but they call the men from the States who sell the liquor, 'bootleggers.'

When the Munson office was set on fire, though the blaze was extinguished, the affair made a great deal of talk. It was American property, but the natives seemed to be down on Americans, although the wealth brought to the Island came from them. The officials, on the other hand, seemed to want us, and the Government advanced Munson two million dollars with which to build the hotel.

In certain of the Bahamas only white people were found, the blacks having been excluded. In others there were blacks only, but of course in most there were mixed races. In Nassau the blacks were somewhat civilized, but in Andros they were still like savages. Among the white people of the islands, traces of black blood were common, which would be only natural after so many generations. Mulattoes were of a better type when their admixture of white blood was of Spanish origin, rather than that of a northern race.

Of fourteen inhabited islands in the Bahama group, Andros was the largest, though the least

known. It was named for Governor Andros of New England in 1690, who was first imprisoned and then sent back to England when he attempted to take the Massachusetts charter away. It had a forest of hardwood, streams, swamps and rich soil, but was inhabited only by primitive blacks and wild fowl. Great Bahama, the nearest to our coast, had the most white people on it and abounded in fish and turtles. Eleytha was considered the prettiest with its caves along the coast filled with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites moulded into strange forms by the winds and waves. Great and Little Exuma were known for their pineapples and cattle, Fortuna for her productive salt ponds. Spanish Wells was inhabited entirely by white people who had intermarried. Other small islands and keys were called Crooked Fortune, Acklins, Grand Turk and Cascos, and from time to time a small steamer stopped at them.

The Carib Indians first dwelt on these islands, sometimes called 'Lucayans.' They believed in an after life, a heaven, which they called the 'land of the sun,' where they would all meet again.

Columbus stopped at several of these islands and was received kindly. Watling's Island, or San Salvador, was where he first landed. New Providence was named Ferdinand in olden times in honor of the Spanish sovereign, and the West Indians, seeing the white people for the first time, called them 'heavenly men.'

The Spaniards used the Caribs as divers for the pink pearl found in the conch-shell, which came to be the emblem of the Bahamas. Later on they sent them to work in the mines in different Spanish col-

onies in Mexico and Peru, until finally the native race was practically exterminated.

In 1629, Sir Robert Heath, a British sea captain, raised the English flag over New Providence. A few adventurers, from Bermuda, settled on Eleutheria and started the settlement at Governor's Harbor. In 1667, Captain Sayles, who later became the Governor of Carolina, named the island New Providence in gratitude for its shelter from a hurricane, and Nassau became its capital and the head of the Bahama group. Settlers from England came here, but the Spanish, resenting the invasion, slaughtered the white people and roasted Governor Clark alive. In 1670 the entire group was granted to a London company composed of Lord Albemarle and others.

All sea captains of this period of history were allowed to prey on their enemies and, finding the Bahamas a fine field for such activity, they soon developed into buccaneers. Because Nassau had the only good harbor in the Bahamas it became the rendezvous of cutthroats. Reference has already been made to the eight pirates, captured by Ward Rogers, who were hanged here. Of those who escaped punishment, one was appointed Governor of Jamaica and another made Bishop in the Church of England, and strangely enough, both did well in their new professions and died honored. In 1718 two hundred pirates took the oath of allegiance to England, but piracy in these parts actually went on until about thirty years ago when Thomas Reese, who was 'wreck master,' died.

Even as late as the Civil War a similar activity was in existence, the contraband traffic being carried

on principally between Nassau, Charleston, and Wilmington. The chief requirements of the Southerners were war materials, arms, gunpowder, cloth for uniforms, boots, and medicines. Cotton, in return for these, was shipped to Nassau, whose docks were laden with it and whose harbors were alive with shipping. A fast vessel was essential, running without lights and with little noise. If she was sighted, pursuit followed, exchange of shots, and if the ship carried ammunition, which was likely to explode if she was hit, the game was an exciting one. And since the pilots were not exchanged if captured, good men were difficult to get.

IN '64

'Thus spoke the skipper of my sturdy craft,
"I piloted the Little Banshee out
A score of times, maybe, or thereabout,
A galleon of gold both fore and aft,
And how the Southerners at Charleston laughed,
When we returned, each trip with careless shout,
Bearing the succour that postponed their rout."'

We met a number of people, both at Lady Jane's and the Smalls', when we first arrived. The British people we saw most of were Sir Sydney Nettleton, the Chief Justice, and Lady Nettleton; Willoughby Bullock, the Attorney General, and Mrs. Bullock; Governor Cordeau of the Bahama Islands, and Lady Cordeau; Malcolm, the Speaker of the House, and Mrs. Malcolm; Lord Drayton, Minister of Finance from Canada, and Lady Drayton; the Admiral Sir Francis Bridgman; the Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Bart. And the Americans we met were Mr. Adolphus Agassiz, President of the Porcupine Club, Mr. Ritchie Simpkins, and the American Con-

sul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop. All were most cordial to us.

Our last days were full of activities. The wind and sea calmed down at last and the weather became warm. It was lovely in the evening to look out from our balcony upon the full moon shining on the water and see the people dancing in the garden to a wild jazz. A few yachts came into the harbor and vanished again. The swimming, the hot sun, the white sand, the bright-colored fish, the far-away islands, all had their fascination for me. I found it attractive because it was so full of buccaneering romance. As I look back, the things that stood out were the many colors of the sea, the very white sand, the gray coral rocks, the royal palm trees, the brilliant fish, the hound-fish with its long needle nose (the very fish to greet you when you land, for, like the gulls, they dart about the ships to gather food) the pink walls of the town, the primitive blacks, and the legendary tales.

As we left the dock, my last thought was that I should like to give a trunk load of new sneakers to the niggers, who seemed to cling to their old, lop-sided, down-at-the-heel shoes, and also throw a little money to them in response to their mumbled pleas of 'Toss a three-bit, boss!'

We put out to sea with much signalling and saluting and waving of handkerchiefs to and from friends ashore. The weather was very fine, with just enough wind to make it cool and to send gentle ripples across the face of the water. The Black Horse Flag fluttered bravely from the masthead.

May it still continue to race in the blue sky and the salty breezes forever!

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE SHIPS OWNED BY THE WELD COMPANY

1. Ship *Senator*, built at Charleston, North Carolina, in 1840.
2. Brig *Draco*, tonnage 160, built at Duxbury in 1842 by unknown builder.
3. Schooner *Jerome*, tonnage 108, built at Kittery, Maine, in 1843 by unknown builder.
4. Brig *Alert*, tonnage 174, built at Medford in 1846 by Henry Ewall.
5. Bark *Fenelon*, tonnage 394, built at Medford in 1849 by James O. Curtis, says one account. Another declares she was built by A. J. and N. C. Mann at South Boston. She was the first square-rigged vessel built for the Weld Company. No record as to what became of her is available.
6. Ship *Humboldt*, tonnage 829, built at Boston by Paul Curtis in 1849. In 1871, when she arrived at Batavia, she had been dismasted by storms. She was condemned and sold April 20, 1871.
7. Brig *Anglo-Saxon*, tonnage 200, built at Falmouth in 1850 by an unknown builder.
8. Ship *William Sturgis*, tonnage 650, built at Medford during the winter of 1849 and 1850 by James O. Curtis. About 1865 she was lost just outside Iloilo in the Philippine Islands.
9. Ship *Meridian*, tonnage 1285, built at Boston in 1850 by R. E. Jackson. She was abandoned at sea two weeks out from New York.
10. Ship *Winchester*, tonnage 1474, built at Boston in 1851 by Jackson and Ewall. She was lost at sea.
11. Bark *Rocket*, tonnage 395, built at Medford in 1851 by B. F. Delano. She was sold to T. Faulke, July 14, 1873, for $13,000.
12. Ship *Golden Fleece*, tonnage 968, built at Boston in 1852 by Paul Curtis.
13. Brig *Laurillia*, tonnage 176, built at Boston in 1852 by A. and G. T. Sampson. One record says that she was lost at sea in 1862, and another declares that she was sold abroad February 7, 1865.

14. Ship *Agnes*, tonnage 929, built at Chelsea in 1852 by John Taylor. Another record says she was built by Cunningham and Company. Both agree in stating that she was sold to S. Vaughn in 1872 for $30,000.
15. Ship *Reporter*, tonnage 1474, built at Boston in 1853 by Paul Curtis. She was lost off Cape Horn, August 19, 1862.
16. Ship *Competitor*, tonnage 871, built at Medford in 1853 by J. O. Curtis. She was sold to Crocker, Wood and Company in 1873 for $15,000.
17. Brig *Kernisan*, tonnage 135, built at Scituate in 1853 by Waterman and Barstow.
18. Ship *Fearless*, tonnage 910, built at Boston in 1853 by A. Sampson. She was sold in 1875 to George Leary for $16,000.
19. Ship *George Peabody*, tonnage 1563, built at Medford in 1853 by J. O. Curtis. She was sold to Thayer and Lincoln in 1873 for $45,000, and later was condemned as unseaworthy off St. Thomas.
20. Bark *W. A. Farnsworth*, formerly *Lapwing*, tonnage 321, built at Rochester in 1853, was bought at Rockland, Maine, by the Weld Company, June 25, 1867, for $9000 and sold August 6, 1873 to L. Webber for $11,000.
21. Bark *Mina*, formerly *Spirit of the Times*, tonnage 947, built at Baltimore in 1853, and bought by the Weld Company in Hong Kong in 1869 from the Portuguese Flag for $12,000 in gold. She was sold two years later to J. Power and Company for $5000.
22. Ship *Enoch Train*, tonnage 1787, built at East Boston in 1854 by Paul Curtis. She was sold to Henderson Brothers in 1873 for $10,000.
23. Ship *Galatea*, tonnage 939, built at Charlestown in 1854 by Joshua Magoun. She was sold in 1875 for $19,000.
24. Ship *Golden Fleece*, tonnage 1536, built at Boston in 1855 by Paul Curtis (a second ship of the same name), later sold to Thayer and Lincoln for $55,000 in 1875. Lost in the Golden Gate, San Francisco.
25. Ship *Orpheus*, tonnage 1275, built at Chelsea in 1856 by Mitchell and Rice. She was sold in 1873 to C. L. Taylor and Company for $40,000.
26. Ship *Ceylon*, tonnage 717, built at Boston in 1856 by William Hall. She was sold in New York about 1862 to Charles Brewer and Company.
27. Ship *Favorite*, tonnage 1040, built at Boston in 1856 by Hugh R. McKay.

28. Ship *Peruvian*, tonnage 1165, built at Boston in 1856 by Pratt and Osgood. She was wrecked off Peaked Hill Bar, Cape Cod, on December 26, 1872, and all hands lost.
29. Bark *Orlando*, tonnage 269, built at Newburyport in 1856.
30. Ship *Asa Eldridge*, tonnage 1277, built at Boston in 1856 by H. and O. Briggs, and bought by the Weld Company in 1865 from Henry Hallett. She was sold in 1873 to Blim, Main and Montgomery for $7000.
31. Brig *Bird of the Wave*, tonnage 179, built at Kingston, Mass., in 1857. Later she was sold in New York.
32. Ship *Belvedere*, tonnage 1197, built at Boston in 1857 by Paul Curtis. She was sold to V. H. Brown and Company in 1875 for $40,000.
33. Ship *Borneo*, tonnage 773, built at Boston in 1857 by R. E. Jackson. She was sold in 1873 to Simpson and Shaw for $29,500.
34. Ship *Sarah Minot*, tonnage 1095, built at Boston during the winter of 1858–59 by Samuel Hall. She was burned on her first voyage.
35. Ship *Franklin*, tonnage 1037, built at Boston in 1859 by Paul Curtis. She was sold in 1872 to W. H. Kinsman and Company for $37,500.
36. Ship *Isabella*, tonnage 1097, built at Boston in 1859 by Paul Curtis. She was sold in London.
37. Ship *Rainbow*, tonnage 549, built at Boston in 1860 by Curtis and Tilden. In 1874 she was sold to V. H. Brown and Company for $23,500. Six years afterwards she was lost in the China Sea near the mouth of the Kho Khien River.
38. Ship *Nevada*, tonnage 1117, built at Newburyport in 1860 by Jackman. Formerly she was named *Fear Not*, and was bought by the Weld Company from the United States Government in 1866. Early in January, 1875, she was sold again to Muller and Kruger for $30,000.
39. Bark *Nabob*, tonnage 563, built at Newburyport in 1862 by Jackman, and bought of the W. A. Sale and Company in 1868 for $26,000, and sold again four years later for $20,000.
40. Ship *Volunteer*, tonnage 1041, built at Boston in 1863 by E. and H. O. Briggs. She was sold in 1874 to Geyer and Wilkins for $43,750.
41. Schooner *E. S. Twisden*, tonnage 176, built at Danversport in 1863, and bought of Lewis and Folger in 1866 for $14,000 and sold July 6, 1870, 'as she stands' for $10,000.
42. Ship *California*, tonnage 1200, built at Boston in 1864 by

Samuel Hall. She was sold at Antwerp in 1875 for $6150.

43. Ship *Sacramento*, tonnage 1418, built at Boston in 1865 by A. and G. T. Sampson. She was taken over by the estate of R. Baker, Jr., in 1875, and was lost in the Java Sea.
44. Ship *Anahuac*, tonnage 1285, built at Boston in 1867 by R. E. Jackson. She, too, was taken over by the estate of R. Baker.
45. Ship *Sonora*, tonnage 1528, built at Boston in 1858 by R. E. Jackson. Taken in 1875 by the estate of R. Baker.
46. Ship *Java*, tonnage 1019, built at Boston in 1868 by R. E. Jackson. She sailed for Japan on the 16th of January, 1869, and was never heard from.
47. Ship *Argonaut*, tonnage 658, formerly *Alexander*, bought in 1868. She was sold in 1872 to L. E. Baker of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.
48. Ship *Great Admiral*, tonnage 1576, built at Boston in 1869 by R. E. Jackson. The last ship to be retained in the ownership of the Weld Company. In 1897 they sold her to Captain Sterling for $12,500, and she was wrecked off the coast of California, December 6, 1906.
49. Ship *Sea Witch*, tonnage 1288, built at Boston in 1872 by R. E. Jackson. Taken over by the estate of R. Baker in 1875.
50. Ship *Lightning*, tonnage 1697, built at St. John, New Brunswick, in 1872 by Thomas Hilyard. She was sold in 1884 to Theodore Ruger and Company for $52,500 and renamed *Theo Ruger*. She was run down and sunk in the English Channel, and the captain and twelve men drowned.
51. Ship *Northern Light*, tonnage 1859, built at Quincy, Mass., during the winter of 1872–73 by George Thomas. The following year she was bought by the Weld Company and resold to the W. H. Kinsman Company two years later for $100,000.

Note:

Ship *Elvira*, tonnage 1138, built at Boston in 1855 by Pratt and Osgood, and
Ship *Susan Howland*, tonnage 1137, built at Boston in 1856 by Pratt and Osgood, which caught fire off Pernambuco and was blown up at sea, are mentioned on three lists, but a penciled note from the Weld office is appended saying that there is no evidence that these ships were ever owned by the W. F. Weld Company.

STEAMERS OWNED BY THE W. F. WELD COMPANY

1. Steamer *Greyhound:* Tonnage 584. Built by the United States Government and bought by the Weld Company July 12, 1864.
2. Steamer *Sherman:* Tonnage 973. Built by the United States Government and bought of the Government in 1865 at Philadelphia. It was formerly called *Princess Royal.*
3. Steamer *Sheridan:* Tonnage 743. Built by the United States Government and bought from them in 1865. It was lost off Bodie Island near Hatteras.
4. Steamer *General Meade:* Tonnage 894. Built by the United States Government and bought from them in 1865. Formerly *Bermuda,* and transferred to F. Baker finally.
5. Steamer *General Grant:* Tonnage 1210. Built by the United States Government and bought from them in 1865. Formerly its name was *Grand Gulf,* and it was burned at the dock in New Orleans in 1869.
6. Steamer *Crescent City:* Tonnage 1155. Built by the United States Government and sold by auction to the Weld Company in 1867. Its earlier name was *Massachusetts.* In 1871 it was sold again to the Atlantic Mail Steamship Company.
7. Steamer *United States:* Tonnage 1289. Built at Portland, in 1863, and bought by the Weld Company in 1868.
8. Steamer *Mississippi:* Tonnage 1038. Built by the United States Government and formerly called *Memphis.* It was bought for $55,300 in 1869. It went ashore in a hurricane at Hillsboro Inlet, Florida, and six months afterwards floated off and was repaired.
9. Steamer *Western Metropolis:* Tonnage 2500. Built by the Bremen Steamship Company in Brooklyn in 1863, and purchased by the Weld Company of Samuel C. Shepherd in 1869. Later it was transferred to F. Baker.
10. Steamer *E. B. Souder:* Tonnage 1138. Built by I. Breck & Son, and bought of them in 1869 for $35,000.

HISTORY SET RIGHT[1]

THE following correspondence is reproduced from the files of the Navy Department. We published it in justice both to the truth of history and to the reputation of those gallant officers whom it most concerns.

Rear-Admiral Bailey to Admiral Farragut

WASHINGTON, D.C., *April* 1, 1869

MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I feel compelled to call your attention to an oversight of which I spoke to you some time since, and which has afforded me and other officers the keenest annoyance, by historical statements growing out of the omission to make the desired correction.

You recollect that when the *Colorado*, under my command, was found (after lightening her) to draw too much water to be got over the bar into the Mississippi River, I applied to you for the command of a division of gunboats, and coveted the honor of leading, under your orders, the attack on New Orleans and its defenses. Having been assigned by you to the command of a division of your fleet, with your concurrence, and at the request of Commander J. P. Lee, I hoisted my divisional flag on board the steam sloop-of-war *Oneida*, commanded by him. On the 20th of April, 1862, you issued a General Order, with a programme directing the fleet to pass the forts and ascend the river in two columns abreast. You, in your flag-ship, the *Hartford*, at the head of one column, and I at the head of the other. About this time Commander Lee expressed a regret that he had invited me to lead my division in his vessel, the *Oneida*, alleging as a reason that I would get the credit for what might be achieved by his vessel. Lieutenant-Commander Harrison immediately begged me to hoist my divisional flag on board of his little gunboat, the *Cayuga*, and give him a chance to lead the division, which, on going on board of your flag-ship and stating the facts, you kindly consented

[1] From the *Army and Navy Journal* of July 17, 1869.

to my doing; and on giving the gallant Harrison the opportunity he sought. The *Oneida*, Commander Lee, was assigned a position further astern. After the chain and booms, constituting the enemy's obstructions, were cut by Captain Bell and Lieutenant Caldwell, it became apparent that if the fleet went up in two columns abreast, according to your written order and programme of the 20th of April, the parallel columns of vessels would likely get foul of the obstructions on either side, and the whole fleet be hove into confusion under the fire of the enemy's forts, especially as you had determined to make a night attack (two o'clock in the morning). Therefore, with your proverbial foresight and sagacity, you ordered me to get my division of eight vessels under way as soon as the dusk of the evening should obscure the movement from the enemy, and anchor them, line ahead, near the east bank, and gave me a further verbal order, directing me that when the signal should be made (two red lights) from the *Hartford*, to lead up with my division and to receive but not answer the fire of Fort Jackson (which I was directed to leave for you to take care of when you should come up, as you expressed it, "I will take care of Fort Jackson"). I was then to open on Fort St. Philip and pass it; but you directed that in case at any time you should come up in the *Hartford*, we should leave room for you on the port or west side. I accordingly passed up at the head of my division (in the *Cayuga*) receiving but not returning the fire of Fort Jackson. After passing the obstructions I ordered the helm put a-port and led close to the levee, and under the guns of Fort St. Philip, thinking that the guns of that fort would be trained and sighted for mid-river, and that they would consequently overshoot me (which they did, their shot and shell riddling our masts, spars, sails and rigging with comparative little damage to the hulls). At this time something occurred to the *Pensacola's* machinery, which caused a detention of the vessels of my division astern of her. Losing sight of them, we in the *Cayuga*, alone, encountered the Rebel iron-clads, *Louisiana* and *Manassas* and their flotilla of gunboats, and

maintained unaided a conflict with them until Boggs in the *Varuna* came up, and after delivering a broadside, which came into the *Cayuga* as well as into the enemy in conflict with us, he passed up the river out of sight. The *Oneida*, Commander Lee, came up soon after and fired into a steamer that had already surrendered to the *Cayuga* (being her third prize). I then ordered Lee to go to the assistance of Boggs of the *Varuna*, then engaged with two of the enemy's steamers up the river, which had been drawn off from their attack on us of the *Cayuga*, to follow and head off Boggs in the *Varuna*. After seeing our (*Cayuga's*) third prize in flames, we steamed up the river and captured the Chalmette regiment, encamped on the west bank of the river opposite the Quarantine Hospital. This Rebel regiment of infantry I had the honor to hand over to you for your disposition when you came up the river after your severe contest with the forts and fire-ships below.

To give a history of all the incidents of the battle within my observation or the part which each vessel of my division took, would make this communication too long.

The great object of this letter is to call your attention to the fact that in the hurry of making up your dispatches after the battle, you sent home the written order of the 20th of April, which has been published and has passed into history, instead of your verbal order of the 23d, which was the one in accordance with which the fleet passed up the river and the battle was fought.

This error has resulted in an inextricable historical muddle, as the history of the battle has been written on the basis of the published programme of April 20th, never carried out; the formation and position of the attacking force being therefore entirely misunderstood by the historians. One (Rev. Mr. Boynton's) history not even mentioning me, although it did those of officers commanding vessels under me. My name was merely inserted (as commanding a division) at the instance of a friend, who discovered the omission too late to make a further correction. The resolution of the United States Senate of

June 6, 1862 and accompanying Documents, of which 2,000 were printed, perpetuates the error of our passing the forts in two columns abreast. Mr. Greeley in his 'American Conflict,' and other authors, are led into the same misstatements. 'Lossing's Pictorial History' erroneously describes the *Cayuga* as retiring from the fight on account of her damages, whereas she was continually in action notwithstanding she was much cut up with forty-two shot-holes. The *Varuna*, which had passed us while heavily engaged, went up the river and drew off three of the *Cayuga's* assailants. The fight of the *Varuna* with two of which is treated as the great event of the battle, while the leading up and heavy single-hand fighting of the *Cayuga* (Harrison's gunboat), her taking the surrender of three enemy's steamers, the Chalmette regiment of infantry, and cutting the telegraphic communication between the forts and New Orleans, and other circumstances, are not mentioned. Now, as I do not wish to be compelled, even in justice to myself, or the officers of my division, to go into the system of correcting history by pamphleteering or newspaper articles now so common, I must ask of you to correct this error, which I know you will not hesitate to do, seeing how much annoyance it is giving your friends and followers; or, if you still have any delicacy in doing this, as you appeared to have when I spoke to you before, in consequence of a regulation of the Department that you seemed to consider in the way, may I ask if you see any impropriety in my requesting a Board of Inquiry, in order to get the facts on record, since the truth of history, my duty to my officers, and to my family, requires that I should see it done while I am here to do it.

I have the honor to be, respectfully

Your obedient servant

THEODORUS BAILEY

Rear-Admiral, U.S. Navy

To Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT, U.S. Navy.

Admiral Farragut in reply

NEW YORK, *April* 3, 1869

MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I have received your letter of the 1st, and am really at a loss to understand how you, or even historians, can take the views you express in relation to the part in the memorable fight in the Mississippi in 1862.

I have just re-read my report of May 6th, and your two reports following, and cannot conceive how you could be more prominently mentioned to the Department.

In the former you are reported as 'leading the right column in the gunboat *Cayuga*,' as having 'preceded me up to the Quarantine Station,' and as having 'captured the Chalmette regiment,' and every possible credit is given you for the manner in which you conducted your line, and preceding us to attack the Chalmette forts.

As to historians, I can, of course, do nothing. I have read but one account to which you allude (Dr. Boynton's) and that in reference to Mobile Bay, in which several mistakes occur, going to prove that historians are not always correct.

I do not see how it is possible for me to give you greater credit for your services than is embodied in that report where your name is always prominent; but if you think that full credit has not been done you, which I confess I regret to learn, you have, of course, a perfect right to make your appeal to the Department; for my own part, I always maintain the conviction that whatever errors may be made in the records of historians and others, posterity will always give justice to whom justice is due.

Very truly yours

D. G. FARRAGUT, *Admiral*

Rear-Admiral T. BAILEY, U.S. Navy.

P.S. — By referring to pages 334 and 335–337, of Draper's history, you will find that he gives you all the credit claimed by your own report, as well as that given you by mine.

D. G. F.

Response of Rear-Admiral Bailey

WASHINGTON, D.C., *April* 27, 1869

MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I have received and carefully read your letter of the 3d, in reply to mine of the 1st instant, and admit all you say about prominently mentioning my name to the Department. But you remark: 'As to historians, I can do nothing.' This is so; but the difficulty is, that the historians derived their erroneous account of the battle from your report of the 6th of May, 1862, and from the diagram which you sent to the Department, as the true order of sailing into the battle with the forts. Those who have written on the subject are not to be blamed for using the official reports of the occurrences; but in seeking for the correction of that report, I hope to prevent similar error and confusion in the future. I do so with the greatest reluctance, as a duty to the officers under my immediate command, and to myself, and I appeal to your sense of justice whether I could do less.

You state, 'I have just re-read my (your) own report of May 6th, and your (my) two reports following, and cannot conceive how you could be more prominently mentioned to the Department.' 'In the former you are reported as leading the right column in the gunboat *Cayuga*, and as having preceded me to the Quarantine Station.'

How could there have been a 'right' and a left column practically, when I led my division to the attack and passage of the forts an hour before you lifted anchors in the *Hartford*, and your centre division? What I did was done by your orders and inspiration, and to you the world has given the credit of the attack and its success, as fully as it gave to Lord Nelson the credit of the battle of the Nile; but did it detract from his glory that the report of the battle described how it was fought, and the exact position of his own vessel, and those of his subordinates.

This matter has been the subject of much discussion among officers then commanding vessels in my division; all say that no vessel of your centre division, came up

abreast of, or lapped their vessels. Practically, the effect of your verbal order was, to divide the fleet into four divisions, viz:

1st. The mortar fleet, Commander Porter.

2d. The first division of the gunboats, under my command, to which was added the two sloops-of-war *Pensacola* and *Mississippi*, of which the gunboat *Cayuga* (with my divisional flag) was the leading vessel.

3d. The centre division, with your flag on the *Hartford*, and

4th. The rear division, bearing the flag of Captain H. H. Bell.

The first, centre, and rear divisions went up to the attack in single file, or line ahead. I went up at the head of my division at 2 A.M., or as soon thereafter as it took the *Pensacola* (the next vessel astern of the *Cayuga*), to purchase her anchors — supposed to be about twenty minutes. You followed without lapping the sternmost vessel of my division, and the division of gunboats commanded by Captain Bell followed in the wake of your Division. The fact practically was that the First division, the mortar fleet, covered the advance, the Second was the vanguard, the Third the main body of the fleet, and the Fourth the rear, and that the advance being made up a river and line ahead, the diagram does not give any idea of the action other than to produce confusion and error. How could it be otherwise, when no vessel of the Third division lapped any one of the Second?

I enclose a copy of this (to us) unfortunate diagram, as attached to your report of the battle, which you will notice places the *Cayuga* (my flag gunboat) third in line of my division, whereas, according to your own statement (of two columns abreast), that gunboat should have been recorded as first in line, leading. I would ask of your friendship and your fairness whether this diagram gives the faintest idea of the action, and whether if the names of the vessels were altered, it would not apply equally well or better to many other battles.

As an evidence how far the *Cayuga* was ahead of the

rest of the fleet, the first news received at the North is announced in the *New York Times* of Sunday, April 27, 1862, thus: 'An important report from the Rebels. — One of our gunboats above Forts Jackson, and San Philip. Washington, Saturday, April 26th. The *Richmond Examiner* of the 25th announces that one of our gunboats passed Forts Jackson, and San Philip, sixty miles below New Orleans, on the 24th. The report was telegraphed to Norfolk, and brought to Fortress Monroe, under a flag of truce, and received from there to-day by the Navy Department.'

The next Rebel telegram announced the arrival of the fleet before the city. The *Cayuga* in the interval had captured the Chalmette regiment, five miles above the forts, and cut the telegraphic communication, so that the fleet were not again reported until they arrived opposite the city.

Now, my dear Admiral, you have entirely misconceived the object of my addressing you. It is not to complain that you have not mentioned me prominently in your dispatch, but it is because in your report of the battle, dated May 6th, and the accompanying diagram, you do not give the circumstances of the fight as they occurred, but those which would apply to your former plan, which was abandoned. From that report, the reader would infer that the fleet went to the attack of the forts in two columns abreast, when it was done in single column (line ahead) — that the *Hartford* was the leading vessel, when in reality it was ninth in line astern of the *Cayuga*, in a single line or line ahead, and there was no left or right of line, but single file.

That you should for a moment leave so erroneous a report or record uncorrected, is a matter of surprise to your officers, and that you should not have made the correction as soon as your attention was called to it, is still more embarrassing to us.

They know that under your orders, I led the vanguard of your fleet, not as represented on the diagram you have filed, but in an entirely different order, and received forty-

two certificates in the way of rebel shots striking my vessel, in corroboration of what is known to every one of our gallant companions in that engagement.

I have delayed my reply, both because I have been occupied, and since have heard you were ill, which I deeply regretted, and because I wished to be certain that I said nothing in haste that would be annoying to you, or improper in me to say, and I hope you will now see the matter as I and others do, and make the correction so necessary to justice in your report dated May 6, 1862, and substitute a diagram of the actual positions your vessels and officers occupied in the line of attack, in place of those now on the files of the Navy Department.

I have the honor to be

Respectfully, your obedient servant

THEODORUS BAILEY, *Rear-Admiral*

Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT, U.S. Navy.

Correction by Admiral Farragut

NEW YORK, *May* 19, 1869

MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I have received your two letters, the first one of which was not given to me until to-day, as my physician has advised a total suspension of business until I should become fully convalescent, which, I am happy to say, is now the case. It affords me pleasure to make the correction you desire, in the diagram of the Mississippi battle, as I now fully comprehend what you wish in this matter. In fact, I cannot understand how this sketch of the first proposed order of battle — wherein you are placed third instead of at the head of the column — should have been attached to the report in lieu of the one which was afterward adopted.

By referring to this report, you will observe that the diagram accompanies a general order, issued four days before the action, as a preparatory plan of attack, which was subsequently changed. But, still, I cannot understand why, even in this sketch, you should not have been placed at the head of the starboard column.

This diagram, as you are aware, was the original plan, to be changed, as a matter of course, as circumstances might justify, and the vessels were placed according to the rank of the officers respectively commanding them; but should not have been made part of the report of the final action, as, on reflection, I decided that when the chains were parted the plan of 'line ahead' should be adopted, as the best calculated for the preservation of the vessels and for avoiding all chances of fouling. Therefore, when the time arrived, and the signal given, the order of sailing was changed to line of battle, the verbal instructions to which you allude carried out, and you led at the head of your division, and it has always afforded me the greatest pleasure to say that you performed your duties most fearlessly and gallantly.

For this reason I was, at the outset, a little surprised that you should have apparently complained of my report, but my examination of the printed diagram has fully satisfied me of the justice of your appeal.

I shall, therefore, forward to the Department a correct sketch of the final attack as we passed up the river. I am, very truly, your friend and obedient servant.

D. G. FARRAGUT
Admiral U.S.N.

Rear-Admiral T. BAILEY, Washington.

Letters to the Secretary of the Navy

NEW YORK, *May* 24, 1869

SIR: My attention having been called by Rear-Admiral Bailey to an incorrect sketch which accompanied my report of May 6, 1862, upon the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, I have the honor to forward herewith, a corrected diagram, showing the position of the vessels at the time they passed through the obstructions after the chains had been separated. This will demonstrate that Rear-Admiral (then Captain) Bailey led the fleet, in the *Cayuga*, up to the attack on the forts, as had been previously ordered, he taking St. Philip with his division,

while I reserved Jackson for the remainder of the squadron under my command.

The skeleton lines show how the vessels moved up from the original position of two lines into the line ahead.

This correction has not been made before, because I was not aware of the existence of the mistake — the diagram being, evidently, a clerical error — and in opposition to the text, in which I distinctly state that Rear-Admiral Bailey not only led, but performed his duty with great gallantry, to which I called the attention of the Department.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant

D. G. FARRAGUT
Admiral U.S.N.

Hon. A. E. BORIE,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 25, 1869

Hon. A. E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy.

SIR: I have the honor to enclose herewith, original and certified copies of a correspondence which I have had with Admiral D. G. Farragut, relating to the battle below New Orleans, and to request that the letters marked from A to E be placed on the files of the Navy Department, as furnishing a correction of that officer's report, with an accompanying diagram heretofore made to the Department.

The object of my addressing Admiral Farragut is now gained, by the admission on his part, of the correctness of my statements, that the fleet under his command, went up the Mississippi River, to attack and pass Forts Jackson, and St. Philip, in order of battle, 'line ahead,' or single file; that I led the fleet into the battle at the head of, and in command of, the Vanguard Division; and that the *Hartford* flag-ship, with Admiral Farragut on board, followed my division, he being thus ninth in line, and at the head of the rest of the fleet in the order represented by the list of vessels which I hereto annex. After this frank

admission by my distinguished commander, I have only the regret remaining, that the error into which he was led, was not discovered and corrected at an earlier date, thereby possibly affecting my position in the service.

I have the honor to be

Respectfully, your obedient servant

THEODORUS BAILEY
Rear Admiral U.S. Navy

Certain other letters written either to my father or about his record by people who knew him personally have seemed worth including in this Appendix.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
August 8th, 1865

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

. . . For me the Mobile cruise with its hardships and pleasures, heat and cold, forts and torpedoes, rams and obstructions, has been one of great interest. By the excitement I gained my health and by your kind interest in my behalf my promotion. Even in her retirement the old *Chickasaw* maintains her prestige, for she is cleaner and in better order than any of the other Monitors, and uninjured except by enemy's shot while the K & W are slightly hogged. History must record the fact that the cruise of the *Chickasaw* was one of the most interesting and successful of the war.

. . . Hodgkiss was over here on Saturday. He represents the Alabama river country in a fearful condition. Fights are of frequent occurrence. The rebs have banded together in small gangs, steal cotton, and commit depredations on all loyal people.

I hope you will soon receive the promotion you deserve.

Yours truly

WM. HAMILTON
Box 314 P.O.

Another account of the Mobile Bay fight by an eye-

Farragut's Erroneous Diagram Dated May 6, 1862 and Corrected Seven Years afterwards

CAPTURE OF FORTS JACKSON, ST. PHILIP, ETC.

Order of Fleet

2d division gunboats, Captain Bell commanding.

- Winona, Lt. Com'g Nichols.
- Itasca, Lt. Com'g Caldwell.
- Pinola, Lt. Com'g Crosby.
- Kennebec, Lt. Com'g Russell.
- Iroquois, Commander DeCamp
- Sciota, Lt. Com'g Donaldson.

1st division of ships.

- Richmond, Commander Alden.
- Brooklyn, Captain Craven.
- Hartford, Com'der Wainwright.

1st division gunboats, Captain Bailey commanding.

- Wissahickon, Lt. Com'g A. Smith.
- Kineo, Lt. Com'g Ransom.
- Katahdin, Lt. Com'g Preble.
- Varuna, Commander Boggs.
- Oneida, Commander Lee.
- Cayuga, Lt. Com'g Harrison.

2d division of ships.

- Mississippi, Commander M. Smith.
- Pensacola, Captain Morris.

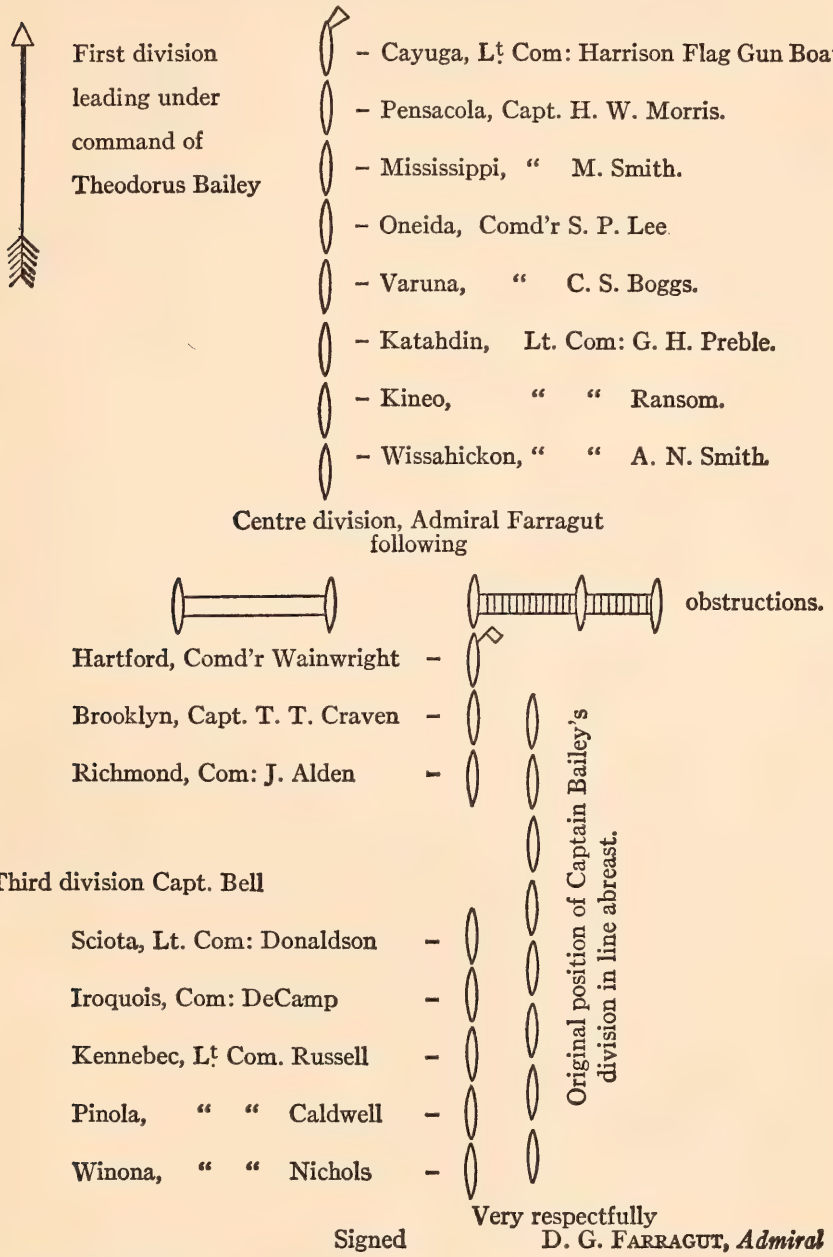
Very respectfully, your obedient servant

D. G. Farragut

Flag Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron

(Extracted from the files of the Navy Department)

Admiral Farragut's Amended Diagram Accompanying Letter



Very respectfully

Signed D. G. Farragut, *Admiral*

Navy Department
2d June 1869

Certified to be a true copy
Holmes E. Offley
Chief Clerk

witness here given has never been in print before. It was written to Perkins' father.

269 South 5th St., Philadelphia
March 12, 1867

My dear Judge:

Your letter I received some days ago, but my professional duties have deterred me from writing you before. The various reports of the Mobile fights, as published in the Hon. Sec. of the Navy's report, fail to do justice to two or three officers commanding their respective vessels during that justly celebrated Naval engagement, and among them, no injustice is more palpable and apparent than that done the *Chickasaw*, commanded by your son — Lt. Comdr. Geo. H. Perkins. I speak without prejudice or bias, but simply as an eye witness to the whole engagement, and but reiterate what fell from the lips of almost all the officers and men after the fight had ceased. I desire to give praise only where it is due, for I can now speak with freedom, my tongue no longer bridled by the forms of the Army or Navy.

At the time of the fight, I was the Medical officer on board the *U.S.S. Port Royal*, commanded by as brave an officer, as the Navy possesses, Lt. Com. Gherardi. The morning of Aug. 5, 1864, was sultry and dull, and it found the fleet active, and busy, and as the ship's bell rung out the hour of 6, the vessels were under way, the *Brooklyn* taking the lead, followed by the *Hartford* on which was the intrepid Chief Farragut. The following is the order of the line:

1 *Brooklyn* with the *Octoxea* on her port side.
2 *Hartford* with *Metacomet.*
3 *Richmond* with *Port Royal.*
4 *Lackawanna* with *Seminole.*
5 *Monongahela* with *Kennebec.*
6 *Ossipee* with *Itasca.*
7 *Oneida* with *Galena.*

Inside the bar were the iron-clads, and they had previously been ordered to take their positions on the

starboard side of the wooden ships. They were thus exposed to the open fire of the Fort, and to the first attacks of the ram *Tennessee* — the boast of the Confederate Navy.

About quarter to seven the *Tecumseh* commanded by the gallant Craven, fired the first shot. No answer came from the fort, and still the fleet sailed proudly on, with every flag unfurled, and with as proud, and brave men on board as ever fleet possessed. At a few minutes past seven, the fort gave us a salute from one of her guns, and this was immediately answered by the *Brooklyn*. This was but the prelude to the general action which at once commenced. All eyes were fixed upon the *Tecumseh*, and *Brooklyn*, who were still in the lead. Presently the former stopped, then backed, and trouble was anticipated, and now a gigantic uprising of water, and the *Tecumseh* is swallowed up, with her gallant Commander and nearly all her crew. Now the Admiral as if eager to have revenge for the loss of his gallant men, dashes by the *Brooklyn* and takes the lead himself. Every vessel, just as soon as it could bring its guns to bear upon the fort, at once opened fire, and this fire was incessant. 'Twas one sheet of blaze and one long, awful boom of cannon.

Up to this time we had experienced no trouble from the rebel fleet, but now with courage and boldness worthy of a better cause, the rebel commanders dash out with their respective commands, and the *Morgan*, *Selina* and *Gaines* keep up a constant annoying raking fire, while the ram *Tennessee* dashes at the *Hartford*. Imagine those two old sea dogs, Farragut and Buchanan, the best the Navy had — who from early boyhood had been intimate friends, the one a loyal man fighting for, and beneath the flag of his country — the other a traitor, and a rebel, fighting against that flag!

Every eye sought their commands, and when the ram failed to harm the *Hartford* with her iron prow, every loyal heart felt confident, and inwardly thanked God. The *Tennessee* made an attempt in passing to ram every vessel in the line and failed each time. The *Metacomet* and

Port Royal pursued the *Selina*, which was putting steam on to go up the bay, and soon captured her. She surrendered to the *Metacomet* — which was much faster than the *Port Royal* and therefore nearer the prize. The ram *Tennessee* now went under the guns of the fort, like a huge giant resting for a moment, but to renew the fight with still greater fury. The *Morgan* and *Gaines*, drawing but little water, also retreated safely under the guns of the fort. The U.S. fleet steamed slowly westward, anxiously, and eagerly waiting for the attack on, and by the *Tennessee*. And now it occurs. Slowly and steadily and bravely she steams towards us, and as my own vessel is lying still near by, my opportunity of observation is excellent. The *Monongahela*, Capt. Strong, was the first to meet her, and it seemed to us who saw her, that she absolutely rode upon her as she struck her, and yet this blow was as harmless to the *Tennessee* as if it had been given by Bennett's yacht *Henrietta*. The *Lackawanna* followed as did also the *Hartford*, both striking her powerfully, at the same time pouring broadsides into her, and yet all this ramming did her apparently no harm, but inflicting serious injury upon themselves.

But by this time she was decidedly in trouble. Her smoke stack was shot away, her steering gear shattered, and her port shutters jammed. Who was doing all this? While the wooden ships were thus busy, where were the Monitors? Why the *Manhattan* was now and then giving her a full benefit of a 15-inch shot while the *Chickasaw* is closely at her stern pounding away upon her. As the *Tennessee* steers, so steers the *Chickasaw*. She is absolutely compelled to remain in this one position by this *Chickasaw*. No vessel under heavens could hold out under such terrible punishment, and the *Tennessee* soon hoists the white flag of surrender.

Thus ended this terrible fight.

The praise of your son — of this superb management of his command, and the most admirable and effective working of his ship, was upon the lips of all. I believe that that iron-clad did more towards the capture of the *Tennessee*

than did the efforts of any *other three vessels combined*, and I firmly believe, and unhesitatingly affirm that belief, that had it not been for the iron-clads that day, the laurels of victory would have failed elsewhere. *The iron-clads saved the day.* The chief glory and honor of the victory of course belongs to that brave old Salamander, Farragut, and yet the pen of the knowing, and unprejudicial historian *must* give laurels to others than those they chiefly fall upon in the official reports of the fight. While Capt. Jouett deserves praise and honor, he 'but done his *duty*,' and just as well, and just as bravely, and just as nobly did Gherardi and Donelson *theirs*, and yet we are told 'if the other gunboats had done as well as the *Metacomet*, no rebel gunboat would have escaped!' *Where praise is due it should be given.*

The services of the *Chickasaw* — so valuable and so indispensable, — did not end here. That very afternoon, before the heat of battle had fairly subsided — she, under a heavy fire, and being struck three times, towed out a large barge from under the guns of Fort Powell. The following day she kept up a brisk fire upon Fort Gaines. Her light draft of water rendered her invaluable, while her invulnerable sides and her excellent steering, and her powerful armament, seemed to me to render her decidedly the most effective vessel in that memorable fight.

I have thus written a lengthy letter. I have really not given half the praise that is due the *Chickasaw.* A remark of Comdr. Johnson — a rebel on board the *Tennessee* at the time of the capture, just occurs to me. In speaking of the *Chickasaw* in the fight he said — 'if it had not been for that d——d black hulk hanging on our stern, we would have got along well enough. She did us more damage than all the rest of the Federal fleet.'

It has given me pleasure to testify to the gallantry of the Commander of the *Chickasaw* — your son — in the fight in Mobile Bay.

Very truly yours

E. R. HUTCHINS, M.D.

After the war, my Aunt Susan Perkins wrote a book about my father's naval record, and I found some notes among her manuscripts. After her book was printed, she met Captain Horace Herbert of the Sixteenth New Hampshire. He had been a witness of the part her brother bore in the battle of Mobile Bay, so she was sorry that she had not met him before the book went to press, because his statements fully confirmed the strongest claims made for the *Chickasaw*.

Captain Herbert's regiment was stationed at Pensacola in 1864, and on the morning fixed for our fleet to move up Mobile Bay, General Ashboth, who commanded at Pensacola, took the transport *Clyde* and with a number of officers, among whom was Captain Herbert, went to witness the advance.

He said that when the *Chickasaw* went past, the only officer visible above her deck was Captain Perkins, and she was watched with the greatest interest, on account of her wonderfully rapid and skilful manœuvring.

Being assured of the successful passage of the forts, the *Clyde* returned to Pensacola, and the next day the *Metacomet* arrived there from Mobile, bringing both the Federal and the rebel wounded. Among the latter was Admiral Buchanan, who was feverish from his wound by the time he reached Pensacola, and was longing for ice. Captain Herbert had a little in the store house at Barraneas, which he brought down for the Southerner, who was very grateful, and sent for him that he might express his thanks in person. After this, Captain Herbert often saw Buchanan, who conversed with the Northern officer very freely. 'He would talk by the hour,' writes Captain Herbert, 'about the Mobile fight and he gave the whole credit of the capture of the *Tennessee* to the *Chickasaw*. He said the *Tennessee* would have beaten our entire fleet if it had not been for that monitor which seemed to move by magic! It would turn round three times to the *Tennessee's* once, and seemed to be *everywhere;* that the *Tennessee's* crew became exhausted repelling its attacks, though the *Chickasaw's* seemed as fresh as ever — In fact

"like a very d——l" to quote Adm. Buchanan's words. He said over and over again how different would have been the result if he could have shaken off that "d——d little *Chickasaw.*" After the battle, Pensacola filled up with officers and men from the ships at Mobile, and no ship but the *Chickasaw* was mentioned in connection with the capture of the *Tennessee.* All were full of enthusiasm about "Little Perkins," as they called him. It seemed as if they could not praise his courage and good judgment enough; — they said his ship was in perfect condition and the way she was handled was wonderful, for the monitors were hard to manage — and she was the only one perfectly available because the *Tecumseh* was blown up, the *Winnebago's* turrets were out of order and one of the *Manhattan's* guns disabled. Above all they talked about his great deserts at the hands of the government, and what a shining reward he was *sure* to receive for his brilliant services. Every mail was expected to bring his promotion.'

Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, the author of so many authoritative books on the Navy, wrote to my father years afterward for information regarding the Mobile fight, and especially for a map which would show the courses of the ironclads. My father's letter and map were delayed in getting to him, but the ensuing letters make the situation wholly clear.

NAVY YARD, N.Y., *April 28th,* 1883

MY DEAR PERKINS:

I am trying to decipher what happened at Mobile by the help of the official papers and letters from friends. May I ask of you to aid me a little?

Did you have any understanding as to what ground you were to pass over in entering the harbor, or simply to follow your leader in? What course was supposed to take you clear of torpedoes? When the *Tecumseh* sank and the *Brooklyn* stopped, did the line of monitors follow the course originally laid down for them, or did they deviate from it, and how?

I gather from the official reports that the *Tennessee* passed through the line of wooden ships and then back again, so as to appear again on the starboard hand. It would come to the same thing if, she being logy, some passed ahead and others astern of her, as her captain says they did. From my slight experience of monitors not under fire, I fancy the commander of one can pay little attention to what is going on around him, but if you can enlighten me as to the apparent order of the fleet I should be glad.

I assume that the monitors did not linger near Morgan but followed the others to their anchorage. When the *Tennessee* came down, you tackled her; can you give me any account that would help me to trace her course from the time the ramming began till she surrendered? Parker in his monograph of the battle has this down, but the regular order of the fleet in some places, and some positions, seem to me a little ideal and I should like to verify them.

I have asked questions to indicate the information I most feel the want of, but I should be greatly indebted if you would favor me with as full an account of the whole affair as you can without too much trouble.

Very truly yours
A. T. Mahan

Navy Yard, N.Y., *June 15th*, 1883

My dear Perkins:

I had thought my luck in writing my book very good but your letter coming too late shows that in an instance at least it has forsaken me. . . .

In the accompanying map I had much difficulty. You may remember that Parker's map (which is the official one drawn up by Jenkins and signed by Farragut) does not insert any position for the iron-clads from that before Morgan up to the surrender of the *Tennessee*. At that the *Chickasaw* appears close under her stern. From an examination of the logs and a letter from Gridley, I picked out that they were close to the *Oneida* as the *Tennessee* raked her, so I have placed there the *Manhattan* and

Winnebago, the crowded state of the map not admitting of showing the *Chickasaw*. The next mention of the iron-clads is in the log of the *Hartford*, that as the *Tennessee* came up the second time 'most of the wooden ships got up before her, but the iron-clads were still some distance off and to the eastward.' I accordingly introduce the three again in that position. The *Chickasaw's* log says: 'The tender *Loyall* came alongside with order for us to attack the ram. Speed very low from the smoke stack being pierced so often, but by burning tallow and (coal tar I think) raised steam rapidly and closed with the ram just after the *Hartford* had rammed her; passing on her port side and then taking position under her stern.' Just here your map would have been invaluable. . . .

I have had some thought of making a clean copy of my map and sending it to Prof. Soley, who is now getting together data and narratives bearing on the war. It may be useful as a study and in the book the scale is so small as to be disappointing to me. Suppose when it is out, if you read it and are not satisfied, you send me a copy of your plan and if I have time I will try to make a corrected copy. I know I am up for sea service and Cooper is very confident that I am to relieve him — how far this may interfere I don't know. In any event I would suggest you place in Soley's hands any data you please. He is able and methodical, they will be properly filed and when another history is written they will be there as *mémoires pour servir* for a more correct narrative. I did my best being limited in time and the records yet in many places are very defective, but it is a matter of very great regret that I did not have your contribution for no imagination can supply the place of credible evidence, of that I could get none but what I mention.

With many thanks for your kindness I am

Very truly yours

A. MAHAN

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